

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

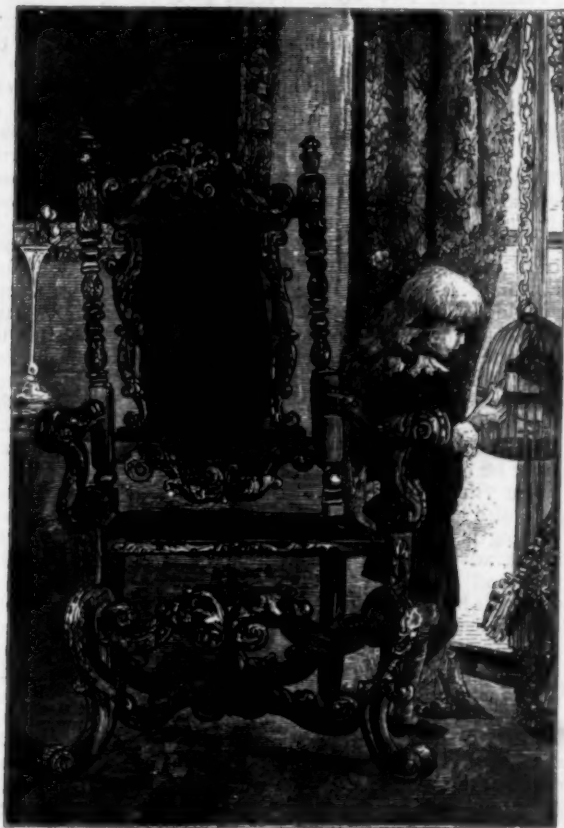
VOL. XIV.

MAY, 1877.

NO. I.

BEDS AND TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS. XI.

PLEAS AND REMONSTRANCES.



NO. 1. A JACOBÆAN CHAIR.

A WEEK or two ago at a prettily furnished table

"In after dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine,"

chance brought up the name of a poet-philosopher very dear to some Americans who were young thirty years ago, never thought of without a stirring of the heart,

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mingled of reverence and affection. It seems that in his old age this man, like many another whose work has been a force to help lift his generation up to a higher plane, is not so rich in this world's goods as he would be if all the grateful thoughts that spring up at the mention of his name were coined into gold and poured into his lap. He lives in

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a plain, good house in the country, the windows of which look out upon a modest acre or two of his own; he eats plain fare, and is pleased with what he eats, and cares, no more than the most homespun of his neighbors, for luxuries, or for the things that go for show. His luxuries are the liberal sunshine that streams in at his windows, the Æolian harping of the pine-tree grove that shelters his house, and the peace that dwells within its walls. It happened that some well-to-do people from the city had been visiting the poet's family, and they brought back to town a melancholy report of the condition of things they found there. Would Peek-in street believe it! The poet's table was set out with plain white china (Heaven grant that a closer view might not have found it only earthenware!), and some of it was chipped, and the tumblers were not mates, and the wine-glasses were in such a way that they actually had to be supported by the tumblers! It mattered not that to this plain house, and to its frugal New England table, came the picked society of the world, or that the best people in the land think it an added pleasure to their lives to be of the company. These fine city-people (one wonders how they came there!) saw nothing but the plain living, and found no compensation in the high thinking.

An incident like this might make one ashamed of the time he has given to thinking and writing about "things," if he could not comfort himself with the assurance that there has been nothing in his treatment of the subject, or in the advice he has given, inconsistent with good sense, or with right ways of living. It has been taken for granted that all his readers knew how little furniture, and decorations, and equipage, have to do with happiness or with true largeness of life. Almost all the great men of this world have lived in an absolute independence of things. The shining lights of our own time especially have been remarkable in a luxurious society, for the Spartan simplicity of their surroundings.

We all know of Wordsworth's abstemiousness, and though this were excessive, yet it is of a piece with English habits, and Shelley and Keats, Hunt and Godwin, knew how to be happy and to make others happy, without a parade of "things." It is true that though the list of great men, and of men not great, but who live in the immortality of our affection, who have known "how to do without" is a long one, yet there are

others who make a love of "things" respectable, to say the least: Solomon, Plato, Julius Cæsar, Thomas à Becket, Lord Bacon ("a queer list," I think I hear the reader laugh!), will befriend with their example—lovers of luxury, every man of them!—whoever wants an excuse for having two gowns and everything handsome about him, and does not wish to be written down an ass for the same!

What excuse, then, for writing all these pages to tell people how to do what so many good people get along very well without doing, without desiring to do? No excuse at all is needed, for these pages are not written for those who do not want advice, but for those who do, and though plenty of people are well content to go through life without spending money, thought, or time upon superfluities, yet the number is far greater of those who are not content with this wholesale abstinence; who will round the edge of their rough work-a-day world with beauty, or, at least, with taste, and who want better fare than only "to drink the clear stream and nothing eat but pulse;" and we have wished, being of their party ourselves, to give them a helping hand.

But, now and again comes a letter or a spoken word that tells us the mark aimed at has not been always hit. Letters like that of the Texan gentlemen, quoted in the March installment of these articles, are not the kind we refer to: that was an unreasonable complaint, because the writer should have known we were not attempting to cater for persons in his case. Indeed it would have been easy to put his complaint in a humorous light. It was somewhat as if a writer had made an essay on "Flower Gardens," and after giving some hints as to the ordering of them, and adding some pictures of the flowers it would be well to have if you could get them, he should receive a letter saying that the writer didn't like the essay, nor did his neighbor either; for they couldn't see how their cows could get enough to eat in these lily and violet beds, while the thorns of the rose-bushes would infallibly prick their noses. But, here, along with many letters thanking the writer of these articles cordially for what he has tried to do, and asking for advice in sundry plans and difficulties, comes one written evidently by a person of education and refinement complaining very amiably that to people of small means these articles of mine, with the objects pictured, are of

hardly any use. "Will not some one of your contributors," the letter goes on to say, "write for people with small incomes, telling them how to get pretty furniture and furnish their houses with taste, for little money?"



NO. 2. FAIENCE WATER-COOLER.

Now, we can assure this correspondent that no contributor, however desirous to do what is wanted of him, can accomplish the task—not for want of literary skill, nor for want of sympathy with people of small means, but because all the conditions of the furnishing market are against us. People may dress on a little money, and may set a good table on a little money; but unless they give a great deal more time to it than they ought to be able to afford, they cannot, here in America, furnish their houses elegantly and individually on a little money. Now and then one can find in an old country-house, or at auction, a piece of furniture, a chair, a table, a sideboard, which he gets at a bargain; but, to get a roomful, a houseful, of good furniture, and get it for a song, so rarely happens that the hope of it need not be entertained. I know of one house which is almost entirely furnished with old American (or English) and old Dutch furniture, but it is one house picked out of ten thousand. It belongs to a deservedly prosperous artist, and the collecting this furniture has been the amusement of stray hours for many a year. The old Dutch furniture, remarkable for its richness and for its condition, was bought in Holland while its owner was a student there; and, hand-

some as it is, it cost but little money, partly because at that time nobody cared for such pieces, and partly because it was bought from poor people who did not know its artistic value. The owner told me that one of the largest and handsomest of his cabinets belonged to a poor family living in a room with no floor but the earth. The cabinet was probably the last relic of their better days, or was a fixture of the old house itself,—all that was left of a houseful of such furniture; but to those who owned it now it was only a big cupboard much too large for anything they had to put in it, and so they gladly saw it changed into a handful of hard cash. As our student was going to Italy in a few days, however, he was obliged to leave his cabinet behind him, and when he returned he found it waiting for him where it had stood for many a long year (perhaps ever since it was first made), and he then transported it to New York with the other pieces he had collected. To-day, at Sypher's and at Pottier & Stymus's there are six or eight pieces of this same style of furniture, any one of which costs more than all the pieces our young student brought home with him, put together. The specimens of American, or old English, furniture that he has in his town-house, and with which his country-house is furnished throughout, were all collected from the farm-houses of the region round his country-house, and they were all bought for far less than must have been paid for ordinary modern furniture such as is sold in the wholesale establishments of Canal street and the Bowery.

The only use there is in citing such a case as this is to show what has been done, and to suggest what may be done by another. But nothing can be done by any one who does not care enough for the matter to take a good deal of trouble to get what he wants; and to those who insist so warmly that a house cannot be made pretty and attractive without money, I venture to insist as warmly that money is the least important element in the business! Taste and contrivance are of far more importance than money; and of all the attractive houses that it has been my good fortune to see, by far the greater number have owed their attractiveness to the taste and to the ingenuity of their owners rather than to their long purses. A person with no need to think about the cost of anything may go into Cottier's rooms and buy and order right and left, and give the house commission to decorate and furnish,

and upholster, and fill his cabinets with "old blue," and never spare for cost, and when all is done, nobody who comes to visit him shall say, "How beautiful this is! How interesting! What taste you have!" but only, "Oh, then, I see Cottier has been with you!" There has simply been a transfer of goods from one show-place to another.

The truth is, we are depending too much in these days on furniture and bric-à-brac for

for real ones by old beaus and maiden ladies; they may put artificial flowers in garden-boxes in their windows; they may do anything that comes into their nonsensical pretty heads, and all we shall have to say about it is what old Mrs. G—— said after some stylish girls had been "going on" and "showing off" their new-fangled dress and airs: "How nice it is of 'em to do so, dear!"



No. 3. "OF STUDEE TOKE HE MOSTE CURE AND HEDE."

the ornament of our houses, and not enough on things more permanently interesting. We ought to seek (at least so it seems to me) the individual expression of ourselves, of our own family life, our own ways of living, thinking, acting, more than the doing as other people are doing, more than the having what other people are having. I am not in for a tilt against fashion; fashionable people may do what they like; 'twere vain to say them nay. They may buy embossed brass coal-scuttles and put them in the middle of their parlor hearths in front of dummy fire-places, neither coal-scuttle nor fire-place ever having been intended to be used; they may put china cats nursing their kittens on their satin sofas, and enjoy their being taken

So when people want to know how they can do as the rich, fashionable people do, and not pay for it what the rich, fashionable people pay, I am lost in wonder, and have no reply. If you have taste, perception, contrivance, and if you really enjoy having tasteful, pretty, beautiful things about you, you will somehow have them; but they will come out of yourself, and will look like you, and not like another. But if you only want to be in the fashion, and to have things that either come from Marcotte's, or Herter's, or Cottier's, or look as if they came from one of these places, you must be content, either to pay the round price for the real things, or to put up with such second-rate copies of them as your small means will buy.

"Oh, yes!" says an objective case; "but you talk about Cottier's, and you publish the most provokingly pretty pictures of elegant and costly things, and you describe them and descant upon them, and *aggravate* us so [tis a woman, and a young and pretty one, who is talking, else never that pet word of pretty, young American women—a meaningless vocable, their own invention]—*aggravate* us so, that we can't rest till we have tried to get things like them, and then we find they are far too dear; and then when we ask you how to get them cheap, you tell us it can't be done! What makes you show them to us if you know we can't get them? What's the use?"

To this tearful indictment, what can we reply? First, it is a fact that many of the things figured in these articles are inexpensive compared with things of the same general, decorative, and elegant character that are to be found in the rich shops. Very many of them belong to people who are not at all rich in this world's goods, and in all those that do not exist, except in the drawings of Messrs. Babb, Inglis, and Sandier, the intention has been to make them as inexpensive as possible. I believe that where people have clubbed together, and had four or five of any one of these pieces made by a country carpenter, they have found they got far more for their money than they could have got by going even to Canal street—I mean that their handsome table or book-case has not cost them as much as a homely, ill-made travesty of the "style" would have cost them.

No doubt many of the designs are of costly pieces, far beyond the reach of any but long purses. But let the reader note that these pieces have always been selected by the writer on account of their elegance and good taste rather than for ornate richness and luxuriousness; and all through this series of articles the aim has been to put before the reader what are believed to be good models, not with the expectation that they would be copied or imitated, nor often holding out the hope that their likes could be had again, but only with the hope that something might be accomplished in improving the general taste. Yet even of this the writer has said as little to himself as possible, for it is no small presumption for any one to think he can help his fellows much, and he is pretty sure, before he gets to the end of his task, to find that he needs help as much as any one.

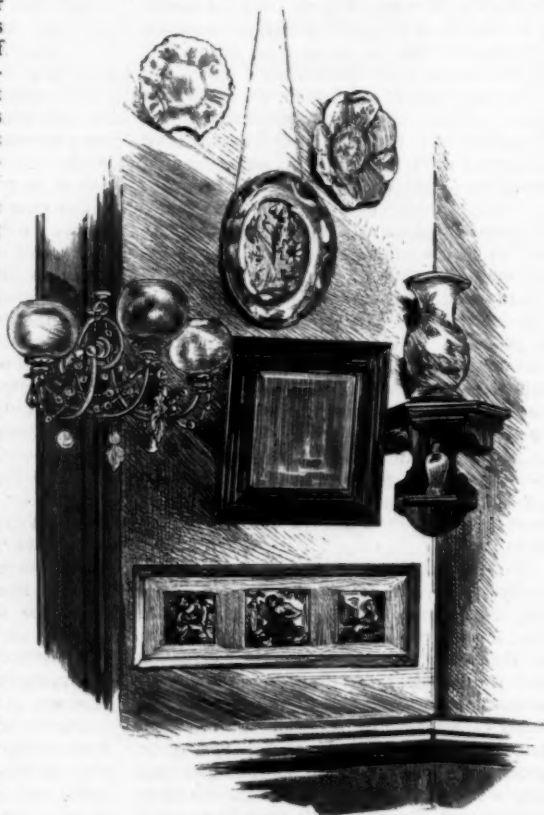
There is a fortune in store for any one

who to-day will supply the public with well-made, well-designed furniture—well-designed both for beauty and use—at cheap rates. It can be done by first getting from competent hands designs that have been thoroughly thought out, reduced to their simplest element, and so planned that they can be made in quantities,—on the same principle that Canal street furniture is made, the difference being in the workmanship and in the design; for it is not only the fact that the Canal street stuff is made by the hundred dozen at a time that makes it cheap. It is because the wood is not seasoned, and because all the parts are put together in the least scientific, "good enough" way. Injustice is often done to what are called "expensive establishments" by our not knowing the cost of making their goods. A chair made by Herter or Marcotte is put together in such a way that only violence can break it, and it can be re-stuffed and re-covered for fifty years, and be as good as new. Now, almost all the furniture made by these houses is made to order; they keep very little material in stock, and even their chairs and sofas, of which they keep more ready made than of the other regulation-pieces, have to be covered to suit individual tastes. Now, let the reader think what is implied in this "making to order." A staff of accomplished draughtsmen has to be employed, and an accomplished draughtsman, if he be a steady, facile workman, is always able to command a good salary. Then, the best workmen that are to be had are kept all the year round on good wages; and, lastly, only the best materials are used, and for covering and the like, the fashion must be not only kept pace with, but wealthy paying custom depends on its being also a little antedated. I do not speak now of rents and the salaries of employes, but merely of the necessary expenses of producing furniture. We must remember, too, that rich buyers do not want their orders repeated for other customers, nor do they want things that other people have; and to make one piece of furniture alone is more expensive than to make six pieces alike. Does a man whose shoes have to be made for him exclusively, so that every projecting joint shall live at ease on its own corner lot, expect to pay no more than the boy who can slip his well-shaped foot into the first shoe of his size that is presented?

Miss Maria R. Oakey has drawn for us, this month, a handsome chair of carved oak, such as is occasionally to be found on the

other side the water, and when found ought by all means to be purchased if possible. These chairs have the double advantage that they are both handsome and comfortable, and that they are well made is proved by the way they have stood their century or two of wear-and-tear. When we are looking at this Jacobean furniture, or at the earlier French furniture of the time of Louis XIII. or Henri II. of France which compensated for inferior richness by its stately elegance and its artistic reserve, we debate a little with ourselves whether our furniture of to-day does not err a little on the side of austerity, or whether when sumptuous, as of course it often is, it does not owe its sumptuousness too much to stuffs and extrinsic ornaments, too little to its design. The study of the work of former times, so much in vogue to-day, whatever it may be doing for our higher art (and its usefulness in this regard may reasonably be questioned) is putting off indefinitely the day when we shall have originality in our own manufactures. The furniture designed to-day, where it reproduces the forms of the last two hundred years,—such forms at least in which carving did not play an important part,—is often very handsome, but when the designer is thrown upon his own resources, he rarely comes out well. You may go through one furniture establishment after another and not find a sideboard, a book-case, a bedstead, a writing-desk, that is well designed, hardly one that is designed at all. I am speaking now of the ordinary places into which we all of us go when we want to economize. I am not thinking of the Marcottes, the Herters, the Cottiers—because in these places we do often see pieces the design of which has been carefully thought out, and which show some independence, though even in these places there is far less individuality to be found than there would be if the society their proprietors cater for were not so fond of walking in ruts. But, besides that we have to admit in the face of all the evidence, that the designing faculty is not very active in this

age, we weaken what we have of designing faculty, by perpetually and persistently copying the designs of those who have gone before us. Those earlier times were as profuse in design as ours are poor, and we go on robbing them, without in the least diminishing the supply. In France, in Germany and in Italy, the workmen have attained great skill in reproducing the design of the Renaissance time, but this is mere copyism; when they attempt to originate, they are, artistically, little above London or New York.



No. 4. ODDS AND ENDS.

We have, therefore, in our poverty of the artistic faculty, thrown ourselves on bareness or simplicity, as we like to call it, and, in default of the power to carve and to produce luxuriant forms, we have covered up our nakedness with a world of bric-à-brac. For closed cabinets, rich in architectural forms and sculptures, caryatides and panels, we have *étagères*, mere assemblages of shelves,

with no beauty in themselves, and meant to pass unnoticed in the beauty or curiousness of the multitude of objects that fill them. We make no more tapestry, and we try to persuade ourselves that wall-paper can take the place of that mode of decoration with its entertaining individuality. We have but little art in our day that would have been called art in the great days, and, in our own country, hardly any art at all that is reckoned such, outside of our own boundaries. At any rate, if the statement be quarreled with, we must admit that we have no painting or sculpture that can fairly be called "decorative," and we never shall have, until our artists get down from their high-horses and condescend ("condescend!") to paint our walls for us, nor think it enough to sell us their little squares of paint at killing prices—the frames not included!

Cut No. 2 shows a book-case fitted into the space between the mantel-piece and the window of a small room, the problem to be solved having been to accommodate both the book-shelves and a large working-table against the same wall space. This was partly for the sake of convenience, that the owner might have his books of reference within easy reach, and partly from necessity, since the room was not large enough, or the wall space not skillfully enough divided to permit the book-case to be in one place, and the table in another. The table was about five feet long, the space between the chimney-pier and the wall a little short of six feet, and it was desired to get all the good possible out of this space. I may note, in passing, that the artist who has made the drawing of this subject has placed the window at the student's right hand instead of at his left hand, so that the light comes wrong. Of course, in reading or in writing, as well as in drawing, the light should come from the left hand, both for the sake of his eyes and for comfort, and our student would never have taken the pains he did to rig up this corner, unless he could have started with the necessary condition of "light from the left hand" fulfilled.

Against the chimney-breast, then, and against the wall at the window end of the space to be filled, uprights were planted, solid planks of pine, chamfered on their front edges and projecting three inches farther in the lower part than in the upper. This was partly for more stability and partly because deeper shelving was needed below

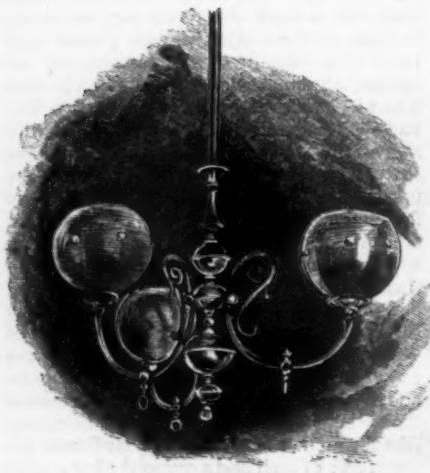
for bigger books. These uprights were not fastened either to the chimney-pier or to the wall. They were held in their place by the shelving. But, as six feet is too wide a space for a shelf that is to support books to span, a third upright was placed at a point that permitted the table to be set against the wall between it and the one that was placed against the chimney. The narrower space thus inclosed was filled with shelves that went down to the floor,—five shelves in all, adjustable by grooves in the upright at various heights to suit, and useful for dictionaries and folios. Over the table are three shelves (and the table itself, pushed well back against the wall, makes a fourth shelf), and these, having a span of five feet, and dividing between them a height of about three feet, accommodate a goodly number of books, such as are in constant use by the owner for reference in his tasks. It may be added that these shelves are made thicker than would commonly be thought necessary (the lower one is of two-inch stuff, and the upper one of inch and a quarter); but a shelf that sags with its load of books is a disagreeable, and even a dangerous thing, and it was thought best to err on the side of safety. Besides, by molding the front edges of the shelves they lose any offensive look of too great stoutness.

The room in which these shelves are placed is a low one, but yet there is space between the ceiling and the top of the case for casts of the "Night" and "Morning" of Michael Angelo, but Mr. Lathrop remembered, perhaps, that these casts had been introduced into another book-case arrangement figured in these articles, and so made our student a fencer, and gave him foils and masks and gloves for his book-case. For the sake of picturesqueness, too, he has half emptied the well-filled shelves.

Before leaving this drawing, I would say a word or two about the table. It is made on a good plan and after twenty years of constant service, is no whit the worse for wear. The supports are two thick planks with the edges cut and chamfered (inartistically done, in the owner's salad days) and stayed by four braces, two below which make an excellent rest for large books, and two above which give a solid rest for the thick table-top. In case of need this table comes to pieces; the top is lifted off, and the braces are drawn out from the supports. When put together, it is as steady a table as can be desired. In the hands of a good

designer such a table can be made handsome as well as useful.

Of the remaining drawings of this article



No. 5. EASY LINES.

Cut No. 5 is a gasolier for the center of a room, and No. 4, a bracket gasolier, with a small corner shelf, a mirror in a frame of ebonized wood, and a long frame containing three drawings. In this latter cut there are also shown some plates suspended on the wall, but there is here no attempt at

combination; the objects are shown as they happened to be chance-assembled on the walls of the Messrs. Cottier's delightful show-room. Cut No. 2 is another of the "cisterns" of which mention was made in a former article.

Cut No. 6 is a drawing of a folding-chair of a sort common in Italy in the sixteenth century. Their use spread over Europe, and references to them as joint-stools are common with the Elizabethan writers. The model from which this drawing was made is in the Boston Art Museum in the Lawrence Room. It is No. 10 of the catalogue, and is ascribed to the fourteenth century. In Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence" is a wood-cut of Savonarola's cell in the convent of San Marco in Florence, and one of these chairs is represented there. They are very comfortable, besides being picturesque, and the sides being formed of many ribs, there is elasticity as well as strength.

As several persons have written to ask the address of the New York merchant who has the Russian wooden bowls for sale, I have inquired and found that it is Mr. W. H. Ropes, Jr., 70 Wall street.

These scattering articles are brought to an end with the present one, and they are expected presently to appear transformed into a book with, if not entirely new scenery, dresses and appointment, at least more order of arrangement, and some new matter.



No. 6. "I TOOK YOU FOR A JOINT-STOOL."

SMITH COLLEGE.



FRONT VIEW OF SMITH COLLEGE AND PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

At the close of the last century, Mary Somerville was stealthily procuring mathematical books and studying them by night to escape the censure and disgrace which might be expected if her occupation were known. Since that time a marvelous change has taken place, not merely in the popular estimate of the value of knowledge to woman, but in the facilities offered her for acquiring it. No feature, in fact, of the present century seems more remarkable than the number of private schools, academies and colleges, which have sprung up during the past fifty years for the higher education of woman. Most of them, it must be confessed, are inferior both in scholarship and educational appliances to our best secondary schools for young men; they are none the less interesting as indicating a great social revolution,—a growing conviction that mind in either sex is worthy of the highest culture. Any one, also, who has watched the progress of this new movement can readily perceive a steady improvement in the character of the instruction given in some of these schools.

Within a few years two or three female colleges have been started, which, in the idea of culture they represent and the means they possess of realizing it, will not compare unfavorably with those which have been es-

tablished for men. The one which, perhaps, in its endowment, methods, and studies bears the closest analogy to the American college, and also exhibits in its social and domestic arrangements the widest departure from prevailing traditions, is Smith College, recently located at Northampton, Mass.

It is an interesting fact, connected with the origin and design of this institution, that it was founded by a woman. Hitherto, rich women have given very little for the education of their sex. They have contributed liberally for other objects. Reform-schools, hospitals, mission enterprises, have found in them liberal patrons. True to popular sympathies, they have been more ready to aid any direct effort to alleviate suffering or to prevent vice than to promote knowledge. When they have been keen-sighted enough to perceive that knowledge is often the shortest route to popular prosperity, they have been inclined to give it to men rather than to their own sex. Male colleges have often received substantial aid from women, who acquiesced readily in the notion that the fruit of the tree of knowledge was for man alone.

The women who have been our foremost champions of the higher education of their sex have generally been poor teachers who

have felt in their own experience the value of knowledge, and have generously done what they could to give it to others. The liberal and progressive idea which Smith College embodies was conceived by a New England woman, Miss Sophia Smith.

Miss Smith was born in Hatfield, Mass., August 27, 1796, where she spent the greater part of her life. The family was not conspicuous in church or state; but it furnishes some of the best illustrations of New England character and success. Her grandfather—born in Hatfield—was a commissioned officer of the commonwealth during the French and Indian wars, and his six sons also became prominent and substantial citizens of Hatfield. All of them were noted for their thrift and industry. New Englanders would call them "forehanded." One of them, Oliver Smith, never married, but amassed a large fortune and bequeathed it to establish the Smith Charities—a unique system of benevolence, now holding over a million of dollars, and distinguished especially for the inducements it offers to matrimony in the form of liberal marriage portions for worthy young men and women. It is a noticeable fact that the large fortunes which were acquired by the members of this family were mainly devoted to provide for others the peculiar blessings which the donors themselves had never enjoyed.

Though Miss Smith lived in a family and community by no means devoid of intelligence, yet she shared with her generation in those deprivations which arose from the scantiness of the provision for the education of women. Her intellectual advantages were very limited, and she received little instruction beyond what the primary schools of her native town afforded. Though she faithfully improved all her opportunities for gaining knowledge, and in later life became a great reader, yet, in her youth, she knew little of books except the Bible. Her knowledge of arts was confined principally to those which were considered essential to a good housewife. The scenes and pursuits common to

any quiet country village were the chief educating forces of her life. One who knew her well says of her: "She was a woman of discriminating, comprehensive mind; no fickleness, no visions, no vagaries; firm and decided in her natural and her Christian character, yet full of charity and good-will toward all. There was not a particle of bigotry or sectarianism about her."

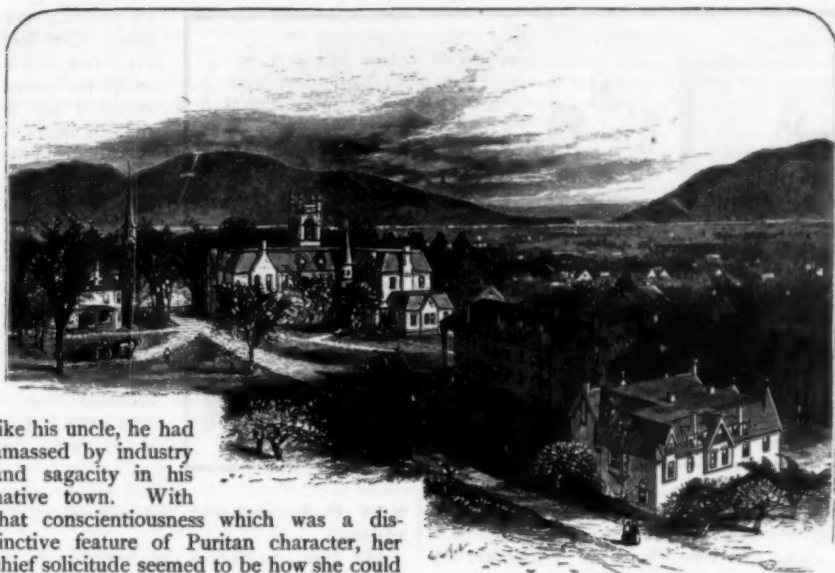
There was little, however, it must be confessed, either in herself or her surroundings, which would seem prolific of great enterprises. Her father was not rich like his brother Oliver, and at his death, left the greater portion of his property to his two sons, according to a prevailing custom; but he gave enough to his two daughters to maintain them, with close economy, in respectable circumstances. After her sister's death, Miss Smith continued to live alone in the old homestead. When she was forty she became quite deaf, and that infirmity tended to make her life still more isolated; yet personal deprivation seemed to quicken rather than to deaden her benevolent im-



MISS SOPHIA SMITH.

pulses, and her simple and unostentatious life was ennobled by many plans and endeavors for the good of others.

At the age of sixty-five, very unexpectedly to herself, her unmarried brother Austin bequeathed to her a large fortune, which,



SMITH COLLEGE AND NORTHAMPTON, WITH MOUNTS HOLYOKE AND TOM IN THE DISTANCE.

like his uncle, he had amassed by industry and sagacity in his native town. With that conscientiousness which was a distinctive feature of Puritan character, her chief solicitude seemed to be how she could best dispose of her property for the glory of God and the good of man.

Fortunately, her confidential adviser at this period was her pastor, the Rev. John M. Green, a cultivated gentleman, whose broad views and scholarly attainments were of great assistance. With his aid, she wrought out a scheme for the higher education of woman, which, for its faith in female capacity, and its broad and liberal provisions, marks an era in our educational history. When she was fully satisfied of the wisdom of her plans, she bequeathed the great bulk of her property for their realization; not forgetting, however, her native town, to which she left seventy-five thousand dollars for the endowment of a secondary school.

There is a good deal that is heroic in the spectacle of this lonely woman, shut out in a great measure by her infirmity and secluded life from so many human interests and pleasures, quietly elaborating a plan by which she could broaden and enrich the lives of multitudes of her sex, and give increased dignity and power to woman in the generations to come.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win."

In her will, Miss Smith defines the object of the college to be, "the establishment

and maintenance of an institution for the higher education of young women, with the design to furnish them means and facilities for education equal to those which are afforded in our colleges to young men."

With the sagacity and unselfish foresight which marked her decisions, Miss Smith determined not to make the college merely subsidiary to her native town, but selected for its location Northampton, that famous old town whose beauties have often been remarked, and which one of our poets thus describes:

"Queen-village of the meads,
Fronting the sunrise and in beauty throned,
With jeweled homes around her lifted brow,
And coronal of ancient forest trees—
Northampton sits, and rules her pleasant realm."

In addition to its remarkable natural attractions, Northampton has peculiar advantages as a location for such a college. Grouped about it, within short distance, are Amherst College, the Massachusetts Agricultural College, Mount Holyoke Seminary, and Williston Seminary. Through the proximity of these different literary institutions, their extensive art and scientific collections, libraries, and other educational resources may be so combined and practically used as to secure many of the advantages of a large and well-endowed university without



INTERIOR OF STUDY-ROOM.

destroying the individuality and efficacy of a truly collegiate training.

After this wise choice of a location for the college, Miss Smith finished her work by appointing a board of trustees to execute the provisions of her will. These she selected with great care, endeavoring to bring together a body of men, who by their experience and skill in educational and practical affairs should be able successfully to realize her ideal in the organization of the new college. Soon after these arrangements were perfected, Miss Smith quietly passed to her rest, June 12, 1870, aged seventy-four years.

The following year Smith College received its charter with full powers "to grant such honorary testimonials, and confer such honors, degrees and diplomas, as are granted or conferred by any university, college, or seminary in the United States." This was the first charter of the kind ever issued by the commonwealth of Massachusetts to an institution for the education of women.

In 1873 Rev. L. Clark Seelye, D. D., at that time Professor in Amherst, was elected President of Smith College. After a careful inspection of the principal educational institutions in this country and in Europe, and consultation with leading educators and architects, he reported to the trustees plans for building, and courses of study, which were adopted. In the erection of the buildings, his constant and wise supervision, together with the suggestions of a fine artistic taste, aided greatly in producing the happy combination of elegance with fitness

for practical uses which mark their construction; while the preparation of the curriculum bears an equally strong impress of broad and liberal ideas as to what a thorough education for women should comprise.

Perhaps we cannot indicate more clearly the character of the intellectual culture which this college is designed to furnish, than by giving a few quota-

tions from President Seelye's inaugural address.

He thus emphasizes the fact that Smith College is not to be a preparatory school, or to be encumbered with one.

"I believe this is the only female college that insists upon substantially the same requisites for admission which have been found practicable and essential in male colleges. * * * Long experience has already taught male colleges the necessity if they would be true to their ideal, of insisting upon thorough preparation for their work. We do not see how female colleges can be exempt from this necessity, if they are to give young women similar advantages. Women, they say, jump to conclusions; but can they jump over grammars, spelling-books, arithmetics, and geometries, and begin, on an equal footing with our best gifted sex, the study of the higher branches of literature and science? If the female intellect be subject to the ordinary laws which control the acquisition of knowledge, then it must have the lower before it can receive the higher education. * * * Let the requirements for admission be determined, not by the number of the students desired, but by the demands of the highest intellectual culture, and you have done much to put an end to the lack of system and many of the shams which have been the bane of female education.

"It has been the custom in most female colleges to combine preparatory and collegiate work. This may at times be necessary; but there are obvious disadvantages in this plan. * * * Children of either sex, at the age when their preparatory collegiate work should commence, are in special want of parental influence and care. Where the lack of good schools necessitates their absence from home, they need, we think, an institution differently constituted from a college. They require greater restraints and more personal supervision. It is difficult to wisely adjust the requirements of one institution to the varied ages and capacities of preparatory and collegiate classes. The regulations which are beneficial to the one are injurious to the

other. The greater number of preparatory students are apt to tax disproportionately the energies of the teachers, and the advanced scholars suffer in consequence of it. Great as are the objections on the score of government and personal care, there is a still greater objection to the plan in its effect on the popular estimate of a higher education. It directly fosters the notion that the name of culture is sufficient. Young people, who are apt to be easily satisfied with the semblance of things, frequently feel that a few months of preparatory work in a college are sufficient, and retire to enjoy their honors."

Referring to the fact that Smith College gives to the classics and mathematics that prominence they long have had in the higher mental culture, President Seelye maintains that their place in a college curriculum is not due to chance or custom, but to a true philosophy of the growth of the human intellect.

"A college, as I understand it, aims to educate by giving a student the freest access to the best thought of the best minds. It seeks to make one familiar, not merely with that portion of the human intellect which is represented in the comparatively narrow range of popular thought and tradition, but with the growth of the human intellect as a whole. * * * If this be its proper aim, I do not see how a college can eliminate or materially abridge the study of the classics. For the languages of no other peoples have had so potent an influence in developing the human mind, or can interpret for us so clearly the varied stages of its growth."

As great objection has frequently been made to the study of Greek in female colleges, and as it is not required for admission to any other, President Seelye devotes considerable space in his address to show its historic connection with the growth of our civilization. He closes his argument thus:

"I will not now insist upon that mental discipline which the mere study of the Grecian language is so well calculated to impart; upon the advantage which it has in a system of education from having so many appliances in the dictionaries, grammars, and commentaries which ingenious and able instructors have given, so that a study of Greek brings us into communion with the best scholarship, and the acutest intellects of all European countries; nor will I insist upon the testimony which comes from the great majority of the ablest educators, that the youth who have passed through classic studies make greater progress in all others than those who have had no classic training; upon the fact that the men most eminent in literature and art have been trained under classic influences; all these, and many other arguments for classic study, I pass by unnoticed. I would simply justify its place in our college curriculum upon the relation which it has had and ever must have to the growth of the human intellect. On this ground alone I maintain it must always be a prominent study in any institution which seeks to give the most extensive acquaintance with mind. We grant that Greek has often been taught so that the time of the student has been wasted, and the intellect deadened rather than quickened; we grant

that there has been a tendency to grammatical analysis in classic study and to wearisome exercises, as irksome as they are useless; we grant that classic study has not infrequently been made the end, instead of the means of a higher education. Let us have less grammar and more Greek; less writing Greek verse and more study of Greek poetry; but let us not in our higher institutions of learning give up the study of that language which more speedily and effectually than any other ushers us into the best thinking of the ages."

In thus advocating classical study, the importance of the modern languages is also recognized.

"* * * While, however, we lay much stress upon the study of the classics, we are by no means disposed to give up the modern languages. Indeed, we should consider ourselves justified in holding fast to the classics on account of the facility which they give us in mastering other tongues. Through Athens and Rome is still the shortest route to German, French, or English thought; and as two ancient languages more than any other acquaint us with the human mind, so there are two modern languages, aside from our own, which stand in a similar relation. In German and French we find the best thinking which any foreign literature of modern origin can offer us. These languages, therefore, enter appropriately into our curriculum. * * * Neither do we propose to leave young ladies in ignorance of their own language and literature for the sake of making them accomplished classic, or German, or French, scholars. * * * Know English by all means! But that knowledge is being gained most effectually by every translation which we make from other languages, by all the insight which we gain into the meaning of those words from which so many of our own are derived, by all the light which is thrown upon the origin and construction of our speech. The English must necessarily be the study of life. It is therefore the more important, while we are in a state of pupillage, to make us acquainted with those aids to its study which are to be found in foreign languages, and which we can learn more readily from accomplished teachers. In addition to these aids, however, we



VIEW FROM LAKE PARADISE (MT. HOLYOKE IN THE DISTANCE).

propose to give greater attention to the direct study of English than is given in many of our male colleges; special studies will be given in its literature; the student will be made familiar with its masterpieces and its origin, and appropriate exercises devised to give both a clearer understanding and a better expression of thought in our native tongue."

Mathematical study for young women is thus defended:

"What classic study is to literature, mathematical is to scientific. As it is impossible to thoroughly understand the mind in books without the one, so it is impossible to understand the mind in nature without the other.

"It would, indeed, be easy enough to show the increasing importance of mathematics to practical life; the assistance it gives the sailor and the engineer; our indebtedness to it for the most highly prized comforts of our civilization. But it is not for its practical utility that I advocate its place in the higher education. That utility, indeed, is due to the study which had no thought of practical results. Nor does it owe its place to its importance as a mental discipline, although the testimony of many generations of educators bears witness to its value as an intellectual exercise. Rather would I justify the prominence of mathematics in the higher education, because it is the study, above all others, which gives us a knowledge of the mind in nature. To it, more than to any other source, we are indebted for what we know of physical sciences."

In contending for these distinctive features of a college course, President Seelye does not ignore the claims of the fine arts:

"A college, if it be true to its character, can make no department of knowledge a specialty. It is not a school to make musicians, painters, or sculptors, any more than it is to make poets, novelists or astronomers, although the

training which it gives may be better fitted than any other for future eminence in any of these professions. * * * In the fine arts, as in literature and science, the college should simply aim to give that broad and thorough acquaintance with mind which is in itself the best preparation for special work in any calling. If this be its aim, however, it cannot be true to its character and ignore art. Too many of the grandest creations of the human intellect are embodied in the fine arts to remain unnoticed by an institution which seeks the highest mental culture. * * * If our higher schools are to fulfill their mission, they must see to it that no unusual artistic gift be impoverished from lacking the nutriment of that broad and generous thinking on which alone it can grow to its greatest strength and beauty. * * * The college should have its gallery of art, where the student may be made directly familiar with the famous masterpieces; it should have facilities for musical culture in good instructors and instruments. Lectures, models, and special exercises should keep alive and develop the æsthetic faculties."

Those who appreciate the relations of collegiate studies to the great circle of knowledge and to the human intellect, will perceive at once, from the ideas which this address expresses, how great an advance in the education of women Smith College marks.

Assuming that there is one true philosophy of mind wherever it exists, the course of study is arranged as far as possible on a philosophic basis rather than upon one of accommodation to any imagined deficiencies of women. The position is firmly taken, that the studies of women have long enough been appointed at hap-hazard, according to fashion or foolish whim, and that if she is to receive a thorough culture, she must be educated according to those laws which control all rational beings. It is maintained that those studies which have taken their place in the higher education of man, because philosophy and experience alike show them to be the surest and most expeditious means to reach the greatest intelligence, are just as valuable to woman in her efforts to attain the same completeness of mental development.

Smith College stands alone in this position, and is the only institution for women that insists upon substan-

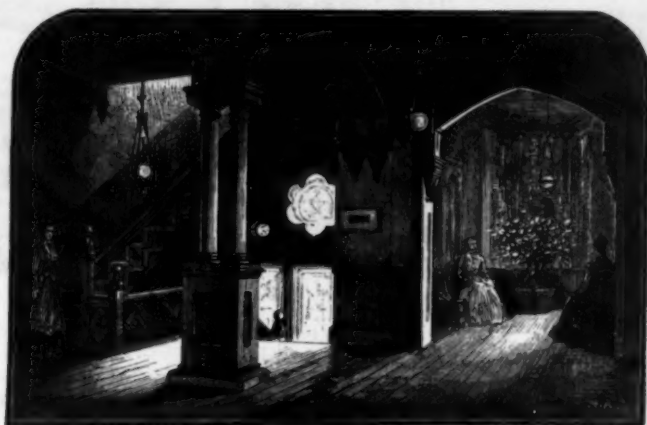


VIEW IN THE ART GALLERY.

tially the same requisites for admission as are required from young men in their best colleges, and that has also provided a course of study equally broad and complete.

At the same time, it does not insist upon a cast-iron course, either in language

treated as if they were simply intellect or as if they were men. Regard is had to womanhood, and the mode of life and buildings are adapted to woman's wants and capacities. An effort is made, also, to educate her social faculties, and to preserve and increase



STAIRCASE IN MAIN BUILDING.

or science. After the first year, three elective parallel courses are arranged, called respectively: classical, literary, and scientific, which afford ample opportunity to individuals to indulge their respective aptitudes. Enough studies, however, are common to each of these courses to insure that all shall have the essentials of a liberal culture. Those whose tastes lead them especially to scientific studies are still required to have some knowledge of the humanities, and those who are more inclined to the humanities are expected, also, to have some notion of natural laws and forces.

Smith College does not, however, restrict its advantages to those who may desire to take all of its regular studies. No student can receive the degree of the college who has not passed through the prescribed course; but in case a young lady wishes to pursue a special line of study, she is allowed to do so, provided she is sufficiently mature and well prepared to enter any of the regular classes in those branches which she desires to prosecute. No instruction is given, however, by the college, to any one in a lower grade of study than that embraced in its curriculum.

While the course of study is thus arranged according to a philosophy of the intellect as intellect, it is not forgotten that it is a woman's college. The students are not

the refinement and grace which have ever been considered essential to a cultured woman. Miss Smith says in her will: "I would have the education suited to the mental and physical wants of women. It is not my design to render my sex any the less feminine, but to develop as fully as may be the powers of womanhood."

To carry out this wish of the founder, the trustees determined to inaugurate a new departure with reference to college buildings. Instead of the immense caravansaries, four or five stories high, in which are gathered recitation-rooms, kitchen, dining, and sleeping rooms, it was determined, in order to realize both an academic and a home life, to erect one central building for strictly collegiate purposes, and to group around it smaller dwelling-houses which should furnish homes for the students. These residences were to accommodate about twenty-five students, and at the head of each household there was to be a lady who should sustain to it a relation similar to that which a lady in an ordinary home holds to her own family. She should preside over it and give direction to its social and domestic life. Each household should form by itself a separate establishment, and yet all should be connected by similar interests and pursuits as a literary community. The lady teachers might also live in these dif-



A RECEPTION IN THE SOCIAL HALL.

ferent families, and by their society and influence contribute to the general welfare and interest. None of the buildings were to be more than two stories and a half high, in order to avoid numerous staircases. These plans have thus far been strictly adhered to, with gratifying results. The beneficial effects of the home-like life are very apparent both in the health and manners of the students. The nervous tension and excitement which must necessarily arise where great numbers are gathered together, and regulations multiplied, are avoided, and the quiet and freedom of a smaller family are secured.

Personal peculiarities can also thus be more satisfactorily studied, and refining influences more successfully exerted. Instead of formal lectures on decorum and social proprieties, the aim is, through the natural daily intercourse of a well ordered family, to develop the best social characteristics.

In these different homes the young ladies receive their friends, enjoy their games and festivities, and their smaller sociables from time to time, while in the larger hall in the college building they also frequently meet, with invited guests, for various entertainments. Instead of being shut up entirely to their own society, they are thus made acquainted with intelligent and refined people of many different classes. Musical concerts and

readings are interspersed to give variety to their life.

The private rooms of the young ladies are designed to suit different tastes. Some of them are for two persons with study and bedroom; some are arranged as single rooms; all are well ventilated and comfortably furnished.

The style of the main collegiate building is secular Gothic. It is built of brick, trimmed with stone, and the interior is elegantly finished in unpainted native woods. On the lower floor are the recitation, reading,



MAIN ENTRANCE OF COLLEGE BUILDING.

and dressing rooms. A large well-furnished laboratory is finely arranged in a single story, sufficiently disconnected from the main building to prevent any annoyance from gases.

On the second floor there are the large social hall, cabinets, art gallery and art lecture-rooms, and offices. The main rooms of the second story are so arranged that they can all be thrown together whenever it is desirable for literary or social entertainments, and other purposes. The social hall, used also as a chapel, affords a striking combination of elegant architecture and beauty of finish. The art gallery, even unfurnished, would delight the eye of an artist. This gallery is divided into alcoves by an ingenious arrangement of Gothic screens, which are covered with several hundred autotype copies of representative paintings of the Italian, Flemish, Dutch, German, and Spanish schools. The ends of these screens are finished to form effective backgrounds for casts representing noted statues. There are also oil copies of celebrated paintings of the different schools. The art lecture-room has its walls covered with illustrations of the French school, and an adjoining room is to be devoted to the English school of art.

The college opened in the fall of 1875. That it might create its own traditions and *esprit de corps*, it was determined to receive no students to any advanced classes until these classes had been formed in the regular order of growth. Only one class, therefore, corresponding to the Freshmen in male colleges, was organized the first year. The names Freshman and Sophomore have been discarded, and First and Second Class have been adopted as titles instead, with Junior and Senior for the following years.

Large numbers of applications were received on the opening of the college, from those who, not fully understanding the requirements for admission, were not sufficiently advanced in their preparation to enter. Fourteen were admitted, and formed the First class. Last year another class of sixteen was formed, so that two regular classes are now in complete working order.

An opportunity for actual comparison of attainments was furnished during the last fall term, when, owing to the illness of the Professor in Latin and Greek, two Professors from Amherst college came daily, for several weeks, to take charge of the classes in those departments. The young ladies were able, without difficulty, to carry on the same amount of work in the same studies as the

young men in Amherst, and with a higher average scholarship.

In accordance with the desire of the founder, the college is undenominational, though thoroughly Christian. "Sensible of what the Christian religion has done for my sex," said Miss Smith in her will, "and believing that all education should be for the glory of God and the good of man, I direct that the Holy Scriptures be daily and systematically read and studied in said college; and without giving preference to any sect or denomination, all the education and all the discipline shall be pervaded by the spirit of evangelical Christian religion."

Miss Smith directed in her will that not more than one-half of her bequest should be expended in buildings and grounds. The remainder was to be invested as a permanent fund for furnishing teachers, library, and apparatus, and for the general purposes of the institution. The trustees, entering fully into the spirit of this wise direction, have, by judicious management, kept far within the limits allowed them. Indeed, the sums required for the erection of the buildings and the current expenses of the college have been drawn thus far from the income of the property, without encroaching upon the original endowment. The amount which the college received from Miss Smith's estate in 1871 was \$387,468. To this was added \$25,000 by the town of Northampton, to comply with a condition concerning the location of the college. The estimated value, at present, of the productive funds of the college and real estate, is \$525,000. The college is thus enabled to offer to rich and poor alike, a superior education, at a sum far below its actual cost. It is also enabled to offer scholarships of \$100, annually, to any one who needs assistance. It is hoped that this ability may be greatly increased by additional contributions.

Those who are watching with some anxiety to see what will be the effect of this higher education for women upon the health of the students, will be glad to know that the experience of Smith College has been most encouraging in this respect; and that the majority of the students have improved in their physical condition during their connection with the college. This fact may serve to strengthen the belief of those who are fast coming to regard it as a proved truth, that the mind, employed in healthful study, under careful conditions, exerts an invigorating influence upon the whole being.

THAT LASS O' LOWRIE'S.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

In the bedroom above the small parlor a fire was burning at midnight, and by this fire Grace was watching. The lamp was turned low and the room was very quiet; a dropping cinder made quite a startling sound. When a moan or a movement of the patient broke the stillness—which was only at rare intervals—the curate rose and went to the bedside. But it was only to look at the sufferer lying upon it, bandaged and unconscious. There was very little he could do. He could follow the instructions given by the medical man before he went away, but these had been few and hurried, and he could only watch with grief in his heart. There was but a chance that his friend's life might be saved. Close attention and unremitting care might rescue him, and to the best of his ability the curate meant to give him both. But he could not help feeling a deep anxiety. His faith in his own skill was not very great, and there were no professional nurses in Riggan.

"It is the care women give that he needs," he said once, standing near the pillow and speaking to himself. "Men cannot do these things well. A mother or a sister might save him."

"He went to the window and drew back the curtain to look out upon the night. As he did so, he saw the figure of a woman nearing the house. As she approached, she began to walk more slowly, and when she reached the gate she hesitated, stopped and looked up. In a moment it became evident that she saw him, and was conscious that he saw her. The dim light in the chamber threw his form into strong relief. She raised her hand and made a gesture. He turned away from the window, left the room quietly and went down-stairs. She had not moved, but stood at the gate awaiting him. She spoke to him in a low tone, and he distinguished in its sound a degree of physical exhaustion.

"Yo' saw me," she said. "I thowt yo' did, though I did na think o' yo' bein' at th' winder when I stopped—to—to see th' leet."

"I am glad I saw you," said Grace. "You have been at work among the men who were hurt?"

"Ay," pulling at a bush of evergreen nervously, and scattering the leaves as she spoke. "Theer's scarce a house o' th' common soart i' Riggan as has na trouble in it."

"God help them all!" exclaimed Grace, fervently.

"Have you seen Miss Barholm?" he asked next.

"She wur on th' ground i' ten minnits after th' explosion. She wur in th' village when it happent, an' she drove to th' pit. She's been workin' as hard as ony woman i' Riggan. She saw us go down th' mine, but she did not see us come up. She wur away then wi' a woman as had a lad to be carried home dead. She would ha' come to *him*, but she knowed yo' were wi' him, an' theer wur them as needed her. When th' cages coom up theer wur women as screamed an' held to her, an' throwed theirsens on their knees an' hid their faces i' her dress, an' i' her honds, as if they thowt she could keep th' truth fro' 'em."

Grace trembled in his excitement.

"God bless her! God bless her!" he said, again and again.

"Where is she now?" he asked at length.

"Theer wur a little chap as coom up i' th' last cageful—he wur hurt bad, an' he wur sich a little chap as it went hard wi' him. When th' doctor touched him he screamed an' begged to be let alone, an' she heerd an' went to him, an' knelt down an' quieted him a bit. Th' poor little lad would na let go o' her dress; he held to it fur dear life, an' sobbed an' shivered and begged her to go wi' him an' howd his head on her lap while th' doctor did what mun be done. An' so she went, an' she's wi' him now. He will na live till day-leet, an' he keeps cryin' out for th' lady to stay wi' him."

There was another silence, and then Joan spoke:

"Canna yo' guess what I coom to say?"

He thought he could, and perhaps his glance told her so.

"If I wur a lady," she said, her lips, her hands trembling, "I could na ax yo' what I've made up my moind to; but I'm noan a lady, an' it does na matter. If yo' need some one to help yo' wi' him, will yo' let me ha' th' place? I dunnot ax nowt else but—but to be let do th' hard work."

She ended with a sob. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands, weeping wildly.

"Don't do that," he said, gently. "Come with me. It is you he needs."

He led the way into the house and up the stairs, Joan following him. When they entered the room they went to the bedside.

The injured man lay motionless.

"Is their loife i' him yet?" asked Joan. "He looks as if their might na be."

"There is life in him," Grace answered; "and he has been a strong man, so I think we may feel some hope."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE next morning the pony-carriage stopped before the door of the curate's lodgings. When Grace went down-stairs to the parlor, Anice Barholm turned from the window to greet him. The appearance of physical exhaustion he had observed the night before in Joan Lowrie, he saw again in her, but he had never before seen the face which Anice turned toward him.

"I was on the ground yesterday, and saw you go down into the mine," she said. "I had never thought of such courage before."

That was all, but in a second he comprehended that this morning they stood nearer together than they had ever stood before.

"How is the child you were with?" he asked.

"He died an hour ago."

When they went upstairs, Joan was standing by the sick man.

"He's worse than he wur last neet," she said. "A' he'll be worse still. I ha' nursed hurts like these afore. It'll be mony a day afore he'll be better—if th' toime ivver comes."

The rector and Mrs. Barholm, hearing of the accident, and leaving Browton hurriedly to return home, were met by half a dozen different versions on their way to Riggan, and each one was so enthusiastically related that Mr. Barholm's rather dampened interest in his daughter's protégée was fanned again into a brisk flame.

"There must be something in the girl, after all," he said, "if one could only get at it. Something ought to be done for her, really."

Hearing of Grace's share in the transaction, he was simply amazed.

"I think there must be some mistake," he said to his wife. "Grace is not the man—not the man *physically*," straightening his

broad shoulders, "to be equal to such a thing."

But the truth of the report forced itself upon him after hearing the story repeated several times before they reached Riggan, and arriving at home, they heard the whole story from Anice.

While Anice was talking, Mr. Barholm began to pace the floor of the room restlessly.

"I wish I had been there," he said. "I would have gone down myself."

"You are a braver man than I took you for," he said to his curate when he saw him,—and he felt sure that he was saying exactly the right thing. "I should scarcely have expected such dashing heroism from you, Grace."

"I hardly regarded it in that light," said the little gentleman, coloring sensitively. "If I had, I should scarcely have expected it of myself."

The fact that Joan Lowrie had engaged herself as nurse to the injured engineer made some gossip among her acquaintances at first, but this soon died out. Thwaite's wife had a practical enough explanation of the case.

"Th' lass wur tired o' pit-work; an' no wonder. She's made up her moind to ha' done wi' it; an' she's a first-rate one to nurse,—strong i' the arms, an' noan sleepy-headed. Happen she'll tak' up wi' it fur a trade. As to it bein' *him* as she meant when she said their 'wur a mon as she meant to save, it wur no such thing. Joan Lowrie's noan th' kind o' wench to be runnin' after gentlefolk,—yo' know that yoresens. It's noan o' our business who the mon wur. Happen he's dead; an' whether he's dead or alive, yo'd better leave him a-be, an' her too."

In the sick man's room the time passed monotonously. There were days and nights of heavy slumber or unconsciousness,—restless mutterings and weary tossings to and fro. The face upon the pillow was sometimes white, sometimes flushed with fever; but whatever change came to pass, Death never seemed far away.

Grace lost appetite, and grew thin with protracted anxiety and watching. He would not give up his place even to Anice or Mrs. Barholm, who spent much of their time in the house. He would barely consent to snatch a few minutes' rest in the day-time; in truth, he could not have slept if he would. Joan held to her post unflinchingly. She took even less respite than

Grace. Having almost forced her to leave the room one morning, Anice went downstairs to find her lying upon the sofa,—her hands clasped under her head, her eyes wide open.

"I conna sleep yet a while," she said. "Dunnot let it trouble yo'. I'm used to it."

Sometimes during the long night Joan felt his hollow eyes following her as she moved about the room, and fixed hungrily upon her when she stood near him.

"Who are you?" he would say. "I have seen you before, and I know your face; but—but I have lost your name. Who are you?"

One night, as she stood upon the hearth, alone in the room,—Grace having gone down-stairs for something,—she was startled by the sound of Derrick's voice falling with a singular distinctness upon the silence.

"Who is it that is standing there?" he said. "Do I know you? Yes—it is ——" but before he could finish, the momentary gleam of recognition had passed away, and he had wandered off again into low, disjointed murmurings.

It was always of the mine, or one other anxiety, that he spoke. There was something he must do or say,—some decision he must reach. Must he give up? Could he give up? Perhaps he had better go away,—far away. Yes; he had better go. No,—he could not,—he must wait and think again. He was tired of thinking,—tired of reasoning and arguing with himself. Let it go for a few minutes. Give him just an hour of rest. He was full of pain; he was losing himself, somehow. And then, after a brief silence, he would begin again and go the weary round once more.

"He has had a great deal of mental anxiety of late,—too much responsibility," said the medical man; "and it is going rather against him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE turning-point was reached at last. One evening, at the close of his usual visit, the doctor said to Grace:

"To-morrow, I think, you will see a marked alteration. I should not be surprised to find on my next visit that his mind had become permanently cleared. The intervals of half consciousness have become lengthened. Unless some entirely unlooked-for change occurs, I feel sure that the worst is over. Give him close attention to-night. Don't let the young woman leave the room."

That night Anice watched with Joan. It was a strange experience through which these two passed together. If Anice had not known the truth before, she would have learned it then. Again and again Derrick went the endless round of his miseries. How must it end? How could it end? What must he do? How black and narrow the passages were! There she was, coming toward him from the other end,—and if the props gave way——! They *were* giving way!—Good God! the light was out, and he was held fast by the mass which had fallen upon him. What must he do about her whom he loved, and who was separated from him by this horrible wall? He was dying, and she would never know what he wanted to tell her. What was it that he wanted to say,—That he loved her,—loved her,—loved her! Could she hear him? He must make her hear him before he died,—"Joan! Joan!"

Thus he raved for hour after hour; and the two sat and listened, often in dead silence; but at last there rose in Joan Lowrie's face a look of such intense and hopeless pain, that Anice spoke.

"Joan! my poor Joan!" she said.

Joan's head sank down upon her hands.

"I mun go away fro' Riggan," she whispered. "I mun go away afore he knows. There's no help fur me."

"No help?" repeated Anice after her.

She did not understand.

"There's none," said Joan. "Dunnot yo' see as ony place wheer he is can be no place fur me? I thowt—I thowt the trouble wur aw on my side, but it is na. Do yo' think I'd stay an' let him do hissen a wrong?"

Anice wrung her hands-together.

"A wrong?" she cried. "Not a wrong, Joan—I cannot let you call it that."

"It would na be nowt else. Am I fit wife fur a gentlemon? Nay, my work's done when the danger's ower. If he wakes to know th' leet o' day to-morrow morning, it's done then."

"You do not mean," said Anice, "that you will leave us?"

"I conna stay i' Riggan; I mun go away."

Toward morning Derrick became quieter. He muttered less and less until his voice died away altogether, and he sank into a profound slumber. Grace coming in and finding him sleeping, turned to Joan with a look of intense relief.

"The worst is over," he said; "now we may hope for the best."

"Ay," Joan answered, quietly, "th' worst is ower—fur him."

At last darkness gave way to a faint gray light, and then the gray sky showed long slender streaks of wintry red, gradually widening and deepening until all the east seemed flushed.

"It's mornin'," said Joan, turning from the window to the bed. "I mun gi' him th' drops again."

She was standing near the pillow when the first flood of the sunlight poured in at the window. At this moment Derrick awoke from his sleep to a full recognition of all around him. But the strength of his delirium had died out; his prostration was so utter, that for the moment he had no power to speak and could only look up at the pale face hopelessly. It seemed as if the golden glow of the morning light transfigured it.

"He's awake," Joan said, moving away and speaking to those on the other side of the room. "Will one on yo' pour out th' medicine? My hand's noan steady."

Grace went to the bedside hurriedly.

"Derrick," he said, bending down, "do you know me?"

"Yes," Derrick answered in a faltering whisper, and as he said it the bedroom door closed. Both of them heard it. A shadow fell upon the sick man's face. His eyes met his friend's with a question in them, and the next instant the question put itself into words:

"Who—went out?"

Grace bent lower.

"It was Joan Lowrie."

He closed his eyes and waited a little as if to gain fresh strength. There rose a faint flush upon his hollow cheeks, and his mouth trembled.

"How"—he said next—"how—long?"

"You mean to ask me," said Grace, "how long she has been here?"

A motion of assent.

"She has been here from the first."

He asked no further questions. His eyes closed once more and he lay silent.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JOAN went back to her lodgings at the Thwaites', and left Mrs. Barkholm and Anice to fill her place.

Too prostrate to question his nurses, Derrick could only lie with closed eyes helpless and weary. He could not even keep himself awake long enough to work his way to any very clear memories of what had hap-

pened. He had so many half recollections to tantalize him. He could remember his last definite sensation,—a terrible shock, flinging him to the ground, a second of pain and horror, and then utter oblivion. Had he awakened one night and seen Joan Lowrie by the dim fire-light and called out to her, and then lost himself? Had he awakened for a second or so again and seen her standing close to his pillow, looking down at him with an agony of dread in her face?

In answer to his question, Grace had told him that she had been with him from the first. How had it happened? This he asked himself again and again, until he grew feverish over it.

"Above all things," he heard the doctor say, "don't let him talk and don't talk to him."

But Grace comprehended something of his mental condition.

"I see by your look that you wish to question me," he said to him. "Have patience for a few days and then I will answer every question you may ask. Try to rest upon that assurance."

There was one question, however, which would not wait. Grace saw it lying in the eager eyes and answered it.

"Joan Lowrie," he said, "has gone home."

Joan's welcome at the Thwaites' house was tumultuous. The children crowded about her, neighbors dropped in, both men and women, wanting to have a word with her. There were few of them who had not met with some loss by the explosion, and there were those among them who had cause to remember the girl's daring.

"How's th' engineer?" they asked.

"What do th' doctors say on him?"

"He'll get better," she answered. "They say as he's out o' danger."

"Wur na it him as had his head on yore knee when yo' come up i' th' cage?" said one woman.

Mrs. Thwaite answered for her with some sharpness. They should not gossip about Joan, if she could help it.

"I dunnot suppose as she knowd th' difference betwixt one mon an' another," she said. "It wur na loikely as she'd pick and choose. Let th' lass ha' a bit o' quiet, wenches. Yo' moither her wi' yore talk."

"It's an ill wind as blows nobody good," said Thwaite himself. "Th' explosion has done one thing—it's made th' mesters change their minds. They're i' th' humor to do what th' engineer axed fur, now."

"Ay," said a tired-looking woman, whose poor attempt at mourning told its own story; "but that wunnot bring my mester back."

"Nay," said another, "nor my two lads."

There had been a great deal of muttered discontent among the colliers before the accident, and since its occurrence there had been signs of open rebellion. Then, too, results had proved that the seasonable adoption of Derrick's plan would have saved some lives at least, and, in fact, some future expenditure. Most of the owners, perhaps, felt somewhat remorseful; a few, it is not impossible, experienced nothing more serious than annoyance and embarrassment, but it is certain that there were one or two who were crushed by a sense of personal responsibility for what had occurred.

It was one of these who made the proposition that Derrick's plan be accepted unreservedly, and that the engineer himself should be requested to resume his position and undertake the management of the work. There was some slight demurring at first, but the catastrophe was so recent that its effect had not had time to wear away, and finally the agreement was made.

But at that time Derrick was lying senseless in the bedroom over the parlor, and the deputation from the company could only wait upon Grace, and make an effort at expressing their sympathy.

After Joan's return to her lodgings, she, too, was visited. There was some curiosity felt concerning her. A young and handsome woman, who had taken so remarkable a part in the tragedy, was necessarily an object of interest.

Mr. Barholm was so fluently decided in his opinion that something really ought to be done, that a visit to the heroine of the day was the immediate result. There was only one form the appreciation of a higher for a lower social grade could take, and it was Mr. Barholm who had been, naturally, selected as spokesman. He explained to Joan the nature of the visit. His friends of the Company had heard the story of her remarkable heroism, and had felt that something was due to her—some token of the admiration her conduct had inspired in them. They had agreed that something ought to be done, and they had called this evening to present her with a little testimonial.

The bundle of crisp bank-notes burned the hand of the man who held them, as Joan Lowrie listened to this speech. She stood upright before them, resting one hand

upon the back of a chair, but when the bearer of the testimonial in question rose, she made a step forward. There was more of her old self in her gesture than she had shown for months. Her eyes flashed, her face hardened, a sudden red flew to her cheek.

"Put it up," she said. "I wunnot tak' it."

The man who had the money laid it upon the table, as if he were anxious to be rid of it. He was in a glow of anger and shame at the false step they had made.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I see we have made a mistake."

"Ay," she said, "yo' ha' made a mistake. If yo' choose to tak' that an' gi'e it to th' women an' childer as is left to want bread, yo' may do it an' welcome."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE first day Fergus Derrick was allowed to spend an hour in an easy-chair by the fire, he heard the story of his rescue from the lips of his friend, listening to it as he rested against the propping cushions.

"Don't be afraid of exciting me," he had said to Grace. "I have conjectured until I am tired of it. Tell me the whole story. Let me hear the end *now*."

Derrick's breath came quick and short as he listened, and his haggard face flushed. It was not only to his friend he owed his life, but to Joan Lowrie.

"I should like to see her," he said when Grace had finished. "As for you, Grace—well—words are poor things."

"They are very poor things between friends," was Grace's answer; "so let us have none of them. You are on this side of the grave, dear fellow—that is enough."

During the rest of the day Derrick was silent and abstracted, but plainly full of active thought. By night-fall a feverish spot burned upon his cheek, and his pulse had quickened dangerously.

"I must wait," he said to Grace, "and it is hard work."

Just at that time Anice was sitting in her room at the rectory, thinking of Joan also, when there came to her the sound of footsteps in the passage and then a summons to the door.

"You may come in," she said.

But it was not a servant, as she had supposed; it was Joan, with a bundle upon her arm.

"You are going away, Joan?" she said. "To-night?"

"Ay," Joan answered, as she came and stood upon the hearth. "I'm goin' away to-neet."

"You have quite made up your mind?"

"Ay," said Joan. "I mun break loose. I want to get as far fro' th' owd life as I can. I'd loike to forget th' most on it. I'm goin' to-neet, because I dunnot want to be axed questions. If I passed thro' th' town by dayleet, theer's them as ud fret me wi' their talk."

"Have you seen Mr. Grace?" Anice asked.

"No. I shanna ha' th' chance to say good-bye to him. I coom partly to ax yo' to say it fur me."

"Yes, I will say it. I wish there were no need that I should, though. I wish I could keep you."

There was a brief silence, and then Joan knelt on one knee by the fender.

"I ha' bin thinkin' o' Liz," she said. "I thowt I'd ax yo'—if it wur to happen so as she'd drift back here again while I wur away—as yo'd say a kind word to her, an' tell her about th' choild, an' how as I niver thowt hard on her, an' as th' day niver wur as I did na pity her fro' th' bottom o' my soul. I'm goin' toward th' south," she said again after a while. "They say as th' south is as different fro' th' north as th' day is fro' th' neet. I ha' money enow to help me on, an' when I stop I shall look fur work."

Anice's face lighted up suddenly.

"To the south!" she said. "Why did I not think of that before. If you go toward the south, there is Ashley-Wold and grandmamma, Mrs. Galloway. I will write to her now, if you will let me," rising to her feet.

"If you'll gi' me th' letter, I'll tak' it an' thank yo'," said Joan. "If she could help me to work or th' loike, I should be glad enow."

Anice's mother's mother had always been her safest resource in the past, and yet, curiously enough, she had not thought of turning toward her in this case until Joan's words had suggested such a course.

Joan took the letter and put it in the bosom of her dress.

"Theer's no more danger fur him?" she said. "Thwaite tow'd me he wur better."

She spoke questioningly, and Anice answered her.

"Yes, he is out of danger. Joan, what am I to say to him?"

"To say to him!"

She started slightly, but ended with a strained quietness of manner.

"Theer's nowt to say," she added, rising, and preparing to go.

Anice rose also. She held out both her hands, and Joan took them.

"I will go down-stairs with you," said Anice; and they went out together.

When they reached the front door, they kissed each other, and Anice stood in the lighted hall and watched the girl's departure.

"Good-bye!" she said; "and God bless you!"

Early in the morning, Derrick called his friend to his bedside.

"I have had a bad night," he said to him.

"Yes," Grace answered. "It is easy enough to see that."

There was an unnatural sparkle in the hollow eyes, and the flush upon the cheek had not faded away.

Derrick tried to laugh, and moved restlessly upon his pillow.

"So I should imagine," said he. "The fact is—well, you see I have been thinking."

"About——"

"Yes,—yes,—Grace, I cannot wait,—I must hear something. A hundred things might happen. I must at least be sure she is not far away. I shall never regain strength as long as I have not the rest that knowledge will bring me. Will you go to her and take her a few words of gratitude from me?"

"Yes, readily."

"Will you go now?"

"Yes."

Grace would have left the room, but Derrick stretched out his hand and touched him.

"Stay——" he said.

Grace turned to him again.

"You know,"—in the old resolute way,— "you know what I mean the end to be, if it may be?"

"I think I do."

Grace appeared at the rectory very soon afterward, and asked for Miss Barholm. Anice came down into the parlor to meet him at once. She could not help guessing that for some reason or other he had come to speak of Joan, and his first words confirmed her impression.

"I have just left the Thwaites'," he said. "I went there to see Joan Lowrie, and find that she is not there. Mrs. Thwaite told me that she had left Riggan. Is that true?"

"Yes. She went away last night. She came here to bid me good-bye, and leave a farewell message for you."

Grace was both troubled and embarrassed.

"I——" he faltered. "Do *you* understand it?"

"Yes," Anice answered.

Their eyes met, and she went on:

"You know we have said that it was best that she should break away entirely from the past. She has gone to try if it is possible to do it. She wants another life altogether."

"I do not know what I must do," said Grace. "You say she has gone away, and I—I came to her from Derrick."

"From Mr. Derrick!" Anice exclaimed; and then both relapsed into silence.

It was Anice who spoke first.

"Mamma was going to send some things to Mr. Derrick this morning," she said. "I will have the basket packed and take it myself. If you will let me, I will go with you as soon as I can have the things prepared."

CHAPTER XL.

THE interview between Anice and Derrick was a long one. When, in answer to Derrick's queries, Anice said, "She has gone to Ashley-Wold," Derrick replied:

"Then I shall go to Ashley-Wold also."

Grace had been called out almost immediately after his return to the house; but on his way home Anice met him, and having something to say about the school, he turned toward the rectory with her.

They had not gone far, however, before they were joined by a third party,—Mr. Sammy Craddock, who was wending his way Crownward. Seeing them, Mr. Craddock hesitated for a moment, as if feeling somewhat doubtful; but as they approached him, he pulled off his hat.

"I dunnot know," he said, "after aw, if it would not be as well to ha' a witness. Hope yo're nicely, Miss," affably; "an' th' same to yo', Parson. Would yo'," clearing his throat, "would yo' moind shakin' honds wi' a chap?"

Grace gave him his hand.

"Thank yo', Parson," said "Owd Sammy." "It's th' first toime, yo' know, but it shanna be th' last, if yo' dunnot see owt agen it. Th' truth is, as it's summatt as has been on my moind fur some toime,—ivver sence th' accident, i' fact. Pluck's pluck, yo' see, whether yo're fur a mon or agen

him. Yo're not mich to look at. Yo' mowt be handsomer, an' yo' mowt be liker,—yo' mowt easily ha' more muscle, an' yo' dunnot look as if yo' wur loike to be mich i' argyment; but yo're getten a backbone o' yore own,—I'm danged if yo' ha' na."

"I'm much obliged to you, I am sure," said Grace.

"Yo' need na be," answered Sammy, encouragingly. "Yo' need na be. If yo'd gotten owt to be obleeged to me fur, I should na ha' so mich to say. Yo' see I'm makin' a soart o' pollygy,—a soart o' pollygy," with evident enjoyment of the word. "An' that's why I said as it mowt be as well to ha' a witness. I wur allus one as set more store by th' state than th' church, an' parsons wur na i' my line, an' happen I ha' ben a bit hard on yo', an' ha' said things as carried weight agen yo' wi' them as valleyed my opinion o' things i' general. An' sin' th' blow-up, I ha' made up my moind as I would na moind tellin' yo' as I wur agoin' to wi'draw my oppysition, sin' it seemit as if I'd made a bit o' a mistake. Yo're neyther knave nor foo', if yo' are a parson. Theer, now! Good-mornin' to yo'!"

And Sammy went on his way enveloped in complacency.

"Noan on 'em con say as I wur na fair," he said, shaking his head as he communed with himself. "I could na ha' done no fairer. He desarved a bit o' commendation, an' I let him ha' it. Be fair wi' a mon, say I, parson or no. An' he is na th' wrong sort, after aw."

He was so well pleased with himself, that he even carried his virtue into The Crown, and diffused it abroad over his pint of sixpenny. He found it not actually unpleasant to display himself as a magnate, who, having made a most natural mistake, had been too independent and "straightforward" to let the matter rest, and consequently had gone to the magnificent length of apologetic explanation.

"I ha' bin havin' a word or so wi' th' little parson," he said. "I ha' ben tellin' him what I thowt o' what he did th' day o' th' blow-up. I changed my moind about th' little chap that day, an' I ha' ben tellin' him so."

"Yo' ha'," in an amazed chorus. "Well, now, that theer *wur* a turn, Sammy."

"Ay, it wur. I'm noan afeard to speak my moind one way or t'other, yo' see. When a mon shows us he's med o' th'

reet cloth, I am na afeard to tell him I loike th' web."

CHAPTER XLI.

Two weeks after Joan left Riggan, she entered the village of Ashley-Wold on foot. With the exception of a few miles here and there, when a friendly wagoner had offered her a lift, she had made all her journey in this manner. She had met with discouragement and disappointment. She had not fancied that it would be an easy matter to find work, though she had expressed no doubt to Anice, but it was even a more difficult matter than she had imagined. At some places work was not to be had, in others the fact that she was an utter stranger went against her.

It was evening when she came to Ashley-Wold; the rain was falling soft and slowly, and the air was chill. She was cold, and faint with hunger. The fire-light that shone through the cottage windows brought to her an acute sense of her bodily weariness through its suggestion of rest and cheerfulness. The few passers-by—principally men and women returning from their daily labor—glanced at her curiously.

She had held to the letter as a last resource. When she could not help herself she would ask for assistance, but not until then. Still she had always turned her face toward Ashley-Wold. Now she meant to go to Mrs. Galloway and deliver the letter.

Upon entering the village she had stopped and asked a farmer for directions. He had stared at her at first, hardly comprehending her northern dialect, but had finally understood and pointed out the house, whose gables could be seen from the road-side.

So Joan made her way toward it through the evening rain and mist. It was a pretty place, with a quaint picturesqueness. A hedge, which was a marvel of trimness, surrounded the garden, ivy clung to the walls and gables, and fancifully clipped box and other evergreens made a modest greenery about it, winter though it was. At her first glance at this garden Joan felt something familiar in it. Perhaps Anice herself had planned some portion of it. Joan paused a moment and stood looking over the hedge.

Mrs. Galloway, sitting at her work-table near the window, had found her attention attracted a few moments before by a tall young woman coming down the road which passed on one side of the hedge.

"There is something a little remarkable

about her," she said. "She certainly does not belong to Ashley-Wold."

Then Joan stopped by the hedge and she saw her face and uttered a low exclamation of surprise at its beauty. She drew nearer to the window and looked out at her.

"She must be very cold," said Mrs. Galloway. "She looks as if she had made a long journey. I will send Hollis to her."

A few minutes later there tripped down the garden walk a trimly attired young housemaid.

"The mistress had seen her from the window and thought she looked cold and tired. Would she come into the house to rest?"

Joan answered with a tinge of color on her cheek. She felt a little like a beggar.

"Thank yo', I'll come," she said. "If th' mistress is Mrs. Galloway, I ha' a letter fur her."

Mrs. Galloway met them on the threshold.

"The young woman, ma'am," said the servant, "has a letter from Lancashire."

"From Lancashire!" said Mrs. Galloway.

"Fro' Riggan, mistress," said Joan. "Fro' Miss Anice. I'm Joan Lowrie."

That Joan Lowrie was a name familiar to her was evident by the change in Mrs. Galloway's face. A faint flush of pleasure warmed it, and she spoke quickly.

"Joan Lowrie!" she said. "My dear child's friend! Then I know you very well. Come into the room, my dear."

She led her into the room and closed the door.

"You are very cold and your shawl is wet," laying a kind hand upon it. "Give it to me, and take a seat by the fire. You must warm yourself thoroughly and have a cup of tea," she said, "and then I will begin to ask questions."

There was a wide, low-seated, low-armed, soft-cushioned chair at one side of the fire, and in this chair she had made Joan seat herself. The sudden change from the chill dampness of the winter day to the exquisite relief and rest, almost overcame the girl. She was deadly pale when Mrs. Galloway ceased, and her lips trembled; she tried to speak, and for a moment could not; tears rushed to her eyes and stood in them. But she managed to answer at last.

"I beg yore pardon," she said. "Yo' ha' no need to moind me. Th' warmth has made me a bit faint, that's aw. I've noan been used to it lately."

Mrs. Galloway came and stood near her.

"I am sorry to hear that, my dear," she said.

"Yo're very kind, ma'am," Joan answered.

She drew the letter from her dress and handed it to her.

"I getten that fro' Miss Anice the neet I left Riggan," she said.

When the tea was brought in and Joan had sat down, the old lady read the letter.

"Keep her with you if you can. Give her the help she needs most. She has had a hard life, and wants to forget it."

"Now, I wonder," said Mrs. Galloway to herself, "what the help is that she needs most?"

The rare beauty of the face impressed her as it invariably impressed strangers, but she looked beneath the surface and saw something more in it than its beauty. She saw its sadness, its resolution.

When Joan rose from the table, the old lady was still standing with the letter in her hand. She folded it and spoke to her.

"If you are sufficiently rested, I should like you to sit down and talk to me a little. I want to speak to you about your plans."

"Then," said Joan, "happen I'd better tell yo' at th' start as I ha' none."

Mrs. Galloway put her hand upon her shoulder.

"Then," she returned, "that is all the better for me, for I have in my mind one of my own. You would like to find work to help you——"

"I mun find work," Joan interrupted, "or starve."

"Of any kind?" questioningly.

"I ha' worked at th' pit's mouth aw my life," said Joan. "I need na be dainty, yo' see."

Mrs. Galloway smoothed the back of the small, withered hand upon her knee with the palm of the other.

"Then, perhaps," she said slowly, "you will not refuse to accept my offer and stay here—with me."

"Wi' yo'?" Joan exclaimed.

"I am an old woman, you see," Mrs. Galloway answered. "I have lived in Ashley-Wold all my life, and have, as it were, accumulated duties, and now as the years go by, I do not find it so easy to perform them as I used to. I need a companion who is young and strong, and quick to understand the wants of those who suffer. Will you stay here and help me?"

"Wi' yo'?" said Joan again. "Nay," she cried; "nay—that is not fur me. I am na fit."

On her way to her chamber some hours

later Mrs. Galloway stopped at the room which had been Anice's, and looked in upon her guest. But Joan was not asleep, as she had hoped to find her. She stood at the fireside, looking into the blaze.

"Will you come here a minnit?" she said.

She looked haggard and wearied, but the eyes she raised to her hostess were resolute.

"Theer's summat as I ha' held back fro' sayin' to yo'," she said, "an' th' more I I think on it, th' more I see as I mun tell yo', if I mean to begin fair an' clear. I ha' a trouble as I'm fain to hide; it's a trouble as I ha' fowt wi' an' ha' na helped mysen agen. It's na a shame," straightening herself; "it's a trouble such as ony woman might bear an' be honest. I coom away fro' Riggan to be out o' th' way on it—not to forget it, for I conna—but so as I should na be so near to—to th' hurt on it."

"I do not need another word," Mrs. Galloway answered. "If you had chosen to keep it a secret, it would have been your own secret as long as you chose that it should be so. There is nothing more you need? Very well. Good-night, my dear!"

CHAPTER XLII.

"Miss," said Mrs. Thwaite, "it wur last neet, an' you mowt ha' knocked me down wi' a feather, fur I seed her as plain as I see yo'."

"Then," said Anice, "she must be in Riggan now."

"Ay," the woman answered, "that she mun, though wheer, God knows, I dunnot. It wur pretty late, yo' see, an' I wur gettin' th' mester's supper ready, an' as I turns mysen fro' th' oven, wheer I had been stoopin' down to look at th' bit o' bacon, I seed her face agen th' winder, starin' in at me wild loike. Aye, it wur her sure enow, poor wench! She wur loike 'death itsen—main different fro' th' bit o' a soft, pretty, leet-headed lass she used to be."

"I will go and speak to Mr. Grace," Anice said.

The habit of referring to Grace was growing stronger every day. She met him not many yards away, and before she spoke to him saw that he was not ignorant of what she had to say.

"I think you know what I am going to tell you," she said.

"I think I do," was his reply.

The rumor had come to him from an acquaintance of the Maxeys, and he had made up his mind to go to them at once.

"Ay," said the mother, regarding them with rather resentful curiosity, "she wur here this mornin'—Liz wur. She wur in a bad way enow—said she'd been out on th' tramp fur nigh a week—seemit a bit out o' her head. Th' mon had left her again, as she mowt ha' knowed he would. Ay, lasses is foo's. She'd ben i' th' Union, too, bad o' th' fever. I towd her she'd better ha' stayed theer. She wanted to know wheer Joan Lowrie wur, an' kept axin fur her till I wur tired o' hearin' her, and towd her so."

"Did she ask about her little child?" said Anice.

"Ay, I think she did, if I remember reet. She said summat about wantin' to know wheer we'd put it, an' if Joan wur dead, too. But it did na seem to be th' choild she cared about so much as Joan Lowrie."

"Did you tell her where we buried it?" Grace asked.

"Ay."

"Thank you. I will go to the church-yard," he said to Anice. "I may find her there."

"Will you let me go too?" Anice asked.

He paused a moment.

"I am afraid that it would be best that I should go alone."

"Let me go," she pleaded. "Don't be afraid for me. I could not stay away. Let me go—for Joan's sake."

So he gave way, and they passed out together. But they did not find her in the church-yard. The gate had been pushed open and hung swinging on its hinges. There were fresh foot-prints upon the damp clay of the path that led to the corner where the child lay, and when they approached the little mound they saw that something had been dropped upon the grass near it. It was a thin, once gay-colored, little red shawl. Anice bent down and picked it up. "She has been here," she said.

It was Anice who, after this, first thought of going to the old cottage upon the Knoll Road. The afternoon was waning when they left the church-yard; when they came within sight of the cottage the sun had sunk behind the hills. In the red, wintry light, the place looked terribly desolate. Weeds had sprung up about the house, and their rank growth covered the very threshold, the shutters hung loose and broken, and a damp greenness had crept upon the stone step.

A chill fell upon her when they stood before the gate and saw what was within. Something besides the clinging greenness

had crept upon the step,—something human,—a homeless creature, who might have staggered there and fallen, or who might have laid herself there to die. It was Liz, lying with her face downward and with her dead hand against the closed door.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MRS. GALLOWAY arose and advanced to meet her visitor with a slightly puzzled air.

"Mr. —" she began.

"Fergus Derrick," ended the young man. "From Riggan, madam."

She held out her hand cordially.

"Joan is in the garden," she said after a few moments of conversation. "Go to her."

It was a day very different from the one upon which Joan Lowrie had come to Ashley-Wold. Spring had set her light foot fairly upon the green Kentish soil. Farther north she had only begun to show her face timidly, but here the atmosphere was fresh and balmy, the hedges were budding bravely, and there was a low twitter of birds in the air. The garden Anice had so often tended was flushing into bloom in sunny corners, and the breath of early violets was sweet in it. Derrick was conscious of their spring-time odor as he walked down the path, in the direction Mrs. Galloway had pointed out. It was a retired nook where evergreens were growing, and where the violet fragrance was more powerful than anywhere else, for the rich, moist earth of one bed was blue with them. Joan was standing near these violets,—he saw her as he turned into the walk,—a motionless figure in heavy brown drapery.

She heard him and started from her reverie. With another half-dozen steps he was at her side.

"Don't look as if I had alarmed you," he said. "It seems such a poor beginning to what I have come to say."

Her hand trembled so that one or two of the loose violets she held fell at his feet. She had a cluster of their fragrant bloom fastened in the full knot of her hair. The dropping of the flowers seemed to help her to recover herself. She drew back a little, a shade of pride in her gesture, though the color dyed her cheeks and her eyes were downcast.

"I cannot—I cannot listen," she said.

The slight change which he noted in her speech touched him unutterably. It was not a very great change; she spoke slowly and uncertainly, and the quaint northern

burr still held its own, and here and there a word betrayed her effort.

"No, no," he said, "you will listen. You gave me back my life. You will not make it worthless. If you cannot love me," his voice shaking, "it would have been less cruel to have left me where you found me—a dead man—for whom all pain was over."

He stopped. The woman trembled from head to foot. She raised her eyes from the ground and looked at him, catching her breath.

"Yo' are askin' me to be yore wife!" she said. "Me!"

"I love you," he answered. "*You*, and no other woman!"

She waited a moment and then turned suddenly away from him, and leaned against

the tree under which they were standing, resting her face upon her arm. Her hand clung among the ivy leaves and crushed them. Her old speech came back in the sudden hushed cry she uttered.

"I conna turn yo' fro' me," she said.

"Oh! I conna!"

"Thank God! Thank God!" he cried.

He would have caught her to his breast, but she held up her hand to restrain him.

"Not yet," she said, "not yet. I conna turn you fro' me, but theer's summat I must ask. Give me th' time to make myself worthy—give me th' time to work an' strive; be patient with me until th' day comes when I can come to yo' an' know I need not shame yo'. They say I am na slow at learnin'—wait and see how I can work for th' mon—for th' mon I love."

THE END.

THE STIRRUP-CUP.

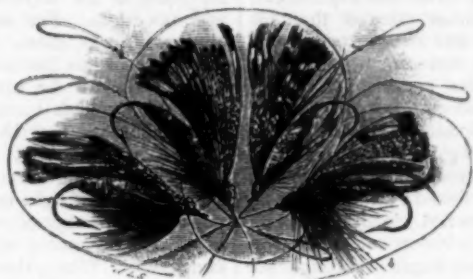
DEATH, thou'rt a cordial old and rare;
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

David to thy distillage went,
Keats, and Gotama excellent,
Omar Khayyám, and Chaucer bright,
And Shakspeare for a king-delight.

These were to sweeten thee with song;
The blood of heroes made thee strong.
What heroes! Ah, for shame, for shame!
The worthiest died without a name.

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt;
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
If death such dear distillment be,
I'll drink it down right smilingly.

SEA-TROUT FISHING.



WHAT is a sea-trout? A problem, to begin with, though quite a minor one, since naturalists have for some time past kept specimens waiting their leisure to decide whether he is a cadet of the noble salmon race or merely the chief of the familiar brook-trout tribe. Science inclines to the former view, upon certain slight but sure indications noted in fin-spines and gill-covers. The witness of guides and gaffers leads the same way, and the Indians all say that the habits of the sea-trout and the brook-trout differ, and that the contrast between the markings of the two kinds of fish, taken from the same pool, forbids the idea of their identity. Yet the testimony of many accomplished sportsmen affirms it. The gradual change of color in the same fish, as he ascends the stream, from plain silvery gray to deepest dotted bronze; his haunts at the lower end of pools, behind rocks, and among roots; his action in taking the fly with an upward leap, not downward from above,—all these resemblances support the theory that the sea-trout is only an anadromous brook-trout. If the form and disposition of the spots are material, then new names of species need to be devised for the many varieties of California trout, some blotched with color like a snake's skin, others striped from gills to tail with a single vermilion streak. Indeed, the difference in colors between the brook-trout and the sea-trout ranges within a far narrower scale than that between parr, grilse and salmon. The question has already been before a jury, as so many questions involving facts of science do curiously drift under the sagacious ken of that palladium of our liberties, so unfit to solve them. Certain poachers of the south shore of Long Island, charged with invading the close time for

brook-trout in that lovely region of sea-seeking runlets, alleged in their defense the identity of the burden of their creels with the sea-trout, whose comings and goings are bound by no inland law. The jury, incompetent either to acquit or convict, had the good sense to disagree. And thus, until a final word of authority upon the contents of their alcohol-jars comes from the cabinet of the learned, this fish is still a fugitive from the jurisdiction of science.

Careless of being classified so long as he can escape becoming a specimen, the sea-trout leisurely grows during his early years to an average weight of from two to two and a half pounds. They are often taken of much greater size. Among a hundred fish some seven or eight will reach a weight of three pounds and upward. They are not seldom caught weighing six or eight, and many more are found weighing between one and two pounds. It is a fair conclusion that the usual weight of the adult fish may be fixed at two pounds and a half, regarding the smaller ones as adolescents, and the larger as monsters. For the latter are dull and heavy in action. They take the fly with a surge instead of a break, and drag more than they leap or rush when hooked, seeming unaware of either their strength or their danger until they are fairly netted. On the contrary, a two-pound fish is full of mettle and ruse—one would say, of fire, in any other element. He spurns the water for the fly, tears the line whirling out, zigzags, leaps and darts, and yields some moments later than his heavier rival whose nose he has thrust aside to snatch the bait.

If Soyer could open his mouth on the subject, and bid his palate judge—Soyer, who, alas, has gone from the active to the

passive state of cooking, if his epigram epitaph, "*Soyez tranquille*" be true—or was it written for his wife?—he would murmur amid grateful tears over the experiment, that a sea-trout is either younger than his prime or past it, unless two or two and a half pounds, neither more nor less, offer the judicious epicure the acme of firmness, pinky flake and sapid curd. Their vagrant habits forbid our learning where the greater part of their growth is gained, or what its precise yearly rate of increase is. The way of a ship in the sea, confessed by the wise king one of the four mysteries too hard for him to solve, is a primer's lesson compared with the way of a fish that wanders through sea and river both.

Sea-trout are found in both hemispheres in the northern belt of the north temperate zone. Neither to Asia nor to South America are they known to resort. Their geographical distribution seems marked in longitude by the Norway border of Europe and the western coast of our own country. Their range northward is probably limited only by such conditions as exclude the possibility of life. In the late Polar expedition, Dr. Moss succeeded in capturing a small salmonoid inhabiting fresh water lakes as far north as $82^{\circ} 40'$. Along the whole coast of Labrador and the Dominion, and up the St. Lawrence River nearly to Quebec, they abound.

Nor is saltness of their medium essential to life, so long as they find an opportunity for migration to and from the depths. In Lake Superior and the streams flowing into it on the northern shore they are plentiful at the usual seasons.

While in the sea, anadromous fishes are of course lost to observation. But it can hardly be supposed that they rove aimlessly through it, or resort to very great depths or very great distances from its shores. The annual return of many if not all of the survivors of those hatched in a particular river, to the very nooks of the coast and tidal streams where their life as young fry began is undoubted. Extraordinary as so subtle an instinct seems, compared to our senses, with their limited relations to the world about us, it is not more wonderful than that which guides the returning flight of birds, through an element as trackless, to their original nests. The frequent experiments of Scotch experts with marked salmon, and lately those of our own fish commissioners with shad, prove that this recurring and unerring sense of locality is

not an old wives' fable, but a true discriminating and impelling *heimweh*.

Even when they "swim into our ken," the study of the ways of fish is perplexing and uncertain. Fur and feather do not elude us as fin does. The naturalist can track a beast to his haunts, and finds him tangible and of the earth. Birds descend from their heights to nest and live within his view. Fish fleet like shadows through their mobile element, and much of the science regarding them must be as shifting and wavering as light in water,—much that goes with their vagrant and invisible existence must always remain within the sphere of conjecture. When, therefore, the return of migratory fish to their home rivers is spoken of, absolute precision as to times and ages is not intended. Some salmon are found in rivers, and the same is probably true of sea-trout, in every month of the year, at every stage of growth, both ascending and descending. But there is a general law, that at a fixed period, and for the purpose of spawning, guides the great body of migratory fish up to the head-waters of the tidal streams out of which they originally came.

Along the Canadian coast sea-trout begin to press in toward fresh water in the latter part of July. They enter the estuary of the St. Lawrence by myriads upon myriads, sending off detachments north and south as they move on until the main body is scattered into groups, of which those tending to the upper river make their appearance off the Saguenay during the first week in August. In the particular stream of which experience enables us to speak most definitely, their arrival is timed with singular punctuality for the 5th or 6th of August. Often a pool that on one of those days held only a lingering and indifferent salmon or two on their upward run, would become filled during the following night with the vanguard of the advancing body of large sea-trout. In a general way it may be said that the season for the latter begins when that for the former ends, though belated salmon are often intermingled for a time in the same pools with the first comers among the sea-trout. A very backward season, or a dash of cold storm crossing the summer, as it sometimes does in those regions, may delay their approach to the shore for a few days, but not materially. For a time they hover about the outlets of the streams, haunting the reefs and passing out and in with the ebb and flow, seeming to grow gradually accustomed to the fresh water, till a higher

tide helps to lift them over the bars and among the rocky passes of the rapids that abound in the smaller rivers. Very good sport may be had for a time in taking them at the mouths of the streams, from the long sand-spits past which some of these empty, or the slippery rocks and jagged reefs barring their discharge. At the distance of a far cast from the shore their back fins show pointing above the surface of the incoming waters whose breadth gives free space for long and vigorous runs. The guides and Indians will tell you—and experience proves them to be quite in the right—that the run of the fish is governed by the moon, and is greatest when she is full or new. At those periods they pursue their way up the stream in larger numbers, simply because the higher tides then prevailing aid them to pass the bars and rapids. Your guide's statement of fact is correct, while he errs, as many a wiser man has done, in attributing the effect to a primary instead of a secondary cause.

When once fairly in the current of fresh water, their movement up-stream is very rapid. Passionless and almost sexless as the mode of the nuptials they are on their way to complete may seem to more highly organized beings, they drive with headlong eagerness through torrent and foam, toward the shining reaches and gravelly beds far up the river where their ova are to be deposited. The females come first, afterward the males, and the earliest runs of the fish always contain those of the largest size. For several days and nights they continue passing swiftly, seldom lying many hours in the same pool, never taking a backward stroke,—then all at once there is a marked break in their streaming by, and the first run has gone on. Another one soon follows, and they persevere successively coming past till late in September, or even into October. All the fish of any one run are of nearly the same weight, and they continue decreasing in size with each successive run, until, as you descend the river, only an occasional straggler over one or one and a half pounds can be caught. On the California coast they, as well as the salmon, are at least a month later in entering the rivers which remain during a great part of the summer too shallow and tepid to afford them a safe abode, until a heavy rain-fall comes.

These crowding reflux ranks are but a small proportion of those that quitted their native streams for the sea. Thinned as

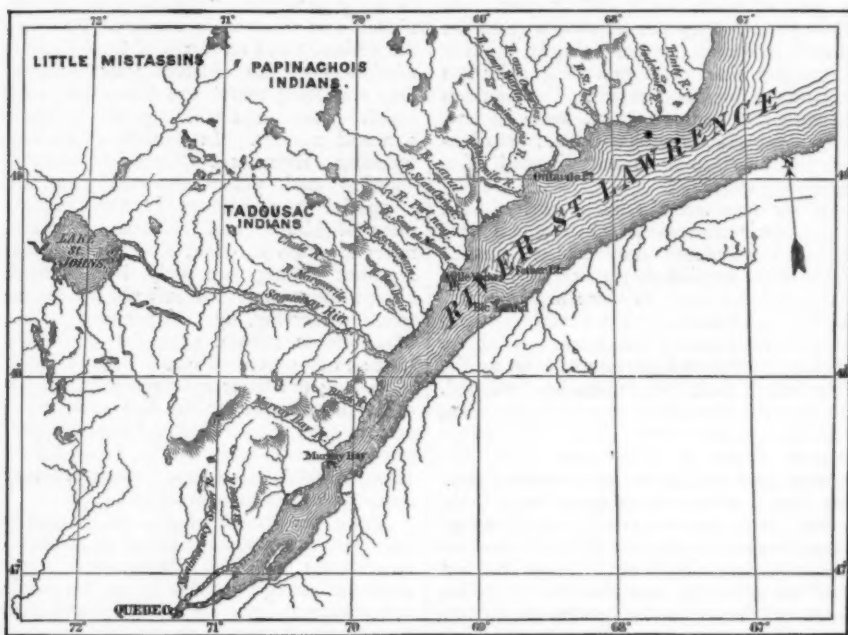
they are by voracious enemies there, and decimated again in shallower waters by man's destroying devices, the amazing fecundity of migratory fishes barely avails to maintain the annual supply. From some coasts these fish have wholly disappeared. Our own people are more destructive in this respect than any other. They manage these things better in the Dominion. There the importance of the fisheries as an object of commerce and a source of food, yielding for these interests as they did, for instance, in 1875, over ten and a half millions of dollars, has attracted legislative protection, through measures which it would be difficult to apply generally or efficiently in our extended and democratic country. So far as the authority and resources of the fish-commissioners of the different states extend, they are doing useful and honorable work which deserves the widest public recognition and support. In Canada, all salmon-breeding rivers are leased, inspected, guarded and yearly reported upon by a special commissioner in the Department of Marine and Fisheries. Salmon rivers are also sea-trout rivers, and good sea-trout fishing can only be obtained, except in streams too insignificant to be worth preserving, by taking either a lease of a salmon stream, or a license from a lessee to fish one. There is little difficulty in making the latter arrangement, both because the seasons for the two varieties of fish are not concurrent, and because a proprietor is only too glad to be aided in thinning out the sea-trout, which are very destructive to salmon-ova and fry.

Along the course of the St. Lawrence between Quebec and the Island of Anticosti, some of the principal affluents on its north shore are the Murray Bay River, the Black, the numerous branches of the grand and far-reaching Saguenay, the two Bergeronnes, great and little, the Escoumaine, the Saut de Mouton, the Port Neuf, the Saut au Cochon, the Laval, the Betsiamite, the Colombier, the River aux Outardes, the Godebout, Trinity River, the Pentecost, the Romaine, the Moisie and the Mingan. Some of these are famous salmon rivers, held on long leases by Canadians or by our own countrymen. A few are obstructed at the outlet or not far above it by dams, affording, however, certain and excellent fishing for a short time at their mouths. Others again do not bear a high reputation as salmon rivers, owing to their having been either neglected or over-fished. One, the Betsia-

mite, or Bersimis, is reserved for the use of the Indians. It is a fine river, but so cruelly fished, netted, speared and snared by its reckless proprietors that it has almost ceased to rank as a salmon-breeding water.

Many of these streams will long remain unvisited except by the most enterprising anglers, on account of their remoteness from the common lines of travel, and the forbidding uninhabited country through which they flow. The easiest access is still by the way of Quebec. As far as the village of Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay, a daily steam-line runs. But

sac might well be called the place of rest. Within forty-eight hours from New York one seems transported to one of the ends of the earth. All around it is vast and lonely. The great river stretches glimmering away to a shore seldom faintly seen. Behind, bare lofty crags shut it in, treeless and silent. A huge promontory bars it from the Saguenay, rolling black and cold as if drained from the eternal chasms of polar glaciers. The air comes thin and pure, the light falls sharp on the gray brows of the cliffs, and the brown sand washed up by the bay. Most of those trim cottages dropped



MAP OF SEA-TROUT WATERS TRIBUTARY TO ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.

here all usual and comfortable ways of transportation end, and the solitary recesses beyond can be penetrated only by the aid of country carts or of small vessels. Taking into account the enforced delays of preparation, the forlorn condition of beasts, roads, and vehicles upon a land journey, and the accidents of winds, waves and fogs, a visitor to any of these streams is hardly safe in counting upon less than seven or eight days' traveling between it and New York.

Whatever its soft Indian name may mean (if it be not rather Breton), Tadou-

among the rocks belong to the best people in the province of Quebec, and a few to countrymen of our own, who long ago found out this retreat for cool, economical, northern lotus-eating. Such traces of human life are lost like dots in the great spaces. The silence is broken every hour by a restless little bell, tinkling from the gable of the oldest church on the continent. This is a pocket-chapel, that could be set inside a town drawing-room, low-pitched, mossy and winter-bitten, dark inside with two hundred years' censer-smoke—the homely shrine for the simple faith of a poor and kindly race.

The hotel is everything that our sea-side caravansaries are not,—small, neat, quiet, with the host's hand for every wayfarer instead of being against him. Its neighborhood to the Saguenay attracts always a group of

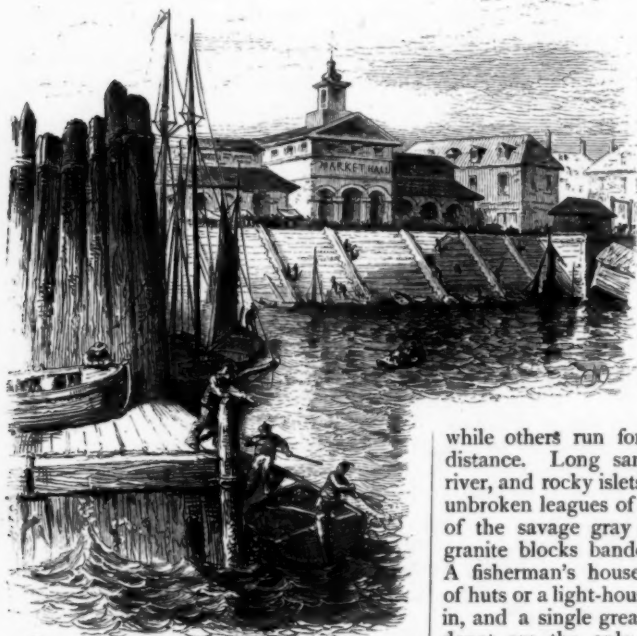
on the ice, catching fish for salting, and hunting the porpoise. They are all wiry, agile fellows, temperate, docile, and good-natured. As guides they are thoroughly faithful and expert, but a trifle lazy at times,



CLEARING FOR A CAMP.

salmon-fishers, ready, for the strangers' benefit, with courtesy, information, and news from the streams. Everything indeed about the settlement is salmonoid. A short walk along the sands leads to a cluster of *habitans'* houses in a corner of the bay. Here, if the angler has taken due care for his arrangements in former years, his guides and skipper welcome him, and his *impedimenta* for the month's work are gathered. David, Gédéon, Edouard, Pierre Jacques, Fabian, with a dozen children, French and Indian mixture, meet him with hearty greeting. Poor Cyrille is missing. No paddle was more deft than his, no shot for a seal surer. Three years ago, in the St. John's, a treacherous whirlpool boiling up at the foot of a rapid wrenched the canoe out of his grip, and sucked him with it to the bottom. The lot of these *habitans* is miserably hard and poor. The stony soil grudges a little grass, or a handful of oats and potatoes. They make the rivers their farm, shooting seals

and slow to learn anything beyond their range of habit. Part of them are of mixed race, part pure Canadian French, with a trace of gentle blood now and then, due to some irregular noble of the early days. Tadousac being the *terminus a quo*, beyond which nothing can be had, the traveler's first care is to examine his sporting chattels, accumulated there during years, and to find or set them all in order. If rats have gnawed the canvas of his tents, or the bed-sacking or bags, these are to be mended. The winter in a store-house may have dealt hardly with his canoes, that need perhaps bark patches or a thwart, and certainly new pitching. The tinker's art is among his guide's accomplishments, should the "*batterie de cuisine*" show signs of wear. Then the *chaloupe* is to be inspected as she lies aslant above low-tide mark on the sands—a seven or eight ton lighter-built craft, of some three feet draft, one-masted, with jigger astern, and stub bowsprit. Midships is



MARKET LANDING STAIRS, QUEBEC.

a hold for ballast and cargo, forward a cabin built for dwarfs but holding berths, seats, and a table, and astern a clear space for handling sheets and helm, large enough for enjoyment of the evening pipe and the morning *douche*. All at last overhauled and stowed, the canoes triced up outside the shrouds and the special case sorted of stores for the cruise, which may last no one knows how long, we wait for a gentle south-west and the first of the ebb.

Opposite Tadousac the St. Lawrence has a breadth of over twenty miles. Here the Saguenay, storming in, conquers the greater flood, as the Missouri does the Mississippi, and deepens the grandeur and wildness of its scenery. The southern bank is as picturesque and less rugged, but along the widening water we hug the northern shore, seldom stretching across far enough to see the outlines of the other break into distinct masses. Only below its junction with the Saguenay can the imperial character of this majestic river be felt. Crossing half a continent to meet the sea half way, it spreads like a sea itself, and tosses dangerous waves under a sudden gale. On the north it washes the base of spurs sent out by the

great Laurentian range, whose iron-bound off-shoots frown down over the whole lower course of the river, retreating at points for a few miles, and opening everywhere among their recesses great breadths of a clayey soil, dotted with lakes, and channelled by rapid rivers. Some of these are fed by large sheets of water, and follow a course of over a hundred miles,

while others run for less than a third that distance. Long sandy capes jut into the river, and rocky islets fringe it, but for many unbroken leagues of its flow it laps the feet of the savage gray crags or chafes round granite blocks banded with red and purple. A fisherman's house under a cliff, a cluster of huts or a light-house where a stream pours in, and a single great saw-mill and lumber depot are the only inhabited spots along hundreds of miles in its course. The voyager making a port from curiosity or stress of weather gains a hearty welcome, giving in exchange his week-old news, fresh and strange to his hosts. The immense expanse of the river, notwithstanding the steady commerce traversing it, is lonely as the sea—and often days pass without meeting a sail. With a fresh south-west breeze such as often prevails in August, the run has been made from Tadousac to the destination within twelve hours. Oftener, sailing with the morning ebb at nine, the afternoon of the next day has seen us at camp. One melancholy diary records four nights spent aboard with alternations of thick fog and baffling north-easter; our vessel after a tossing struggle of endless and hopeless tacks, turning tail to the blast each evening and bounding back for miles into some sheltered cove under the cliffs; and five days wasted in prematurely using up the stock of novels, counting wild ducks cutting the mist, listening for the blow of the grampus-like escape steam—*gibors*, the natives call him—and watching the graceful roll of the white porpoises. After making the mouth of the stream, a favoring tide must be waited for, to carry our craft a couple of miles up its wind-

ing channel, in search of a good anchorage. It is safer to retain the *chaloupe* during all the angler's stay. If she is dismissed, there is no certainty of her arriving again within a week of the appointed day, and with the possibility of illness or accident in these solitudes,—though these are mishaps the sportsman never counts on,—it is well to have the means of immediate return at hand. Besides, the vessel serves as a convenient store-house, to be visited from up-stream for fresh supplies, and for relieving the camp of accumulating fish. Higher than the flow of the tide it is not possible to carry the *chaloupe*, and about this point she is moored and the canoes then unlashd, loaded with the tents and a day's rations, and headed against the current for a six miles tug to the lower camp.

With a sweep round the first point hiding the *chaloupe*, you take possession of the wilderness, or rather the wilderness of you. The sense of loneliness descends suddenly, oppressively, yet with a charm. Stretched along the bottom of the canoe, reclining against cushions of well stuffed canvas sacks, with pipe alight, the quiet movement, the profound stillness, the lifeless aspect of nature, lull you into dreamy delight. The river is not picturesque, in the usual sense—its beauty is a stern beauty of its own. For some distance the rocks stretch along the bank, alternating with precipitous masses of clay, and sinking gradually into ranges of boulders, then spreading out in pebbly beaches, where the first murmur of the rapids touches the ear from a distance.

The hills are clothed with tall spruces, here descending rank on rank to the edge, there shattered and piled across gaps in the clay ramparts. Birches, some of noble height, are intermixed, and at the rim stout alders thrust their snaky branches in. At some points the shore falls level, sweeping back for a tract covered with bushes and such

forest trees as the climate spares. But the pervading effect is somber—the prevailing color gloomy. Grays of the rocks, bluish browns of the clay, and the mournful hue of the spruce, shadow the water, which struggles in vain with its crisp breaks of white foam to brighten their reflections. Under the trees the color of the stream is dull olive, paling into brownish yellow in the open reaches, but with no tone of the brandy tint that often stains waters flowing from spruce forests. While the tide holds, the rapids are drowned, but a mile or two up they begin to show their teeth, and sound their dash. Shifting the paddle for the setting-pole, we work through the first of these, and glide into a still stretch of deep water covering great scattered rocks. In such pools salmon lie on their way up, but the trout prefer smaller and less smooth ones. From the break of the current among the surface rocks it can easily be seen what the height of the water in the river is,—whether



EN ROUTE.

the stream is so shrunken as to need tediously careful treatment, or so swollen that the turbid wave cheats both fish and fisher, or at that happy just medium in which the latter will go most safely, and the former most in danger. The guide slackens his stroke now and then, peering over the side to catch a glimpse of trout flitting like a

shade through the depths if they have yet begun their wandering up, and often is able to say that they are moving in numbers—as often says it when none are seen. In his good-nature and eagerness to make it pleasant, this dear guide sees many things that are invisible, counts much more game than is caught, and never permits the puniest trout to be hooked without shouting “*quel saumon !*” Now and then whirling round a point, the river races down on us with the fierceness of a torrent, tossing in waves along a clay escarpment towering fifty feet, which it has cut down square and sheer as if with a razor. The rocks and pebbles are all shot off to the other bank, where the passenger may walk and wade while David gives the canoe rope, and plashes towing her alongside in the shallows. It is usual to refrain from casting the line on the way up, not only for the sake of avoiding delays—but, since the camp looks down on the choicest pool in all the river, why take the edge from the rapture of landing the best the first? As we ascend, the rapids grow more frequent—twenty have been counted from tide to camp, and all the number not told. More level spaces and denser trees succeed, the channel breaks up in places with islets of rock; and at last, rounding a



CLAY BANK AND RAPIDS.

curve, one of these lifts its feathery point of willows, David reverses his pole to hush the clang of the iron shoe on the stones, a few

strong thrusts force the boat up against the rush of the narrowing outlet, and she touches the bank at the foot of the Homer Pool. Before anything is unloaded, the angler springs out, rigs a cast, and hurrying to the head of the pool, drops his first fly. That moment is crowded with the expectation of the whole past year. Two of us once so landed and so stood, and four large fish for each were raised and netted before the men had cleared the canoes of their load. But that year there was much grass in the place, and the multitudes of mosquitoes sat on it, being in number about a million, each having also compressed twelve months' expectation into that moment. The thirst for blood on our side was soon satisfied, while the insects, far from taking off their keen edge, grew industrious in putting it on.

At this point, the stream, spreading out to a hundred and fifty feet in width, wheels to the right, striking a turtle-shaped rock nearly flush with the surface which splits it in two, hollowing on the near side a deep pool, the breadth of a fair cast, and some sixty feet long. The farther side of this depression is a shelving wall, full of crevices and nooks, and the camp side a grassy bank four or five feet high, fringed at either end with bushes. Into the pool, above the turn, dashes a pretty run of swift water, three feet deep, with excellent wading ground. This little promontory is the only cleared spot on the stream. The trees were felled more than twenty years ago by an English baronet, who encamped with a retinue on this plateau, and has left traditions of famous sport. His forest lodge was chosen with the eye of a Nimrod, whose other eye must have been a landscape painter's. This basin is very seldom empty of trout. Last season eleven fish weighing seventeen pounds were taken from it within an hour before breakfast by one rod, and the whole yield of the pool during the four days for which it was vexed only with a few casts at morning and evening was seventy-two fish.

A description of the peculiarities of a lodge in this vast wilderness, and of the obstacles to penetrating it and the devices for surmounting them, will probably not interest woodsmen, who are familiar with them all. But the greater part of readers have rather vague notions of a camp, a canoe, or a rapid; and to them a rough sketch of these features of a life in the woods may be interesting.

We “build our light town of canvas” with the precision of Roman camp-pitching. Removed from the bank so far that no back-

ward-sailing fly may be arrested by its roof, one wall tent rises near the shelter of the shrubs, and another opposite, if the party consists of two or more persons. Between them are planted the table and chairs, which

out, though at some noon hours in the brief intense summer of that region, light clothes are comfortable. A few nights of last season were too hot for sleep—a rare experience. The mercury ranges usually between



HOME CAMP.

were sketched out rather than finished by rough carpentry of adze and auger many summers ago, and have wintered often in these thickets. Farther back, at the edge of the trees, stands an A tent for the men, and another to cover the provisions, with a space for the camp-fire between. Such a canvas house, with its outside fly stretched over, gives perfect shelter from heavy rains, and has nothing to fear except from sudden gusts that may rip out the tent-pins. Its inside furnishing is simple but complete. First, the bedstead demands the attention due to arrangements for inviting tired nature's sweet restorer during nine good hours out of the twenty-four. Four stout crotches, kept apart by cross-pieces, and sunk deep in the ground, lift, at a height of two feet above it, two poles run through the broad hems of a canvas sacking, which may be double and stuffed with hemlock twigs. They give a springy support to buffalo robes and blankets. The upper one of these is to be doubled down its length, and a wide sheet, folded in the same way, laid between. An air-pillow, and pillow-case, complete a bed as trim as any ever spread by a neat-handed Hibernian Phillis. On the other side of the tent a neat wardrobe with ample ventilation is built up with similar rods, on taller crotches. The dress needed is of thick woolen through-

40° and 74° but toward the end of August, and especially while aboard ship, the air is constantly chilly. Next, a sideboard rises against the rear tent pole, piled up of empty boxes, the upper one of which holds the library,—pegs being set in the pole for thermometer, spring-balance, and looking-glass if you will. The wine-cellar and spirit-vault are established outside the tent, under the fly. Add a block candlestick, strew the ground thickly with sapin covered by an India rubber cloth for carpet, and one is better lodged than many a tenant of a log-cabin. Next day after arriving, the guides go down again with all the canoes to bring a fortnight's stores from the *chaloupe*. This burden loads their light craft so deep that care and skill are needed to twist through the rapids, and it will be late in the afternoon before the ring of their iron-shod poles against the stones, heard in measured cadence half a mile off, gives the signal of their return.

The time of their absence may be improved to review tackle and perfect it for serious work. The prudent angler will take at least three rods. Two of these should not be very light for they may be called on, as has happened, to handle a salmon. In any case, the fish are so plentiful that it is not worth while to waste time over the smaller ones, and the most useful rod is one stiff enough

to snub a pound trout, and bring him promptly to net. A duplicate reel and line are of course provided. As to flies, the in-



KINGFISHER'S NEST.

difference of sea-trout about kind, when they are in the humor to take any, almost warrants the belief of some anglers that they leap in mere sport at whatever chances to be floating. It is true they will take incredible combinations, as if color-blind and blind to form. But experiments on their caprice are not safe. If their desire is to be tempted, that may most surely be done with three insects, adapted to proper places and seasons. One need not go beyond the range of a red-bodied fly with blue tip and wood duck wings for ordinary use, a small all-gray fly for low water in bright light, and a yellowish fly, green-striped and winged with curlew feather, for a fine cast under alders after the patriarchs. By all means make your own flies, or learn to do so, for the sake of practicing a delicate art, and amusing some idle hours on the stream. Besides, one's own handiwork is stronger than that of most shops, and with a pocket-book full of material, it will be easy to replace a loss, by no means infrequent, caused by the tipping of a canoe.

Wading drawers of India rubber, reaching well above the waist, are indispensable; and the foot that is shod with anything but a nail-studded sole will surely bring its wearer to great grief when it touches the treacherous clay. Much of the bottom is of this greasy stuff, looking like stone, but as slippery as glass, and unsafe for any foot-gear whatever. In some runs the river-bed is pebbly, but usually strewn with large stones,

and of so swift a current as to render a knee-deep stand unsteady.

The day's work in camp follows quite a regular routine. About six the light wakes you—the guide never will. A dip in the pool, or a bucket dash at the brink tones the nerves for a firm touch of the rod, while the reel sings its morning song over a brace of fish caught for breakfast, which the cook-guide is preparing. This need be nothing more substantial than ham and eggs, of which a week's supply can be kept (unless indeed a *fondue* is prepared, which the guide can be taught to compose very well), fish-balls,—and David is an adept at these,—the trout, broiled on a wire gridiron, buttered toast or Boston crackers grilled, and marmalade, with tea or coffee. For a change, a partridge-chick can now and then be knocked over, or a squirrel or rabbit tried. After that comes the *chef-d'œuvre* of our wood-cook—*crêpes*! These are thin rice cakes, fried crisp in a pan, and eaten with maple sugar. Do not grudge the men a good hour over their own breakfast. This month is sunshine in their dull year, and such plain fare sybaritic to them. And a pipe in this air, lit with a wood-ember, is so doubly delicious that it needs no patience to prolong it awhile. About nine the canoe floats off, bearing you sitting flat in the bottom, and the guide upright astern, either to the lower pools to fish from the boat, or to the upper water where landing and wading are more convenient. The fish will rise at almost any hour



till three, under bright sky; rather more actively at early morning and after four. Where the water has gathered smoothness again after passing a rapid, it begins to deepen and converge to a point. Just there, in ten or fifteen feet depth, among the rocks forming a sort of dam, where the outlet of the pool breaks

over in a glassy curve, the large trout love to lie, watching for insects swept down. Your fly follows the swirl, swimming swifter, till just as it nears the rock at the very cleft of the fall, there is a surge, a tug, and the fish darts up-stream. The large ones seldom break the surface. Turn the rod at once with the reel uppermost, and do not check him till he tries to move down again, and then only gently. If he can be held away from the brink,—and it is not often, with care, that he slips over it,—from four to seven minutes should suffice to bring him to net, though if he be fresh run from tide and over three pounds, twice that time may be needed. It

and entered on the score. Usually dinner is at six, the morning's *carte* being varied only with one of three or four kinds of preserved soup, baked or fried potatoes, boiled rice, sherry and Bordeaux, cheese, raisins, coffee and a *chasse*. If you ask the best way of cooking the fish—those over two pounds weight deserve the pot; the flavor and juices of smaller ones above a pound, will be kept unwasted by roasting them under the coals; and as to those below a pound, since in this region not St. Anthony, but probably St. Lawrence, is their patron, let them follow his fate and grill on the gridiron. None are small enough to spoil

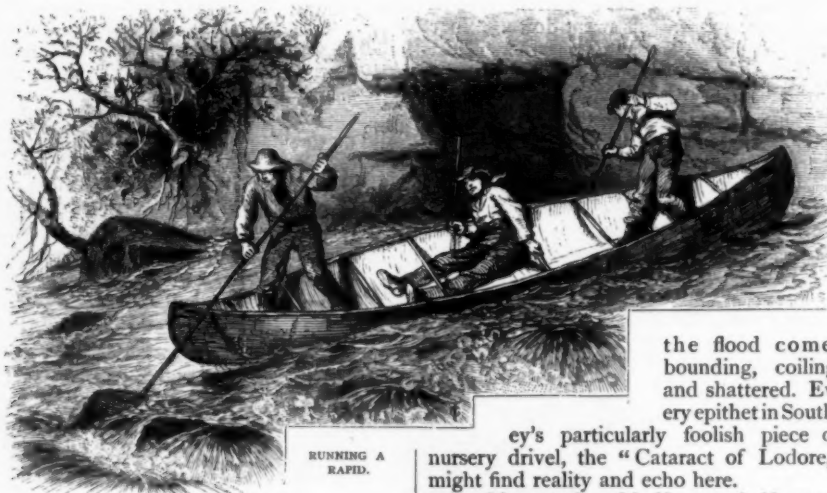


FOR BREAKFAST.

is well to search the neighborhood of the bushes, too, before descending more than half-way down the pool, or of any great rocks scattered on the bottom.

While the fisherman is busy, the guide left at home has been cleaning and curing the catch of the day before. No fish are wasted. Coarse salt and barrels always make part of the *chaloupe's* freight, and the trout not eaten are packed and carried to Tadousac, as an important and welcome addition to the winter's stores for these poor fellows' families. When a larger trout than usual is netted, he is greeted with the cry, "*C'est bon pour le baril.*" The return from the chase must be so timed that the rapids may be passed before dark. Immediately on landing, every fish caught is faithfully weighed (none being small enough to reject),

by frying; but our *cordon*, with a little superintendence, is quite equal to a stew in claret. After dinner, the *plateau* is large enough for a quarter-deck promenade of thirty steps to and fro, till, finishing the second cigar, you look up about nine to see the Great Bear just over the tent stealing into the lingering twilight, and call David to make a "smudge" inside the canvas that may completely clear it of mosquitoes, and to tie down the flaps, shutting you in for the night. On Sundays the stream runs undisturbed. Reading, journalizing, and repairs of many kinds fill the time. Last summer the government guardian, an old acquaintance, chanced to arrive on Saturday night, and camped near us,—perhaps needlessly suspicious of a breach of Sunday close-time.



RUNNING A
RAPID.

His business at this season was to examine and clear the portages, several of which are blazed along the river-side at points made impassable for canoes by the roughness or sudden fall of the rapids. The rapids vary greatly as to depth, height, and length. Some cover a rod of slightly broken water with small stones; some race for a quarter of a mile in surges over clay bottom, scooped and beaten as hard as rock, while others toss and dash on a sharp descent for twice that space out and in among a maze of granite boulders. Up and down these last, and around some steep falls, the canoe must of course be coaxed with a line, the guide either wading and steadying her, or stumbling alongside ashore. Running a rapid is really piloting, for the natural fall, the lay of the rocks, and the best water between them, remain always nearly the same. Many a jagged old sunken lump or boulder-head just above the surface, worn glassy smooth, with long weeds streaming like hair from it, looks familiar to the angler year after year. Most of the rapids may be waded across at very low water, but with considerable risk, on account of the irregular slippery foothold and the tearing current. The ascent or descent of a rapid is exciting, even without the trifle of danger it brings. The whispering ripple of the water deepens into an angry rush as you approach. At the head or foot the pitch looks much sharper than it really is, the eye taking in the foreshortened incline. Down among crowded clusters of rocks, now seen, now swept under,

the flood comes bounding, coiling, and shattered. Every epithet in South-

ey's particularly foolish piece of nursery drivel, the "Cataract of Lodore," might find reality and echo here.

In this sort of surf, half stone, half water, a common wooden boat would be bumped to pieces in five minutes. The only thing that can float in it, the birch canoe, is one of those marvels of clever adaptation that look like genius. Such a canoe is really nothing but a basket with pointed ends and stiffened sides. You sit, float, and toss in her as you would in a basket, and without most watchful perpendicularity and tiresome tension of nerves in balance, you tip out of her as you would out of a basket. She is a mere single skin of bark sewed together with deer-sinews, rimmed with slight ash or birch strips, and connected across at top by five slender thwarts, or "bords," modeled in all her lines so that the deepest point is



TRACKS.

along the middle bottom, and she turns in the water every way as on a pivot. The draft, with two men aboard, is three to four inches. Buoyant, of elastic frame, unsteady to the lightest touch, endways or sideways, she answers to skillful control like a sentient thing, and throws a clumsy rider like a mustang. With her light grace and delicate color she is the lady of water-craft. The skill of these canoe-men is wonderful, only gained by long practice from early childhood. Nearing the foot of the rapid, while yet in still water, the guide drops the paddle, stands erect with his setting-pole in the extreme stern, his boy in the same attitude at the point of the bow, and studies the eddies and stones intently. In a moment she is swung alongside a rock, her peak thrust just round it across the stream—then with a mighty drive from the poles she darts diagonally through the torrent and whirls her tail down stream, under the lee of another rock a few feet higher up. She is again held hugging the granite by main force, and edging forward till the beat of the water boiling up astern of her center helps to lift her on, and with another powerful send she shoots across upward again to the next covering point. She threads her intricate way among the boulders by repetition of these zigzag dashes, sometimes missing the aim and crashing back against a rock, sometimes beaten aside by the pole slipping on the bottom, with the guide's eye quick at every turn, and his muscles steadily braced. The men's pose, alertness and strength form a study. At times she must be thrust up by sheer power against the dead rush of the torrent, gaining inch by inch. David's cries to his boy rise above the noise of the water—"Pousse! arête! lance l'eau! hale l'eau! autre bord! pousse, pousse au loin!" Accidents occur, but seldom from miscalculation. If a pole

should snap while the stress of the flood beats on her, the canoe may be whirled broadside on, and capsized. Then there is a rolling and tumbling among the rocks, struggling for a footing, sometimes with hard bruises,—or if near the foot of the rapid, one may be swept into deep water and must keep a clutch on the point of the canoe till she drifts into shallows. Except in the larger rivers, there is not much danger of drowning. The guides prefer ascending to going down a rapid, as the risk of the canoe getting beyond their control is much less when the water drives against her in sight. They are very cautious too, to avoid straining or bruising the boat. "You act as if this canoe belonged to you," David would reproach his boy at a careless movement.

Well handled, a good birch may last for four years; or she may be banged into uselessness by an inexperienced in one season of low water. The red bark is stouter and more durable than the smoother yellow. Two years ago fires ravaged the



MAKING A PORTAGE.

birch woods about the upper Saguenay, where much of the material is obtained, and forced the Indians to seek their bark at great distances, increasing the price of their work. A new canoe of the size used in these streams costs with equipment from eighteen to twenty-two dollars. These are eighteen feet long, three and a quarter across, and fifteen inches deep, weighing about forty pounds. They are Montaignie canoes, built by Indians of the north shore. The larger ones, used in the St. John's and the greater rivers, will carry

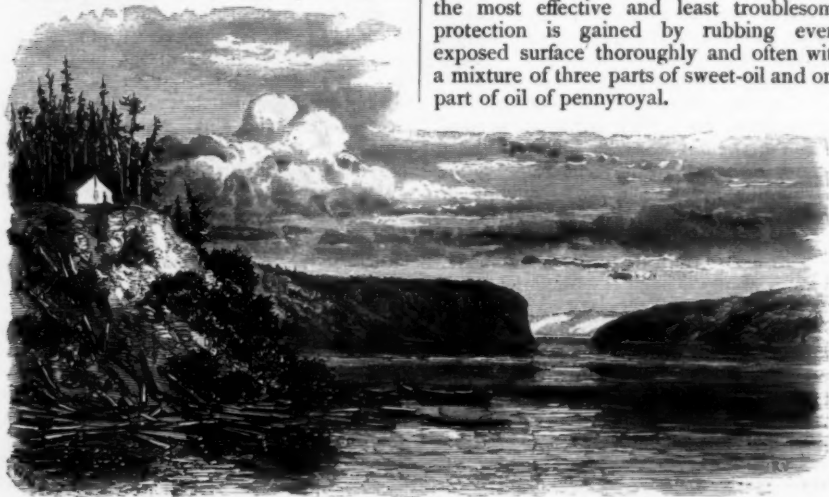
nine men, or a freight of nearly a ton. They are made by the Micmacs of the south shore and have higher peaks, and flatter bottoms, with less roll than the former.

After eight or ten days spent at the home camp, all the pools within range have been several times whipped over, and the run of large trout sensibly slackens. At a point seven miles higher up (measured through its crooks,) the river rests, after its earlier wanderings for seventy miles through untrodden forests, and expands into a basin, between two and three miles across in either direction, deep set among craggy hills. Through this lake, and to the far regions beyond, all the fish, salmon and trout, pursue their pilgrimage. Just opposite the home camp a well marked portage opens, cutting off the bends, and bearing straight over a mountain and through dense woods to the lake by a rough course of three miles. Sunday, a leisure-day, is usually chosen for this march, and most of the hours of it are required to make the carry and settle the new camp. At one trip the men carry over tents and a week's provision, returning to bring the canoes on a second. Sixty or seventy pounds for each makes up a load, and with this settled compactly on the shoulders, and steadied by a broad strap passing over the forehead so as to leave the arms quite free, they climb the steep hill-crest, often cutting steps in the wet clay, and press through the woods at a quick gait, making the distance within two hours. Portaging the canoes is much more difficult and delicate work. They are turned

over, hoisted on the head, and carried poised with the two hands at the edges, a little forward of the middle, giving the bearer at a distance among the trees the look of an ungainly two-legged elephant. This walk is an introduction to a stage of advance in the savage state. For a time ax and knife must be depended on for tools, sapin for beds, and birch bark for furniture. As we go on the thicket grows denser, and the solitude deepens. Very little animal life disturbs it. A few squirrels, and a partridge with her brood, will chirp and flutter; at the lake we shall see swooping fish-hawks, and hear the kingfisher's metallic cry. Occasionally in these woods, as on the stream, a fresh bear's track is crossed, but the silence here is seldom broken except by the ceaseless under-song of the mosquito's hum—

"The horns of Elfland faintly blowing."

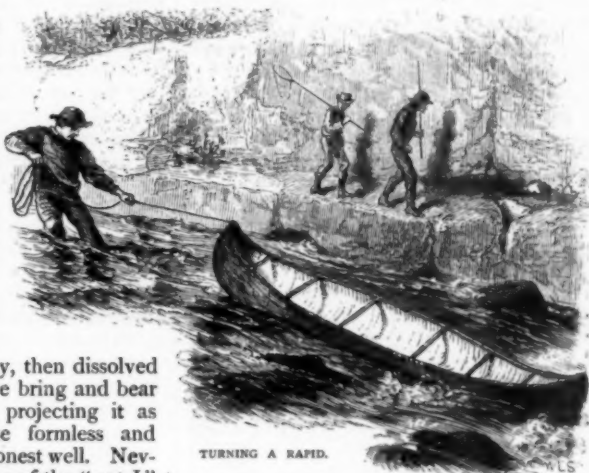
This minim of insects must have a word. Since fishing began, he and his stinging kin have been the angler's pest. Herodotus thinks him worthy of mention, and describes the Egyptians' device for protection against him,—that of spreading a net over a shaded cleft in the rocks, through the meshes of which he will not pass unless the sun shines in. The Sicilian fisherman of to-day contrives precisely the same refuge from his attack. But after the experience of many years on many streams, the assertion is confidently made,—that all masquerading in veils, helmets, goggles and capes, brings mere vexation and impediment, and that the most effective and least troublesome protection is gained by rubbing every exposed surface thoroughly and often with a mixture of three parts of sweet-oil and one part of oil of pennyroyal.



LAKE CAMP.

At the lake it is always cold. The sunsets over its rugged shores doubled in the crimson water, the frequent aurora flashing and streaming across the whole breadth of sky, and the clear stars looking down on a mirror as still, touch the feeling like beauty wasted since so rarely seen, if nature knows any waste. Through all the year that twilight grace of rock and sky and wave has floated blending into one harmony, then dissolved unseen, till now. Or do we bring and bear away that image with us, projecting it as sensation upon space, else formless and rayless? Fichte, thou reasonest well. Nevertheless, a puzzling instance of the "not I" is a fighting four-pound trout at summer sunset on such a stream.

A variation of sport may be enjoyed here, if one condescends to capture the great pickerel abounding in the lake, either by casting a spoon with a stout rod among the lily-pads, or by lazily letting ten fathoms of line trail from the canoe while the guide paddles slowly, till one of these pond-sharks, striking, gorges the gaudy bait, and is hauled up alongside, and knocked in his grim head with a short club. A couple of hours of this rude sport yielded to one line a hundred and twenty-two pounds, the largest fish weighing eight. This is merely justice pursuing murder, since the pickerel is a destroying terror to trout and salmon. They lurk in shoals around the outlet to seize the fish passing up, and wage havoc among them for a mile down the stream. Escaping these waylayers, the fish have still many miles to run before reaching the spawning-grounds. The intervening water above the lake is too free from rapids to afford good fishing until a tributary is reached, too far away to be attainable in the few days remaining. Pointing the flotilla peaks south out of the lake, we turn our backs upon nothing between it and Hudson's Straits, except the dreary solitudes of Labrador, with a few peaceable Indian tribes scattered through them. In its fall of two hundred feet through seven miles between the outlet and the home camp, the river breaks into magnificent pools, drained by sharp, rough rapids, with long intervening stretches of deep-water lurking-places (even



TURNING A RAPID.

so late) for salmon. Many of them of large size are passed lying at the bottom motionless, as if cased in ice, or heard breaking at night. A small one now and then absorbs the fly. In no part of the river are the sea-trout so large, bold, and strong. They are no longer the gray trout that sailed in with the tide. Their color is rich and high beyond description,—backs a glittering bronze, shot with gold, and crooked, dark streaks; bellies like pearl, and fins a fan of strong crimson, purple, and black spines. Their dazzling vermilion spots "bid the rash gazer wipe his eye." As a new puzzle for naturalists, some of the largest taken blush all exquisite rose wherever white usually shines. The beginning of the fishing and the verge of the pirate-pickerel's range is marked by a grand bald crag, towering four hundred feet, and sinking sheer into water, christened the Palisade Pool, where very large trout usually lie. The next few miles are a favorite preserve, always stocked in the season with a succession of splendid fish. The banks, still thickly wooded with larch, spruce, sycamore, and small shrubs, show less of clay than those lower down, and more of pebbly ledge and short sandy beaches, so that fishing afloat is exchanged for wading, which insures a longer, truer cast, and more ease in landing the fish. The long summer days of a week may be filled with excitement in whipping this range of twenty or thirty pools. So satisfactory is the work, indeed, that they are usually gone over several times on successive days, from a new camp established near half-way down to the great fall,

which separates them from the lower range of water, accessible from the original camp. This is pitched near a curve, just below which the river receives two or three cool streamlets into a circular basin, parted from its main course by a little stony tongue, fringed with bushes, and about thirty yards across. This spring pool is a favorite resting-place for trout on the way up, and they have been seen literally paving its sandy floor, though its clearness and exposure to the sun render them very shy. From this pool one



THE OUTLET.

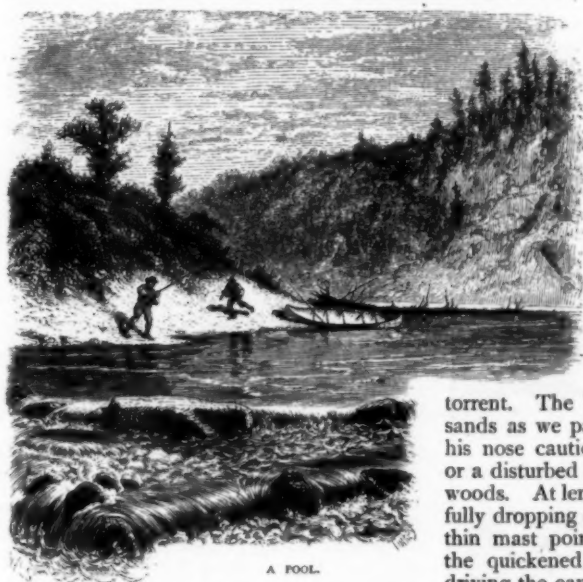
hundred and six fish were taken by one rod in three days, thirteen of which weighed over three pounds, and the largest five.

Sunshine seldom interferes with the sport in this region seriously. Days of sullen, cold rain come on, leaving only an hour or two for work outside the tent. Sudden thunder-gusts break over us while afloat, driving us to the shelter of thick *épinettes* (dry spruces), or even to a pent-house under the canoe, turned bottom up, and propped on sticks.

Sometimes a strange cloud of thin mist fills the valley, that seems to tingle with electricity, and is pungent with the smell of ozone. So sensitive the nerves become to that mysteriously charged vapor, that one glances at the twig-tips, almost expecting to see them lit with St. Elmo's fire, like yard-arms at sea in an electric storm. Only some seasons, however, and some days in each, are free from one of the two extremes of too much or too little rain. Last summer, for instance, the weather continued so hot and dry, and the stream ran so low, that for long stretches not a fish was to be found at all in the pools, all having resorted to the mouths of little inlets, where they hung clustered like a swarm of bees. Down from the middle camp the canoes go deeply loaded with tents and fish, dipping only now and then into an inviting pool, and taking some hours to reach a great rapid which seizes the river at the opening of a gorge and hurls it furiously along half a mile of tangled rocks, to plunge it over a steep, picturesque fall, thirty feet high. Down this rapid the guides will slowly, cautiously pole or lead the canoes, sending the passenger to scramble along a rough path among the cliffs, from which he looks down on their dwindled, struggling figures, and faintly hears their shouts. They meet again at the fall, round which, of course, the canoes are portaged, or slid down through a side chute, and we have passed the portal of the upper stream, and bid it farewell.

Three days of the best work for one rod in the upper waters, noted on the score in separate years, are,—37 fish of 79 pounds, 41 fish of 83½ pounds, 39 fish of 86½ pounds.

If the day of coming down to the home pool has been properly timed, its evening will be prolonged over the camp-fire to watch the full moon rise above a clump of pointed spruces fronting the tent. She brings the promise of a new run of fish, filling the pools after their week's rest, with occasional fine trout among them, lingering behind the seniors on their way up. A sweet sense of civilization attends the return from the deeper forests to bed and board, and the camp seems even neat and spacious after rougher quarters. The black flies are gone, and the mosquitoes only weakly wicked. Sometimes at morning frost sprinkles the ground, the days grow cooler, and the nights cold, till we sympathize with the man of old who cried, "Aha! I am warm; I have seen the fire," and enjoy the mere animal pleasure of heat.



A POOL.

The men turn and resalt their fish, stowed in broad troughs of hemlock bark. The smell attracts small animals, and sometimes there is an alarm in camp that a bear has snuffed them out, and running out with the gun in the chilly night air, you catch sight of a lynx making off with one in his mouth. The sport is still fine; the fish, though not quite of the size of those earlier, rising and running with a dash. But the stores are dwindling, the canoes get leaky in spite of pitching, and the weather turns windy and changeable. The dull boom of the fog-gun from the light-house island—thirty miles off on the south shore of the great river—rolls oftener up the valley with a warning that autumn mists are gathering, and autumn storms brewing. There steals on a sense of having been a month without telegrams or letters, and suddenly some morning you say "enough," and order the flotilla down to the *chaloupe* with everything not needed for one day more. Next day, after an early breakfast, we strike tents, pitch the table and chairs into the bushes to save them from spring floods, pack the canoes with what remains to make an ample load, and cast one longing, lingering fly behind before pushing into the current. The catch is always very good on the way down in point of numbers, but is apt to reduce the score as to average of weight. It is not always possible to fish, or even to pause. Two

seasons ago the river was very full on entering it, and after a week's difficult fishing, it rose steadily, with heavy showers, till its olive surface turned *café au lait* color, and rolled bank-full, effacing rocks and rapids alike. Down the middle, it tossed in waves over the sunk boulders. A canoe would quickly have foundered there, and we were forced to drift along the margin, with the aid of branches, fairly washed out of the valley by the

torrent. The kingfisher screams along the sands as we pass; perhaps a beaver pokes his nose cautiously out among alder roots; or a disturbed owl floats silently off into the woods. At length, after leisurely and regretfully dropping down for hours, the *chaloupe's* thin mast points above the next turn, and the quickened paddles cut the tide-water, driving the canoes alongside to take possession if she is found all right.

She may be found in quite a different condition. Some seasons ago the men had left her the previous night hauled out into a little bay, and anchored on so bad a bottom that when she grounded with the falling tide a rock started one of the planks below her quarter, and she lay stern under, half full of water, when we boarded her. Fishing out her cargo, and drying on the rocks what remained unspoiled, was a tedious waste of time; but when lightened and pumped out her planking sprang into place

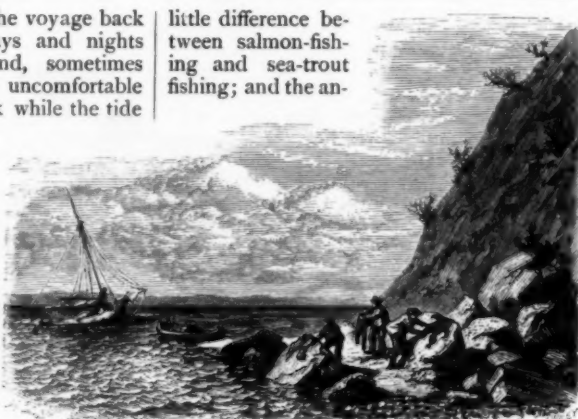


A LOUP-CERVIER.

and was easily secured. The voyage back oftenest consumes two days and nights against a down-stream wind, sometimes strong enough to raise an uncomfortable sea in making the port tack while the tide ebbs, and to drive us to some anchorage till it turns. Good and honest fellows as the guides are, there is perhaps the slightest possible disposition on the skipper's part to lengthen the cruise for his chartered craft by a half day or more, so that it is usually early morning when she works slowly up with sweeps against the edges of the powerful Saguenay current, and rounds the point into Tadoussac Bay. The summer birds have flown from the cottages and hotel,—the house seems only waiting our return to put out the fire in its hospitable stove and close its doors for the season. The steamer leaves L'Anse à l'Eau for Quebec late in the afternoon, giving time for a substantial civilized dinner off other service than tin, and for settling the accounts of the cruise.

The usual charge for canoe-men is a dollar and a half a day, in gold, and for the *chaloupe*, with its owner's services, two dollars. A liberal rule for calculation in laying in supplies at Quebec is to allow thirty cents for each ration, on the basis of two served to every man of the party each day for ordinary stores, with an addition for wine and spirits shipped, and for what the Germans call *delicatessen*, from which a quart of lime juice should by no means be omitted. The average cost of the month's excursion in each of four years—once with three in the party, once with two, and twice alone—has been from three hundred and seventy to four hundred dollars, including the sum paid for license to use the stream, as for salmon-fishing. It results, therefore, that with respect to region, route, equipment, and expense,—as to all things indeed excepting season, tackle, and size of fish,—there is

little difference between salmon-fishing and sea-trout fishing; and the an-



WRECKED.

gler who can choose his month will of course prefer the former. If forced to content himself with the minor sport, he will find that health and experience are no less essential to its enjoyment, and that the charms of Nature, impartially kind to all enthusiastic wooers who seek her wilderness shrine, will more than compensate for its comparative tameness. The following instances may prove that his record, if modest, is not likely to be insignificant; even though it might not provoke Mistress Quickly's comment—

"I'll warrant you, he's an infinitive thing on the score."

Years.	Rods.	Days.	No. of fish.	Weight.	Aver.	Over 3 lbs.
1872	3	17	1017	1204 lbs.	1 lb. 3 oz.	92
1874	2	13	222	274 "	1 " 3½	7
1875	1	10	282	399 "	1 " 6½	14
1876	1	23	389	560 "	1 " 7	26

When the angler, recounting these captives of his steel, pictures again each bright scene and hour of his summer's recreation, it will not be the least of his pleasures to remember that its fruits are aiding to make the cheerless life of his guides more endurable, in the long winter while those dark forests bow beneath the weight of snows, and the stiffening river shivers through all its depths under the blasts storming down those stern Laurentian valleys.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

AGAMEMNON'S TOMB.

UPLIFT the ponderous, golden mask of death,
 And let the sun shine on him as it did
 How many thousand years ago! Beneath
 This worm-defying, uncorrupted lid,
 Behold the young, heroic face, round-eyed,
 Of one who in his full-flowered manhood died;
 Of nobler frame than creatures of to-day,
 Swathed in fine linen cerecloths fold on fold,
 With carven weapons wrought of bronze and gold,
 Accoutered like a warrior for the fray.

We gaze in awe at these huge-modeled limbs,
 Shrunk in death's narrow house, but hinting yet
 Their ancient majesty; these sightless rims
 Whose living eyes the eyes of Helen met;
 The speechless lips that ah! what tales might tell
 Of the earth's morning-tide when gods did dwell
 Amidst a generous-fashioned, god-like race,
 Who dwarf our puny semblance, and who won
 The secret soul of Beauty for their own,
 While all our art but crudely apes their grace.

We gather all the precious relics up,
 The golden buttons chased with wondrous craft,
 The sculptured trinkets and the crystal cup,
 The sheathed, bronze sword, the knife with brazen haft.
 Fain would we wrest with curious eyes from these
 Unnumbered long-forgotten histories,
 The deeds heroic of this mighty man,
 On whom once more the living daylight beams,
 To shame our littleness, to mock our dreams,
 And the abyss of centuries to span.

Yet could we rouse him from his blind repose,
 How might we meet his searching questionings,
 Concerning all the follies, wrongs and woes,
 Since his great day whom men call King of Kings,
 Victorious Agamemnon? How might we
 Those large, clear eyes confront, which scornfully
 Would view us as a poor, degenerate race,
 Base-souled and mean-proportioned? What reply
 Give to the beauty-loving Greek's heart-cry,
 Seeking his ancient gods in vacant space?

What should he find within a world grown cold,
 Save doubt and trouble? To his sunny creed
 A thousand gloomy, warring sects succeed.
 How of the Prince of Peace might he be told,
 When over half the world the war-cloud lowers?
 How would he mock these faltering hopes of ours,
 Who knows the secret now of death and fate!
 Humbly we gaze on the colossal frame,
 And mutely we accept the mortal shame,
 Of men degraded from a high estate.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



"THE NEXT MOMENT IT WAS IN THE YOUNG, STRONG ARMS."

CHAPTER XIII.

IF Nicholas Minturn had undertaken to account to himself, or had been called upon to account to others, for the reasons which had induced him to take up his residence in New York for the winter, he would have been puzzled for his answer. To be near Miss Larkin was, undoubtedly, a first consideration. He had a hunger of heart that could only be fed by breathing the atmosphere in which she lived; but this he hardly understood himself, and this, certainly, he could not betray to others. He had had a taste, too, of society; and as Ottercliff could give him no opportunity for its repetition, his life in the ancestral mansion had become tame and tasteless to him. All this was true, but there was something beyond this. He was interested in himself. His interrupted voyage upon the Atlantic had been a voyage of discovery, pursued but half across his own nature. Of independ-

ent action he had had so little, that he was curious to see how he should come out in a hand-to-hand encounter with new forms of life. He had no business except such as came to him in connection with the care of his estate, and this was not absorbing. He found his mind active, his means abundant, his whole nature inclined to benevolence, and his curiosity excited in regard to that great world of the poor of which he had heard much, and known literally nothing at all.

He was entirely conscious of his ignorance of the ways of men. He was aware that he had no scheme of life and action, based upon a knowledge of the world. All that he had done, thus far, had been accomplished through the motive of the hour. He had seen, in moments of emergency, the right thing to do, and he had done it. He knew that other men had a policy which had come to them with a knowledge

of motives,—which had come with the experience of human selfishness,—which had come with a keen apprehension of ends and a careful study of means. He very plainly saw this; and he was acute enough to apprehend the fact, not only that he would be obliged to rely on his instincts and his quick and unsophisticated moral and intellectual perceptions for maintaining his power and poise, but that he had a certain advantage in this. The game that policy would be obliged to take at long range,—with careful calculations of deflections, distances, and resistances,—a quick and pure perception could clap its hands upon. A mind that knew too much—a mind that was loaded with precedents, gathered in the path of conventionality and custom—would be slow to see a new way, while one to which all things were new would be hindered by nothing.

All that education and association could do to give Nicholas a woman's mind and a woman's purity, had been done; but behind this mind, and pervaded with this purity, there sat a man's executive power. Of this, he had become conscious in his occasional contact with men whose life was a scheme and a policy. What wonder, then, that he was curious about himself? What wonder that the discovery of himself should have been esteemed by him an enterprise quite worthy of his undertaking?

He had been installed in his apartments but a few days, when his presence in New York seemed to have been discovered in quarters most unlikely to acquire the knowledge. College friends who were having a hard time of it in the city found it convenient to borrow small sums of money of him. He was invited to dinners and receptions; and he learned that the flavor of his heroism still hung about him, and that he was still an object of curious interest. Then, various claims to his beneficence were presented by the regular benevolent societies. To all these he turned a willing ear, and lent a generous hand. It was a matter of wonder to him, for a good many days, how so many people, of such different grades, should know just where to look for him.

One morning, as he had completed some business of his own that had cost him an hour at his desk, Pont appeared with the card of "Mr. Jonas Cavendish." Who Mr. Jonas Cavendish was, he had not the remotest apprehension; but he told Pont to show him up.

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Mr. Jonas Cavendish came in, holding before him, as if he expected Nicholas to take it, an old and carefully brushed hat. The weather was cold, but he wore no overcoat. There was a cheerful—almost a gleeful—look on the man's face, a dandyish air about his buttoned-up figure, and a general expression of buoyancy in his manner, that gave Nicholas the impression that he had suddenly fallen heir to a vast fortune, and had come to tell a stranger the news before visiting his tailor.

Nicholas rose to receive him, and Mr. Cavendish extended his blue hand, with which he shook that of the young man very long and very heartily.

"I suppose I ought to know you," said Nicholas, doubtfully. "Be seated, sir."

Mr. Cavendish sat down, and gave Nicholas a long and interested examination.

"Well, it doesn't seem possible! It does—not—seem—possible!" said Mr. Cavendish. "To think that the little lad that I used to see at Ottercliff has come to this! Ah! time flies!"

Nicholas was so much embarrassed that he took up the man's card, and looked at it again, to see if it would not touch the spring in his memory that seemed so slow in its responses.

"I see that you are puzzled," said the man, "and I ought to say, in justice to—to all concerned, that, in one sense, you ought to know me, and in another sense that you ought not to know me. Now, let me try to assist you. Flat Head? Flat Head? Does it help you any? Don't you catch a glimpse of a pale and enthusiastic young man, bending over you, and playing with your curls? Flat Head, now!"

"No, I must beg your pardon. I cannot recall you."

"Don't feel badly about it, I beg of you. I'll tell you who I am in a moment; but psychology has always been a favorite study with me, and I want to make a little experiment. I have a theory that every event in a man's life makes an impression upon the memory, and can be recalled, if we touch the chords,—if we touch the right chord, you know. Now, don't you remember hearing old Tom say to your mother: 'Here's that plug of Cavendish turned up again?' Don't that start it?"

"So you knew old Tom?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, and a good old fellow he was. Queer, but good at heart, you know."

"Wont you sit nearer the fire?" Nich-

olas inquired, seeing that Mr. Cavendish was in a shiver.

"No, sir,—no. You wonder why I wear no overcoat. I would not consent to such a degree of effeminacy. My life has inured me to hardship. When I am within the confines of civilization, I endeavor, as far as possible, to preserve the habits I am compelled to follow among the wild tribe that engages my poor services. I should be ashamed to wear an overcoat, sir. Ah! your dear, departed mother has talked to me about it, with tears in her eyes, again and again."

Here Mr. Cavendish withdrew a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes, and blew his nose.

"The cold, as an exciting agency, will have its effect upon the mucous membrane," said Mr. Cavendish, with a trembling voice and an attempt to hide from Nicholas the cause of his emotion.

"I shall be obliged to trouble you to tell me who you are," said Nicholas.

"I suppose a young man like you never reads the reports of missionary operations," said Mr. Cavendish; "but I have given my life to the Flat Head Indians. I have not been able to do much, but I have modified them,—modified them, sir. If I may be permitted the rare indulgence of a jest, I should say that their heads are not so level as they were, speaking strictly with reference to their physical conformation. The burdens which they bear upon them are lighter. There has been, through my humble agency—I hope I say it without vanity—a general amelioration. The organ of benevolence has been lifted. Veneration has received a chance for development."

"And did my mother formerly help you?" inquired Nicholas.

"That woman forced things upon me, sir. I couldn't get out of the house empty-handed. I shall never, never forget her."

"Are you now at the East collecting funds?"

"No; I'll tell you just how it is. I am not here to collect funds. I am here, mainly, to report facts. I have all I can do to hinder my mission from assuming a mercenary aspect, and to prevent a mercenary aspect from being thrown over my past life. It vexes me beyond measure."

Mr. Jonas Cavendish was now approaching the grand climax of the little drama he had brought upon the stage, and rose to his feet for more convenient and effective acting.

"Only last night," said he, "I was with friends. I was just as unsuspecting as an unborn babe of what was going on. We talked about the past and its sacrifices. They ought to have known better. They had been acquainted with me and my work for a life-time, and it was not my fault that they presumed to cast a veil of mercenariness over my career. They knew—they must have known—that I had worked solely for the good of the cause. And yet, those friends, meaning well, but obtuse—utterly obtuse to the state of my feelings, proposed a testimonial: Sir, I give you my word that I was angry. I raved. I walked the room in a rage. 'Good God!' said I, 'has it come to this: that a miserable pecuniary reward is to spread its golden shadow over the sacrifices of a life!' I was indignant, yet I knew that they meant well. I knew that their hearts were right. They couldn't see that they were wounding me at the most sensitive point—that they insulted while they attempted to compliment me."

Mr. Cavendish here gave a complimentary attention to his "mucous membrane," and proceeded:

"Then I relented, and as my passion died, and my mind came into a frame more favorable to the conception of expedients, a thought struck me. 'I have it!' said I. 'Go away from me with your testimonials! Go away, go away! I shut my ears to you. Not a word! not a word about it! but make it an endowment, said I, and I'm with you!'"

Here Mr. Cavendish had arrived at a high pitch of eloquence. His face glowed, his eyes flashed, and he stood before Nicholas, quivering all through and all over with earnestness and excitement.

"It ran through them like wild-fire," he went on. "They chose a president and secretary. They prepared the papers. They accomplished their object, and they spared me. We parted amicably, and here is the paper. If you esteem it a privilege to aid in this endowment, you shall have it, as the son of a woman whom I honored and who honored my mission. Act with perfect freedom. Don't put down a dollar more than you find it in your heart to put down. Think of it only as an endowment. Twenty-five dollars is a fair sum for any man. I don't want it in large sums. It ought to be a general thing, in which the whole people can unite. Then all will be interested, and all will feel that they have had a chance. Just put your name there, at the head of

the third column. I confess that I have a little feeling on the matter of leading names, and I trust you will pardon the vanity."

Nicholas drew up to the table, with a feeling of utter helplessness. The nice distinction which Mr. Jonas Cavendish recognized between a testimonial and an endowment was not apparent to him, but he saw that that individual apprehended it in a very definite and positive form. He was at a loss, also, to comprehend the propriety and the modesty of the missionary's agency in working up the endowment. The whole performance seemed to be an ingenious piece of acting, yet he was under an influence which compelled him to sign the paper, and to write the sum which Mr. Cavendish had mentioned, at the end of his name. He could not bring his mind to regard it as a privilege, but he seemed shorn of the power to repel the offer.

"I may as well pay this now," said Nicholas, rising to his feet and producing the money.

"You remind me of your mother, in many things,—in many things," said Mr. Cavendish, smiling his approval of the proposition, and pocketing the notes.

Then Mr. Cavendish gathered up his papers, thanked Nicholas on behalf of the committee and the cause, shook his hand and retired, with the same buoyant and business-like air which he wore upon his entrance.

Nicholas found himself unhappy and discontented when Mr. Cavendish closed the door behind him. He had done that which he knew Glezen would laugh at, but he felt, somehow, that he could not have helped himself. The man's will and expectation were so strong, that he was powerless to disappoint him. He determined only that he would be more careful in the future.

He had thought the matter over in a vague uneasiness for half an hour, when Pont appeared again, with the announcement that a sick man was at the door, and insisted on seeing Mr. Minturn.

"I don't want to see him," said Nicholas, shrinking from another encounter.

"Dat's jes what I tole him," said Pont; "but he says he *mus'* see you, mas'r."

"Well, I'm in for it to-day, Pont. I'll see it through. Show him up."

Pont was gone a long time, but at last Nicholas overheard conversation, a great shuffling of feet upon the stairs, and the very gradual approach of his visitor.

The door was opened, and a feeble-look-

ing, shabby fellow appeared, creeping slowly upon feet that were apparently swollen to twice their natural size. They were incased in shoes, slit over the tops, to accommodate the enlarged members, with their manifold wrappings. With many sighs and groans, he sank into a chair, and Nicholas observed him silently while he regained his breath. There was no doubt in the mind of Nicholas that the man was not only poor, but miserable.

"I am troubling you," said the panting visitor at length, in a feeble, regretful voice, "because I am obliged to trouble somebody. I have had no experience in straits like these, and I have no arts by which to push my claims upon your charity. I am simply poor and helpless."

"How long have you been so?" inquired Nicholas.

"Only a day and a night, in which I have neither slept nor tasted food."

"Tell me your story," said Nicholas.

The invalid had a twinge of terrible pain at this moment, and lifted and nursed one of his aching feet.

"I walked the streets all last night, until just before morning, and I don't feel much like talk," said the man. "However, I'll make it short. I came here nine months ago, looking for work. Before I had been here a week, I was taken down with acute rheumatism. I ought to say that I am a son of Dr. Yankton of Boston, and that my home has been in Virginia for the last twenty years, though my life has been an official one,—at Washington,—in the departments. As I said, I came here for work, and then I was taken down. I had to go to Bellevue, and there I stayed until they got all my money, and then they sent me to the Island." (Another twinge.) "They dismissed me yesterday, without a word of warning. I had no chance to write to my friends for money, and I have no way to get home."

"And you say that you have neither eaten nor slept since your discharge?"

"Not a morsel and not a wink," said Mr. Yankton, comprehensively. "I couldn't beg. I can't now. Gracious Heaven! what a night! If I were to live a thousand years, I couldn't forget it. I went into the Bowery Hotel at midnight, and sat down. I sat there about ten minutes, when the clerk came to me and said he wasn't allowed to have tramps sitting 'round in the house, nights, and told me I must move on. He wasn't rough, but he was obliged to

obey orders. Then I walked until three, and found myself at the Metropolitan. I went in and told the clerk I wanted to sit down awhile, and he bade me make myself comfortable till the people began to stir. But I couldn't sleep, and here I am."

All this was very plausible, and Nicholas felt the case to be genuine; but he was bound to take the proper precautions against imposition.

"You have some credentials, I suppose?" said Nicholas, in a tone of inquiry.

"Plenty of 'em."

Then Mr. Yankton withdrew from his pocket, and carefully unfolded, a package of papers, and handed them to Nicholas. They showed very plainly, on examination, that Mr. Yankton, or somebody who bore his name, had been in the departments at Washington, and that he had left a good record.

"I would like to borrow," said Mr. Yankton, "the sum of six dollars. When I get to Baltimore, I shall be all right, and I shall at once sit down and return you the money."

Nicholas handed the sum to him, partly from benevolence, partly to get an unpleasant sight and an unwholesome smell out of his room; and he was surprised, when Pont had helped the crippled fellow down-stairs and into the street, that a vague sense of dissatisfaction was left, in this case, as in the other. He asked himself a good many questions in regard to the matter that he could not satisfactorily answer. He was, at least, in no mood for meeting any new applicant for money. So he put on his overcoat, and prepared himself for the street. When he emerged upon the sidewalk, he suddenly conceived the purpose to walk to Bellevue Hospital, and inquire into Mr. Yankton's history in that institution. Arriving there, he was informed, after a careful examination of the books, that no man bearing the name of Yankton had been a patient in the institution within the space of the previous ten years.

Nicholas left the hospital sick at heart. It did not seem possible, to his simple nature, that a man could lie so boldly and simulate disease so cleverly, and do it all for a paltry sum of money. He thought of what Glezen had said at Mrs. Coates's dinner table, and concluded that his friend should not know how thoroughly he had been deceived.

He took a vigorous turn about the streets, until it was time for him to return to his

lunch. Pont met him at the door, and informed him that during his absence a gentleman had called, who would be in again at three o'clock. Nicholas took the man's card without looking at it until he reached his room. Then he tossed it upon the table, removed his overcoat and gloves, and, as he drew up to the fire, picked up the card and read the name of "Mr. Lansing Minturn, of Missouri."

The name startled him. He knew that his family was small, and he had never heard of the Missouri branch. But this was not the most remarkable part of the matter. His own mother was a Lansing, a name as honorable as his own, and representing a much larger family. Here was a man who, apparently, held a blood connection with him on both sides of the house. The love of kindred was strong within the young man, and he found his heart turning with warm interest and good-will toward the expected visitor.

Indeed, he was impatient for him to appear, for he anticipated the reception, through him, of an accession of knowledge concerning his ancestry and his living connections.

He ate his lunch and passed his time in desultory reading, until, at last, Mr. Lansing Minturn was announced. He rose to meet his unknown relative with characteristic heartiness and frankness, and invited him to a seat at the fire.

Mr. Lansing Minturn, it must be confessed, did not bear a strong resemblance to Nicholas. He was plainly but comfortably dressed, bore upon his face the marks of exposure, and apparently belonged to what may be called the middle class of American citizens. He was modest in demeanor, respectful without being obsequious, and self-possessed without obtrusiveness.

"I have called," said he, "not to make any claim of relationship—for I should never have presumed to do that—but in the pursuit of an errand which has brought me to the city. Four months ago a brother of mine left home for the East, and not a word have we heard from him since. I have come to New York to find him. So far, I have been unsuccessful. He had but little money when he left, and it occurred to me that, in his straits, he might have come to one of his own name for help. That's all. Has he done so?"

"Why, no, I haven't seen him," said Nicholas.

"Then I'll not trouble you longer," said

Mr. Lansing Minturn, with a sigh, and he rose to take his leave.

"Don't go!" exclaimed Nicholas. "I want to talk with you about your family."

"I am delighted, of course, to rest here awhile," said the visitor; "but I had no intention to take up your time."

Then the two young men, in whom the sentiment of consanguinity rose into dominant eminence, sat and talked through a most interesting hour. It was a matter of profound grief to Mr. Lansing Minturn and his family that none of them had been able to attend the grand gathering of the Lansing family, which had taken place a few years before. Some of their neighbors had attended the meeting, and brought back glowing reports of the festivities and the speeches. He, himself, had read the record with great interest. He was thoroughly posted in his pedigree, on both sides of the family, and was proud of it, in the humble way in which a man in humble circumstances may cherish a pride of ancestry, but he had never gone among the rich members of the family. Poor relations were not usually welcome. His grandfather was still living in Boston,—a man once rich, but now in greatly reduced circumstances, and very old. Indeed, it was the failure of his grandfather in business which had sent his children into the West when it was little more than a wilderness.

"By the way," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, rising and taking his hat; "how far is it to Boston?"

"Seven or eight hours' ride, I suppose," Nicholas replied.

"Ride? yes!" and the remote cousin extended his hand in farewell, and started for the door.

"Look here! What do you mean?" said Nicholas, rushing toward him.

"Nothing—nothing—I can do it."

"Of course you can do it."

"I'm a civil engineer by profession," said Mr. Minturn from Missouri. "Walking is my business, and I can do it."

His hand was upon the knob, and one of the hands of Nicholas was in his pocket, while the other grasped the retreating figure of his newly found relative. There was a harmless little tussle, an exclamation, "You are too kind," and both became conscious, at subsequent leisure, that a ten-dollar bill had passed from Minturn to Minturn. It was a comfort to each, for several hours, that the money had not gone out of the family, yet Nicholas was not entirely sure

that he had not been imposed upon. The last look that he had enjoyed of his relative's eyes and mouth—of the general expression of triumph that illuminated his features—made him uneasy. Could it be possible that he had been imposed upon again? Could it be possible that he had been led into a trap, and had voluntarily made an ass of himself? It was hard to believe, and therefore he would not believe it.

Nicholas sat down and thought it all over. He knew that Glezen would not be in, that night, for he had informed him of an engagement. Coming to a conclusion, he rang his bell for Pont. When his servant appeared, he told him to go to the house of Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, whose address he had learned, with the message that he (Nicholas) wanted to see him at his rooms that evening.

It was still two hours to dinner, and he went into the street, called on one or two friends, and got rid of his lingering time as well as he could. His dinner disposed of, he was in his room at seven, and soon afterward Talking Tim appeared, with his basket on his arm.

Nicholas gave him a warm, comfortable seat at his fire, and then told him, with entire faithfulness, the story of his day's experiences.

Tim listened with great interest and respectfulness to the narrative, but when he concluded, he gave himself up to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"You really must excuse me," said the pop-corn man, "but I know every one of these fellows. They are the brightest dead-beats there are in the city."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" said Nicholas lugubriously.

"Say!" said Talking Tim, using a favorite exclamation for attracting or fastening an interlocutor's attention, "would you like to take a little walk this evening? I think I can show you something you'll be pleased to see."

"Yes, I'll go with you anywhere."

"Then put on your roughest clothes, and your storm hat, and leave your gloves behind. Make as little difference between you and me as you can, and we'll indulge in a short call."

Nicholas arrayed himself according to Tim's directions, who sat by and criticised the outfit.

"You are a little more respectable than you ought to be," said Tim, "but if you'll button your coat up to your chin, so as to

leave it doubtful whether you have a shirt on, you'll do."

They started out in great glee, and by Tim's direction took a Broadway car, and rode to the lower terminus of the road. Then they crossed Broadway, and soon began to thread the winding streets on the eastern side of the city. Nicholas was quickly beyond familiar ground, but he asked no questions, and took little note of his bearings, trusting himself to his guide. Many a joke was tossed at Talking Tim on the way, of which he took little notice. Low bar-rooms and saloons were ablaze with light and crowded with drunken, swearing men. They jostled against staggering ruffians and wild-eyed, wanton women. They saw penniless loafers looking longingly into bakers' windows. They saw feeble children lugging homeward buckets of beer. They saw women trying to lead drunken husbands through the cold streets to miserable beds in garrets and cellars, and other sights, sickening enough to make them ashamed of the race to which they belonged, and to stir in them a thousand benevolent and helpful impulses.

"Here we are!" said Tim, after a long period of silent walking.

Nicholas looked up, and saw at the foot of a shallow alley two windows of stained glass. Clusters of grapes were blazoned on the panes, and men were coming and going, though the opening door revealed nothing of the interior, which was hidden behind a screen. By the light of a street-lamp, which headed and illuminated the alley, he could read the gilt letters of the sign, "The Crown and Crust," over which stood, carved in outline and gilded like the letters, a goat rampant.

"Now," said Tim, "we'll go in, and we'll go straight to a stall, and not stop to talk with anybody. I know the stall I want, and, if it's empty, we shall be all right. Don't follow me, but keep by my side, and don't act as if you'd never been here before."

When they opened the door, they were met by a stifling atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and beer, which at first sickened Nicholas and half determined him to beat a retreat, but this was overcome. Nicholas saw a large room and a large bar, behind which stood three or four men in their shirt-sleeves, and two girls, dressed in various cheap finery. Customers filled the room—chaffing, swearing, laughing riotously, staggering about, or sitting half asleep on lounges that surrounded a red-hot stove.

Opening out of the room on three sides were rows of stalls, each with its narrow table running backward through the middle, and with unceiled walls not more than a foot higher than a standing man's head. The stalls were closed in front by faded red curtains, that the customers parted on entering, and dropped behind them.

Tim gave a bow of recognition here and there, as he passed through the crowd, many of whom looked strangely and questioningly at Nicholas. Such crowds always have a wholesome fear of detectives, and suspicions attached to him at once,—precisely the suspicions which would secure to him respectful treatment, for there were probably not five men in the room who had not good reason to fear the police.

The two men went across the room to a stall, and disappeared within it. Tim left his basket inside, and, telling Nicholas to remain while he should order something, as a matter of form, he went out. As he stood at the bar, one of the crowd approached him, and inquired the name and business of his companion.

"Oh, he's an old one," said Tim, "and can't be fooled with. He's no detective, if that's what you're after, and he's all right."

When Tim returned, he found Nicholas in great excitement. The latter put his finger to his lip, and made a motion of his head, which indicated that interesting conversation was in progress in the adjoining stall. Tim sat down in silence, and both listened. Soon a voice said:

"Boys, that was the cleanest raid that's been executed inside of a year. The family affection that welled up in that young kid's bosom when he realized that the mingled blood of all the Minturns and Lansings was circulating in my veins, it was touching to see. I could have taken him to my heart. I tell you it was the neatest job I ever did."

"I came pretty near making a slump of it," said another voice. "I was telling him about my dear old Flat Heads, you know, and how much good I had done them. Well, when I told him that I had ameliorated them, and all that sort of thing, an infernal suggestion came to me to say that I had planted in their brains the leaven of civilization, and that the mass was rising; and the idea of an Indian's head as a loaf of bread was a little too many for me. I didn't dare to speak it out for fear I should laugh, and put the fellow on his guard."

Following this, there was a boisterous roar

of merriment, which continued until another voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my rheumatiz! my rheumatiz!"

Then there was another laugh, and Nicholas and Tim exchanged smiling glances.

"Wait here," said Nicholas.

"Then, rebuttoning his coat, and putting on his hat, he left the stall, and threading his way through the crowd, that grew silent and made way for him as he passed, he quickly sped through the alley and emerged upon the street. He remembered that a few rods from the alley he had passed a police-station. Making sure of his point of compass, he walked slowly back upon the track he had traversed on approaching 'The Crown and Crust,' and soon found the house he sought, and entered. Addressing the officer in charge, he told him his story and explained to him his wishes. The officer was obliging, and immediately detailed three policemen, who accompanied him back to the saloon.

There was a general silence and scattering as he entered with his escort, and made directly for the stall in which Talking Tim was waiting impatiently, and with many fears, for his return. As he parted the curtains, Tim caught a glimpse of the policemen, and sprang to his feet. Nicholas raised his finger, and then quietly parted the curtains which hid the three rogues who had preyed upon him during the day, and looked in upon them without saying a word.

To the face of one, the Minturn and Lansing blood mounted with painful pulsations. The rheumatic patient, with great liveliness of limb and utter disregard of his tender feet, endeavored to clamber over the partition, but was knocked back by the pop-corn man. The missionary to the Flat Heads was pale, but calm.

"You are in very bad company to-night, sir," said Mr. Jonas Cavendish.

"I am aware of it," Nicholas responded, "but I have the police at my back and am likely to be protected. Are you enjoying yourselves?"

"Very much so, indeed," said Mr. Cavendish.

"How much money have you left? Put every dollar of it on the table here before you, or I will have you searched for it."

There was a great, though a painfully reluctant, fumbling of the pockets, and at length each produced the sum he had received from Nicholas, diminished only by the moderate expenses of the day. Nicholas

gathered the sums together, ascertained the aggregate, and then said:

"You will probably want a dollar a piece for the expenses of the night and morning, and here it is. I will hold the rest in trust for you. I do not propose, for the present, to treat it as my own, and whether you get it or not will depend upon your behavior."

Then Nicholas called in the policemen, and inquired if they knew these men. On being assured that they knew them very well, and that they had known them a long time, he asked them to send the crowd away that had gathered excitedly around the stall, and listen to what he had to say.

The policemen turned upon the crowd and sent them back. The sale of liquors had stopped, and the bar-keepers were sourly looking on at a distance. Curtains were parted along the line of stalls, and curious eyes were peering out.

"I want these three men to come to my room to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. If they do not come, I shall arrest them as vagrants, I shall prosecute them for conspiracy and for obtaining money under false pretenses, and spend all the money that is necessary to make them uncomfortable for a year. I shall get them into the State Prison if I can, where they will be taught how to work. I have nothing to do but to attend to this matter, and I propose to devote myself to it. Now," turning to the men, "will you come?"

"Better go, boys," said one of the policemen. "Better go. He don't mean you any mischief, and he'll be hard on you if you don't."

The three men looked into one another's faces. They were suspicious, but they were helpless. Finally, the missionary inquired if he was going to have a policeman there.

"Not a policeman," said Nicholas emphatically. "I wouldn't have had one here, except for this damnable crowd of thieves and ruffians, that would have made mincemeat of me if I had undertaken to deal with you alone, for you know I can whip the whole of you."

"Minturn blood, boys," said the remote relative, by way of enlivening the solemnity of the occasion.

"All I've got to say, is, that if you don't promise me, these policemen will take charge of you at once," said Nicholas decidedly; "and that if you don't come after you have promised, I'll follow you until I get every one of you in the lock-up."

"Oh, we'll go, of course," said the missionary.

"And I'll go in my good shoes," said the rheumatic man, laughing.

"Count on us," said the distant relative.

"Will they keep their promise?" inquired Nicholas of the nearest policeman.

"Well, I reckon so. They're not bad fellows at heart, and they'll keep their word."

This little compliment went home, and each man rose and gave his hand in pledge of his sincerity.

"All right, I trust you," said Nicholas.

Then he turned and thanked the policemen for their service, and told Talking Tim that they would go. Tim lifted his basket, and, as they made their way through the curious assemblage, the pop-corn man cried his merchandise:

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, just salt enough. It strengthens the appetite, sweetens the breath, beautifies the bar-maid, restores consciousness after a stroke of Jersey lightning, steadies the nerves, makes home happy, quenches thirst, widens sidewalks, and reduces the police. Five cents a paper, gentlemen, and the supply limited by law. How many papers?—what the——?"

Talking Tim had gathered the whole crowd around him, including the three policemen, who seemed as much amused as the motley assembly that had immediately grown quiet and lamb-like under the influence of their presence. His sudden pause and exclamation were produced by seeing Nicholas dart out of the door, as swiftly and furiously as if he had been projected from a cannon. He did not pause to sell the article whose virtues he had so attractively set forth, but followed Nicholas as swiftly as he could pierce the crowd that interposed between him and the door. When he reached the sidewalk, there was nobody to be seen. He heard rapid footsteps in the distance, as if two men were running, and knew the attempt to follow them would be vain. So he stood still, calculating that Nicholas would return. The policemen came out to him, at their leisure, and questioned him in their lazy and indifferent way, about the "rum boy," and prophesied that he would get himself into difficulty. Then they moved off toward the station.

Talking Tim waited with great impatience and distress for ten minutes, when Nicholas came up slowly and alone, panting with the violent effort he had made, and showing by his smirched clothing that he had been upon the ground.

"You haven't had a fight?" said Tim.

"No," said Nicholas painfully, and out of breath. "I fell down."

"What have you been up to?"

"Wait. Let us go along quietly. Wait till I get my breath."

"You see," said Nicholas at length, "I happened to get a glimpse of an old acquaintance, while you were talking. He opened the door fairly upon me, and we knew each other at once. He was the man I saw twice in connection with the Ottercliff robbery, and he wasn't in any hurry for another interview, and I was; but he was too fast for me, and knew the sharp corners and lurking-places better than I did. I chased him to the water, and lost him among the wharves."

"Will you pardon me if I say that you are a very careless man?" inquired Tim with a respectful air, and in a tone that betrayed almost a fatherly interest.

"I suppose I ran some risk," Nicholas responded, "but I didn't stop to think."

"What are you going to do with these three fellows? I should think you had had enough of them."

"I don't know; but I have a little plan. I am going to think about it to-night."

When the oddly matched companions reached Broadway, they were not far from Talking Tim's home, and there Nicholas insisted on their parting for the night, but Tim would not hear of it. What new complications Nicholas might find himself in before reaching his apartments, was a matter of serious question with the pop-corn man. So when Nicholas took a seat in a passing omnibus, Tim followed him in, refusing to leave him until he saw him fairly to the steps of his home.

"You are careless," said Tim, as he bade Nicholas good-night, "but I like you. May I come to-morrow night and hear the rest of this story?"

"Yes, if you are interested. You certainly have earned the privilege, and I am a thousand times obliged to you besides."

"You'll not be troubled any more with dead-beats," said Tim. "They'll all know about this affair before to-morrow night."

And with this assurance they parted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE affairs of Tim Spencer, the pop-corn man, and his large family, were a frequent theme of conversation among the coterie that had its head-quarters in Miss Larkin's little

parlor. Nicholas had helped him to his money, in the way already recorded, and with this he had been enabled to change his tenement to a more salubrious location, where the health of his children was already improving. He had thus been measurably relieved of their care, and was again pushing his humble business with industry and moderate success.

But Tim was a hard man for persons of benevolent impulses and intentions to deal with. The sentiment of manhood and the love of independence were strong within him. Anything that had the flavor or suggestion of pauperism was so repulsive to him that he regarded it with almost a morbid hatred and contempt. He knew he was poor, and that he needed many things; but to anything that the hands of a sympathetic beneficence could bestow, he preferred the depressing hardship it would cost him and the self-respect of which it would rob him. Every attempt to help him had been repelled, and he was fighting his battle bravely alone.

This spirit of independence was one which, of course, his friends admired. Indeed, it was the principal agent in evoking their sympathy. He was the sort of man to be helped. If he had been a whining pauper, like thousands of others around them, they would have cared less for him, and been less desirous of assisting him. They would have found no fault with him but for his persistent determination to shut his children away from the mission-schools. They had once been there, and then, after a few months, he had withdrawn them. All the efforts of teachers and patrons had not availed to shake his determination that they should never resume the connection. He would give no reasons for his course, but he had made up his mind, and showed very plainly that the whole subject was distasteful to him.

All this had been talked over at what Glezen had facetiously called "The Larkin Bureau;" yet with Miss Coates, to whom the word "fail" was neither familiar nor agreeable, the determination to secure and do something with Tim Spencer's children remained unshaken. To use her own expressive phrase, she was "bound to get hold of them."

Half a dozen members of "The Bureau," including Nicholas and Glezen, were talking the matter over one evening, when Miss Coates reminded Glezen of the promise he had made at her dinner to accompany her

on one of her visits to the poor. "And now," she said, "I want you to go with me to see Tim Spencer, and to go this very evening. Miss Pelton will go with us, I am sure."

"Oh! no, no!" said Miss Pelton at once. "It would be such larks if I dared, but I'm sure my sister would never consent to it. Oh! I wouldn't go for the world. Such horrid places, you know, and such people!"

Miss Pelton was one of those nice, fashionable young ladies, who are fond of handling the poor with gloves and at arm's length. Benevolence was one of her amusements. She taught in the mission-school, because that was one of the things to do. It formed, too, a satisfactory sop to conscience previous to the feasts of frivolity with which the following days and nights of the week were made merry. When a member of the family is ill, it is customary to feed her or him first, that the dinner of the rest may be enjoyed. She fed her conscience first, that her pride, vanity and frivolity might dine at leisure.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Miss Larkin. "I think that if you wish to prosper in your errand, the fewer people you take with you, the better. Tim Spencer is sensitive. He does not like to be meddled with, and he does not like to have gentlefolk in his home. He is poor, and feels that he cannot meet you on even ground—that you can only look upon his humble home with a sense of the contrast that it presents to your own. It will mortify him to have you see his straitened rooms and their homely and scanty appointments. There is really nothing improper in your going alone with Mr. Glezen."

Miss Larkin said all this to Miss Coates, for she knew that Miss Pelton's presence would be an embarrassment, and was only sought for the sake of appearances.

All agreed that she was right, and as for Glezen, he was only too glad to go with Miss Coates anywhere. He had a liking, too, for any sort of adventure, and a sure reliance upon his own quick wits to win his way successfully through it.

"I am ready," said Glezen.

"And I," responded Miss Coates, rising to her feet.

"Come back and report to us," said Miss Larkin.

"Certainly."

Then Glezen and Miss Coates left the room, and were soon on the street. It was

a raw and chilly night. Little needles of falling snow defined themselves against the flickering street lamps, the eastern wind beat upon their faces, and they bent their heads to it and walked in silence. No line of public conveyance favored their route, and they arrived at their destination only after a walk and a battle with the elements which had sent the blood to their faces and the tears to their eyes.

"You know I'm nothing but a passenger, to-night," said Glezen to his companion, as they stamped their feet upon the door-steps. "You are to win a victory to-night and I'm to see you do it."

"Very well, show me the enemy," said Miss Coates.

They entered a hall which would have been utterly dark had it not been for a feeble lantern hung at the top of the first staircase. They mounted to the second story, meeting on the way a slatternly woman, with a basket, who stared at them until they had passed above her sight, in mounting the second flight of stairs. On the third floor, they came to a door that bore the printed card of "T. Spencer." It was evidently cut from a pop-corn paper, but it was the first sign of civilization they had discovered in the building.

Glezen boldly, and without the slightest hesitation, rapped.

There was a hurried conversation inside, a moving of chairs, a hustling of unsightly things into closets and corners, and then Tim himself opened the door. He showed plainly that the call was anything but a pleasant surprise. With all the nonchalance and impudence which he was accustomed to use in pushing his trade outside, he was abashed by the beautiful face and richly draped figure that Miss Coates presented. He grew pale at first, then he blushed, and then there came to his help his unbartered sense of manhood. He shook hands cordially with Glezen, and with Miss Coates, as she was presented to him. Turning, as self-respectfully as if he were a lord, he introduced the pair to Mrs. Spencer and a young daughter, who hovered at the uncertain age between girlhood and womanhood. Bringing chairs for them, he invited them to be seated.

Miss Coates had seen everything at a glance. The room was of fair dimensions, and as neat in appearance as it could be kept with the crowded life that made it its home. The mother was a pale woman, worn and weary-looking, and plainly dressed, with a

snowy white kerchief pinned around her throat. She held in her lap a baby, convalescent from a long illness, that fretted constantly, and seemed disturbed by the entrance of the visitors. The daughter was evidently overworked, but presented a good physique. The other children had gone to bed, with the exception of Bob, who has been already incidentally introduced to the reader, in a conversation in Glezen's office. He sat in the chimney-corner, with both feet upon the jamb, engaged in the congenial employment of chewing gum, and occasionally spitting through an orifice made in his upper jaw by the loss of a tooth—a loss (as he afterward explained to Miss Coates) that had been sustained in a "game scrimmage with a Mickey."

There was something about the air of Tim Spencer, in his house, and in the presence of his wife and daughter, that made it impossible for Glezen to address him by his familiar title.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "Miss Coates has a little business with you, I believe, and I am here simply as her protector."

"I suspect what the business is," said Tim. "I suspected it when I first set my eyes on her; and I am sorry she has come so far, on so unpleasant a night, to be disappointed."

Miss Coates laughed, in her own hearty way, and presented a very pretty picture as she turned toward him, with her ruddy face, merry eyes and dazzling teeth, and said:

"Shall we go away now?"

"I didn't mean that," said Tim.

Bob understood the business quite as readily as his father did, and, instead of facing the group, turned his back upon it, put his feet a little higher up upon the jamb, chewed the gum more furiously, and spat with greater frequency. He knew that he was to be the subject of the conversation, and so placed himself in a judicial attitude.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, "I have come for your children. I want them in my mission-school."

"They have been there once—not in yours, perhaps, but they have been there," said Tim.

"Now," said Glezen, "tell her frankly just what the trouble is. People who have been here, and who mean well toward you and yours, say you won't talk about it, and they think you are unreasonable."

"I'm not an unreasonable man," said Tim, "and I don't mean to be foolishly

proud. I certainly don't intend to hurt the feelings of those who have tried to do good to my children. The truth is I can't tell them how I feel without hurting them, and that is the reason why I have refused to talk. I am going to talk now, since you insist on it, and tell you the whole story. The truth is, they have done my children harm. They didn't mean it, of course, but they don't understand their business."

"What can you mean?" inquired Miss Coates eagerly.

"If I show some earnestness in this matter," said Tim Spencer, "you must forgive me, for you have told me to speak, and I have been so besought and badgered that I must tell you just how strongly I feel about it. I heard a good deal of good preaching in the early part of my life. If I am not a good man, I have myself to blame for it. Of late years I haven't been able to own a seat in any church, and I have stayed at home. I have a theory that a church ought to be the house of God, where men and women of all grades and all circumstances can meet on an even footing. None but the Catholics have such a church here, and I'm not a Catholic. So I and my children have no place to go to, and we have our choice between heathenism and pauperism, and I haven't hesitated to choose the former. A heathen may maintain his self-respect; a confirmed and willing pauper, never. Let a man, woman or child once get the impression that they are to be supported by people outside of their family—let them be once willing and greedy to grasp for benefactions that will relieve them from want and work—and they are lost."

"I don't see what that has to do with mission-schools," interjected Miss Coates.

"I'll tell you what it has to do with them," said Tim. "You bring my children first into direct association with paupers. More than half of your schools are made up of the children of people who care nothing whatever for the schools, except what they can get out of them. The children are taught at home to select for their teachers, as far as possible, those who are rich and generous. They even divide their children among different schools in order to secure their ends. They send them to school to get them clothed, and to open channels of sympathy and benevolence toward themselves. They take advantage of your interest to push their own selfish schemes. They even assume the attitude of those who grant a favor, and they expect to get some tangi-

ble return for it. They lend their children to you for a consideration."

"I am afraid this is partly true," Miss Coates responded.

"True? I know it's true," said Tim, "and you teachers play directly into their hands. You don't intend to do it, but you do it; and you do something worse than this. You foster the spirit of dependence. It is a part of the business of your church to support a mission, and it is the policy of your church to keep it dependent upon you. You do not even try to develop your mission into a self-supporting church. You find your children mainly paupers, and you keep them so, and once a year you march the whole brood over to your big church and show them—not as a part of the children of your church, but as a separate and alien brood, with which the real children of the church have nothing in common. You do not attempt to give them any practical idea of their responsibilities in connection with Christian work, and when they leave you they go without a single impulse to take care of themselves."

Miss Coates felt all this to be true. She had seen the class distinction between the supporting church and the dependent mission carried into every department of the enterprise. She had seen the teachers who had been developed in the mission socially snubbed, and knew that nothing was further from the thought and policy of the church than the development of the mission into a self-directing and self-supporting body of disciples. She knew that her church looked upon the mission as a sort of preserve, where her own young people could be trained in Christian service, and where the beneficiaries should be forever treated as paupers. In truth, her democratic instincts were bringing her rapidly into sympathy with Talking Tim.

"Here's Bob," Tim went on. "He caught the wretched pauper spirit in less than two weeks after he began to go to a mission-school. I found that he had straddled two Sunday-schools, and went to one in the morning and another in the afternoon, and when I asked him what he meant by it, he informed me that he was 'on the make,' and intended to get two sets of presents at Christmas time."

Glezen could not resist the temptation to laugh at this, while Bob himself condescended to smile, and change his gum to the other side of his mouth.

"I found," said Tim, "that the only inter-

est he had in either school was based upon the presents he could win, and that he and all his companions thought more of these than of anything else. I verily believe that he thought he was conferring a great favor upon the schools by attending them, and that his teachers owed him a debt, payable in candy or picture-books. I believe, too, that their treatment of him fostered this idea."

"But what can we do?" inquired Miss Coates in distress. "What can we do? Shall we let these poor children live in the streets, and play in the gutter, when, by a little self-denial, we can bring them together and teach them the truth, and train them to sing Christian songs? Children are children, and I don't know that poor children are any more fond of gifts than the children of the rich."

"I will tell you what you can do. Open your churches to them. Give them, for one day in the week, association with your own children. That would be a privilege that even their parents could comprehend, and it would do your children as much good as it would them to learn that, in the eye of the One who made them all, worldly circumstances are of little account, and that Christianity is a brotherly thing if it is anything at all. True Christianity never patronizes: it always fraternizes."

Poor Miss Coates was utterly silenced. She had come to plead with such eloquence as she possessed for the possession of this man's children, and she had received a lesson which had opened her eyes to the essential weakness of her position and her cause. Tim, in his poverty, had thought it all out, and she saw very plainly that there was another side to a question which she had supposed could have but one.

Tim saw that she was troubled, and in the kindest tone continued:

"I have felt compelled to justify myself to you, and now, as I am talking, I would like to say just another word. When Bob was going to the mission-schools, I used to try to find out what he was learning, and I assure you that I was surprised with the result. I give you my word that it had nothing whatever to do with Christianity. One would suppose that a body of Christian teachers, with five hundred or a thousand poor children in their hands every Sunday, would try to make Christians of them. Now, I can't understand what the history of the Jews has to do with a child's Christianity. We have Jews enough now. It isn't desir-

able to increase the sect. These children need to learn how to be good; and I can't comprehend how the fact that Jonah lay three days and three nights in a whale's belly is going to affect their characters or their purposes. Bob came very near putting one of the children's eyes out with a sling, with which he was trying to imitate or celebrate David's encounter with Goliath."

"Doesn't it strike you that you are a little severe?" said Miss Coates, biting her lips and smiling in spite of herself.

"Perhaps I am, and I won't say anything more," said Tim. "This daughter of mine, poor child, must be at home to help her mother. The other children, with the exception of Bob, are too young to go out in this rough season. If Bob is willing to go, I will make no objection. He can hardly be doing worse anywhere than he is doing at home, and I'll consent to another experiment."

"Well, Robert," said Miss Coates pleasantly, "it rests with you."

"Humph!" exclaimed Bob, with a shrug of the shoulders and an extra ejaculation of saliva. "'Robert' is good. That's regular Sunday-school."

"Very well—Bob," said Miss Coates sharply, "if you like that better."

"Yes, sir-ee, Bob," responded the lad.

"Will you go, Bob?"

"What'll you gimme?"

"Instruction, and kind treatment," replied Miss Coates.

"Oh, take me out! R-r-r-remove me!" said Bob, rolling his *r* with powerful skill.

"Don't you want instruction?"

"No, that's played out."

"You'll need it, my boy."

"I'm not your boy."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Miss Coates, turning to Tim with a helpless appeal.

"Bob," said his father, "answer this lady properly."

"Well," said Bob, "I axed her what she'd gimme, but she wont pony up anything but instruction, and that's a thing I can't eat and can't swap. I don't want no instruction. If I go, I can bring another feller, Larry Concannon an'me always goes pards."

"Who is Larry Concannon?" inquired Miss Coates.

"Oh, he's a little Mickey round the corner. Now, what'll ye gimme for two fellers, and I'll fetch 'em both—me and Larry?"

"Nothing," said Miss Coates decidedly.

"Bets are off," said the imperturbable Bob.

"And you wont go?"

"Nary once. It don't pay."

As the talk had been incessant, and somewhat earnest during the interview, the little patient in Mrs. Spencer's lap grew more and more fretful, and Miss Coates saw that the weary mother did not know what to do with it. All her soothing was of no avail, and, at last, the feeble little creature set up a dismal wail. Miss Coates looked at it, in its white night-dress, and, sympathetic with the mother's weariness, rose to her feet, threw off her fur wrapper, and approached the child with a smiling face and extended hands. The little one was conquered by the face and the offered help, and put up its emaciated hands in consent. The next moment it was in the young, strong arms, that bore it back and forth through the room. The child looked, with its large hollow eyes, into the beautiful face that bent above it, for a long time; then gradually its tired eyelids fell, and it was asleep. A door was opened by the mother into an adjoining apartment, and into it Miss Coates bore her burden, and deposited it in its nest. For a few minutes the two women stopped and whispered together.

Meantime Bob had been watching the whole operation over his shoulder. The first effect upon him was an increased activity of his jaws, and the more frequent outward evidence of the secretion of his salivary glands. Then he began to mutter a great number of oaths. He did not intend them for anybody's ear, but he was engaged in an inward struggle with a foe that seemed to demand rough treatment. To betray Bob utterly, they were benedictions in the form of curses. The "God bless you" of his heart, took a very strange form upon his lips. He was fighting his tears. The beautiful woman, with his own little sister in her arms, borne backward and forward in grace and strength and sympathy, the relief that came to his mother's patient face, the stillness, all moved him, and putting his rough coat-sleeve to his eyes, he began to shake convulsively.

Glezen saw it, and was glad. He had all along fancied that the boy had something good in him, although he saw that he was rough and irreverent. He could have taken him to his heart as Miss Coates had taken his sister, for sympathy in his emotion; for he had not been unmoved, himself, by this little "aside" in the drama of the evening.

When Miss Coates re-appeared, Bob had succeeded in swallowing not only his emo-

tion but his gum. Then in an indifferent, swaggering tone—carefully indifferent—he said:

"I don't care if I go to your old Sunday-school, if you want me to. I reckon you mean to be fair. Larry and me'll come, I guess."

It was quite easy for all the auditors to give smiling glances at each other, for Bob sat with his back to the group, and was steadily looking into the chimney.

"All right!" said Miss Coates, "and now I'll go. At nine o'clock, remember."

"Well, I don't know whether I'll be there on time or not," said Bob. "You'll have trouble with me. You'll find out that I'm no sardine."

All laughed at this; but Bob was sure that he was a hard boy to manage, and took appropriate pride in his character.

"You'll see," he said.

And with this suggestive warning in her ears, Miss Coates, with her escort, bade the family "good evening," and departed to rejoin, and report to, her friends.

CHAPTER XV.

BOB SPENCER had made a concession, but it went no further than the consent to join the class of Miss Coates. He had his character as a bad boy to maintain, and he confidently calculated that she would get enough of him in a single Sunday, to be willing to release him from his promise. He held all mild and conciliatory modes of treatment in contempt. The "regular Sunday-school" regimen was but warm milk and water to Bob. He regarded it as a sort of trick, or policy, and steeled himself against it. If he had not seen that the impulse of Miss Coates, in relieving his mother, was hearty and sincere, and had not the slightest reference to himself, it would not have affected him.

Larry Concannon, the little "Mickey" who stood in the relation of "pard" to Bob, resembled him in no particular. Larry was a slender lad, whom Bob had taken under his wing for protection. If Larry was insulted or overborne, Bob did the fighting. The two boys were inseparable on the street—a fact that was agreeable to Bob in many ways. It gave him two chances for a fight, when most bullies enjoyed but one. The imaginary chip which his companions bore upon their shoulders as a challenge, was, in this case, multiplied by two. Larry bore one of them, and he the other, and in de-

fending both, he had a lively and interesting time. Larry, too, was a profound admirer of Bob, so that the latter always had at hand an appreciative witness and a responsive auditor. Larry laughed at all Bob's jokes, echoed his slang, praised his prowess, and made him his boast among the other boys. In short, he was Bob's most affectionate slave—a trusting and willing follower into all his schemes of mischief, and a loyal servant to his will in all things.

Bob took occasion, on the next morning after the call of Miss Coates, to inform Larry of the engagement he had made for himself and on his friend's behalf; and he bade him be ready at the appointed day and hour.

"Put on your best rig, Larry," said Bob. "You and me's going to be little lambs, we is."

Larry laughed, as in duty bound, at this fancy.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Larry confidentially.

"I am going to make the teacher cry," Bob replied. "And I'm going to catch her tears in my hat, and peddle 'em at ten cents a quart."

Larry went into convulsions of laughter, while Bob put on the sober airs of one who did not think very much either of his wit or power of mischief.

"Perhaps you'll be took up," suggested Larry.

"Oh, pard! you don't know nothing. That aint the Sunday-school style," said Bob. "We's lambs, we is. They'll put a blue ribbon round our necks, and hang a bell to it, and call us pretty names, and feed us with sugar-plums. That's the way they do. The worse you treat 'em, the more they love ye. I've tried 'em. Ye can't tell me."

Larry had some doubts about the experiment, and expressed them, but Bob said:

"You needn't do nothin'. You jest keep your eye open, and see me do it. I'd like to see the man that would lay his hand on me! Do you twig that?"

Before Larry could dodge, or guess what Bob was doing, he realized that his forelock was in Bob's fingers, and Bob's thumb-nail was pressed gently in above his left eye.

"Oh, don't!"

"That's what the fellow 'll say that lays his finger on this lamb," said Bob, decidedly.

And Larry implicitly believed it.

A preparation for the expected encounter was, meantime, going on in the mind of the spirited lady who was to be his teacher. She

had no doubt that he would try her patience, and she knew that, under insult and provocation, she had but little of that virtue. She determined, therefore, that on that particular Sunday morning she would lay in an extra stock of it. She had seen that there was a tender spot in Bob. She had touched his heart, and she believed that he liked her. So she determined that she would conquer him by kindness, and that no provocation, however gross, should betray her into anger. When the Sunday morning came, Bob and Larry were sharply on time, and, meeting Miss Coates at the door of the mission, accompanied her to her seat. In accordance with an old custom of the leading "lamb" of the pair, he secured a seat at the head of the form, for greater convenience in the transaction of the mischief he had proposed to himself; and he began his work by thrusting out his foot and tripping up the muffled little figures that went by him. Several children fell their full length upon the floor, and went on up the hall, crying, with bumped heads. Finding that nothing but gentle reprimands were called forth by these operations, he extended his field by pulling convenient hair; and when the recitation of the lesson began, he gave all sorts of wild answers to the most serious questions. In short, the class was in a hubbub of complaint or laughter from the beginning of the hour to the end.

Miss Coates had need of all the patience she had determined to exercise, and when she found that she could do nothing with the boy, or with her class, she called Bob to her side, put her arm around him, and gave him a long and quiet talk. She was quick enough to see that he was making fun of it all, by sundry winks thrown over his shoulder at Larry, who was not too much scared to respond with a confident grin. Bob was ready to promise anything, and became so quiet at last that she hoped she had made an impression.

When the school was dismissed, Miss Coates bade Bob and Larry "good morning," and told them they must be sure to be in their seats on the following Sunday. The promise was readily given, as Bob had not yet made her cry. The passage to the door was accompanied by various squeals and complaints; and a great many more children fell down than usual.

After Miss Coates had gone half of her way home, a snow-ball whizzed by her ear. On looking quickly around, she saw the two boys following her at a distance, and

knew from whose hand the missile had proceeded. She could not believe, however, that the little rascal was using her for a target; but the next ball struck her fairly between her shoulders. She could do nothing, and no one was near to act as her defender. She quickened her pace, and her persecutor and his companion quickened theirs. There was no getting away from them. The snow-balls increased in frequency. Sometimes they hit her, and sometimes they went by her. She saw ladies behind the windows watching and commenting upon the strange and disgraceful scene, yet not a man appeared to turn back her merciless pursuers. Her patience at last gave way. She was filled with shame and rage; and she had just reached and mounted the steps of her home, when a final shot hit her head and hurt her cruelly.

On the landing, at the top of the flight, she turned and said in a kind voice:

"Come Bob, come in. I want to give you something."

Bob turned to Larry and said: "We's lambs, we is. I'm agoin' in. Say" (addressing Miss Coates), "can Larry come in?"

"No, I haven't anything for him."

"I'll give ye a taste of it," said Bob, by way of consolation to his "pard." "You stay out, and knock around, and I'll be out afore long."

Bob was well used to this kind of thing, and went in as unsuspectingly as if he had been really the "lamb" that he called himself. He mounted the steps at leisure, looking up sweetly into the face of his teacher, and followed her into the hall.

"Take off your cap," said Miss Coates, "and walk into the parlor. You'll see a great many pretty things there."

Bob accepted the invitation, and took an observation. Meantime, Miss Coates slipped off her overshoes, removed her damaged hat, her bespattered furs and her gloves, and went into the parlor and warmed her hands. She found Bob examining the pictures.

"Scrum house!" said Bob.

"Do you think so?" responded Miss Coates.

"Yes, I don't think I ever see one so scrum as this," said Bob in a patronizing tone.

Then he planted himself before a picture in the attitude of an admiring connoisseur, with his two hands behind him, holding his cap. He had just opened his mouth to make some appreciative or complimentary remark, when he suddenly found that he

had been approached from the rear, and that a supple but inflexible hand had him by the hair.

Bob made no outcry. He didn't even wink. He knew, however, that he was undergoing a new kind of Sunday-school treatment, and suddenly prepared himself for the worst. He could not stir to the right or left. He could not make a motion which did not add a new spasm to his agony.

The next sensation was a box upon the cheek and ear that gave him a vision of a whole galaxy of stars. Then the other cheek and ear were treated to a complementary blow. He stood like a post, and ground his teeth in pain. He would have scorned the weakness of crying; and not a tear was permitted to fall. The blows came thicker and faster, until he hardly knew who he was, or where he was. His brain was stunned, his ears and cheeks tingled and burned, but he would not have cried for quarter if she had half killed him.

When her hands were tired, Miss Coates led her prisoner to the door, and said;

"Bob, I don't want Larry to see that I have flogged you, and if you will go peaceably out of the door, I'll take my hand from you."

"All right! I'll go," said Bob, between his teeth,—and he went without pausing a moment.

Miss Coates closed the door after him, and then, with trembling limbs, went directly to her room. She had strength to wash her hands, and then she locked her door, threw herself into an easy-chair, and burst into an uncontrollable and almost hysterical fit of crying. Her kindness had been trampled upon, her scheme was a failure, she had been maltreated and insulted, and, worst of all, she had been tempted to take vengeance into her own hands, and had lost the boys whom she had hoped to mend and to help.

Bob found the street in rather a dizzy condition. Larry was waiting a few rods away, and, eagerly expectant, came up to him.

"Say, Larry, are my cheeks red?" said Bob.

"Red aint no name fer't," said Larry.

"It was awful hot in there," remarked Bob, as they quietly resumed the backward track.

"Well, I never see hotness make such marks as them," said Larry.

"I didn't mean to tell ye, Larry, 'cause I'm ashamed to be kissed by women. Don't you never blow, now. Such huggin' and

kissin' you never see in your life. That biz. and the fire jest about finished me up."

Larry had been waiting very impatiently to hear something about the material benefits of the call, and to receive his promised share; and as Bob appeared to forget this most important matter, he said:

"What did she give you?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"You said you'd give me some of it."

"Oh, Larry, you wouldn't like it. It wasn't anything to eat. I can't cut up a gold breast-pin, ye know, with a big diamond into it. Now, you jest shut up on that."

Poor Larry was disappointed, but he saw that Bob was not in a mood for talk, and so withheld further questions.

But a great tumult was raging in Bob's breast. The reaction had set in, and he found that he could contain himself but little longer. Coming to a narrow lane that led to a stable, he said:

"Larry, let's go in here. I'm kind o' sick."

A bare curb-stone presented itself as a convenient seat, and the two boys sat down, Bob burying his face in his mittens. Larry did not understand the matter, but he watched Bob curiously, and saw him begin to shake, and convulsively try to swallow something. Then the flood-gates gave way, and Bob cried as if his heart was broken.

"Say, Bob! what's the matter?" said Larry, in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh, I don't know," Bob responded, with a new burst of grief, and with suspirations quite as powerful as those with which his teacher was exercised at the same moment.

"Come, you shall tell, Bob," Larry persisted.

"She got the bu—bu—bulge on me!" exclaimed Bob, sobbing heavily—by which he intended to indicate that she had had the advantage of him in a struggle.

"And what did she do?" inquired Larry.

"She pu—pu—put a French roof on me, and a—a—a cupola—and a—a—a liberty pole, and a—gold ball!"

And then Bob bawled in good earnest. It was all out now, and he was at liberty to cry until nature was satisfied. He was utterly humiliated and conquered, and, worse than all, his prestige with Larry was destroyed, or he felt it to be so.

When his overwhelming passion had in a degree subsided, Larry said:

"I think she was real mean. I never would go near her old school again."

"Now, you dry up," said Bob, and then he began to laugh.

It seemed as if the tears that the little reprobate had shed had absorbed all the vicious humors of his brain, and left him purged and sweet.

"I shall go again, and you'll go with me, Larry," said Bob. "She's a bully teacher. I tell you. She's the bulliest teacher I ever see."

"I don't care," Larry persisted, "I think she was real mean to sock it to ye that way."

"You must be a fool," Bob responded. "She couldn't have did it any other way. Don't you see? She had to dip into the fur to do it. She owed me a lickin', you know. Oh! wa'n't them side-winders!" and Bob subsided into a period of delighted contemplation upon the punishment he had received, as if it had been bestowed upon an enemy.

Larry could not understand it, and wisely held his tongue. By the time Bob reached home, the marks upon his face had become toned down to the appearance of a healthy response to the influences of the keen morning air; but there was a streaky appearance upon his cheeks which aroused the suspicions of his parents, though they instituted no uncomfortable inquiries.

But the influence of the Sunday-school was evident in his subsequent conduct that day. Such a filially obedient and brotherly little chap as he was during that blessed Sunday afternoon was not to be found in all New York. He was helpful about the fuel, helpful in amusing the baby, and sweet-tempered about everything. He tried over his Sunday-school songs, and his peaceful happiness fairly welled up within him, and overflowed upon the family group. Talking Tim looked on in wonder. Such a sudden transformation he had never witnessed, but he knew the boy too well to utter the surprise which he felt.

All the following day, Miss Coates remained at home, dreading a call from the enraged and outraged parent; but the day passed away, and the ring at her door-bell which was to sound the knell of her peace, was not heard.

At about eight o'clock in the evening, however, there came a sudden jerk of the bell. The servant went to the door, and received from the hand of a boy who was very much muffled up, a package for Miss Coates, which was no sooner delivered than its bearer ran down the steps and disappeared.

Miss Coates, on opening the package, found it to be a little nosegay, with a note attached to it. She opened the note and read:—

"DEAR MISS KOTES: Larry and me is komen agin, with a lot ov fellers. Dad thinks you have

wunderfull influence on yure skollers. This bokay cost five cents. So no more at present from yure affeckshant skoller
BOB SPENCER."

Miss Coates's bread, which she had sown so vigorously upon the waters, had thus returned to her within thirty-six hours.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT GREECE AND GREEK MUSEUMS.

It is very hard for one to correct the wrong impression of the size of Greece which, in spite of knowledge to the contrary, one is sure to get from a study of classical atlases. How can a boy remember that Greece is a very little place when he studies a map of the Peloponnesus as big as that in school geographies given to the United States. In spite of himself he will soon come to imagine Thessaly about the size of Maine, Boeotia about the size of Connecticut, and Greece itself nearly as large as all the Middle States taken together. One obtains some idea of the nearness to one another of the world-famous places of this little land, when told that a traveler may stand on the Acropolis of Corinth and on a murky day may look eastward and see the Acropolis of Athens, northward beyond Thebes, may descry on the south the Arcadian summits and the approaches of Sparta, and in the west innumerable Ætolian peaks. This is one of those facts from which the imagination cannot well escape. A notion of the littleness of the country almost as clear is given us by the latest writer on Greece, Mr. Mahaffy, when he tells us that his vessel sighted the south-western extremity of Greece at three in the morning, and that the ship making about eight miles an hour, had reached the harbor of Athens by eleven at night. Mr. Mahaffy has made a visit to Greece very lately,—a journey which his profound knowledge of the history and the literature of the land made him competent to render profitable to himself and to others.

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THE MARATHONIAN THESEUS (ATHENS).

He is the author of the admirable book published a year or two ago upon the social life of the ancient Greeks. His "Rambles

and *Studies in Greece*," just published by Macmillan & Co., records his recent journey. It is from this work that we have taken the engravings which accompany this article. Any one having the prevalent vague notions of the geography of even the most important countries will, on looking at the map, be surprised to see how close the heel of Italy lies to Greece, and will be likely to think that the two countries are not nearly so far apart as he had supposed. The truth is, however, that Italy and Greece are much more widely separated than they appear to be on the map. This is so, because the centers of Italian civilization are upon the west of Italy, while the centers of Greek civilization are upon the east of Greece. The two countries lie, as it were, with their backs to each other. The face of Italy looks toward France and Spain; the face of Greece looks toward Egypt and Asia Minor. Every great city of Italy, except Venice, approaches the west—Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome and Naples. All the great cities of Greece are upon the east—Athens, Thebes, Sparta, Corinth and Argos. The coasts of Italy and Greece which look so near to each other are really out-of-the-way parts of the countries they belong to. As Greece looked eastward in old days, so it continues to do now. This is because the Greece of modern days has been so long under the rule of the Turks. It was once really part of a great Asiatic empire, in which all the communications moved eastward. In expelling the Turks, the Greeks have not been able to rid themselves of the effects of so many years of Turkish control.

It thus happens that if one wants to go from the real Italy to the real Greece, the nearest way is to take a ship at Naples and to sail round Italy and round Greece. This was what Mr. Mahaffy did. He tells us that for many hours after his vessel had lost sight of the Calabrian shores, and even of the snowysummit of *Ætna*, he sailed through an open sea with no land in sight. Told that the coasts of Greece would be visible by day-break, he started up at half-past three in the morning to get the first glimpse of the land. "It was a soft gray morning," he writes, "the sky was covered with light broken clouds and the deck was wet with a passing shower, of which the last drops were still flying in the air; and before us, some ten miles away, the coasts and promontories of the Peloponnesus were reaching southward and into the quiet sea." The long

ridges, in spite of their snow-clad peaks, did not appear lofty, and their rough outline did not look inharmonious. The color, save here and there a patch of snow, as on the ridge of *Taygetus*, was a deep purple. The traveler, who is an Irishman, was much struck by the strange likeness of the coast to the western and south-western shores of Ireland. He was not yet near enough to recognize the three headlands, which, as *Strabo* observes, give to the Peloponnesus the form of a plane leaf, but he could see the rocky and mountainous character of the country which caused that geographer to call the famous peninsula the *Acropolis of Greece*. The traveler likewise remembered the words of *Herodotus*, wherein he speaks of the soil as a "rugged nurse of liberty."

The vessel soon approached the promontory of *Tainaron*, and stood off the coast of *Maina*,—the home of those *Mainote* robbers, pirates and lovers whom *Byron* has made famous. (The reader of a book of travels in Greece, by the way, can not do better than to reread along with it "*Childe Harold*" and the "*Giaour*.") These *Mainotes* are now considered to be the purest in blood of all the Greeks. Their language is no nearer the old Greek than that of their neighbors, but they are the most beautiful in person, and the most independent in spirit of all the inhabitants of the Peloponnesus. Mr. Mahaffy records a very interesting incident which fell under his eye, as the ship neared the classic headland of *Tainaron*. It was near this very shore that *Arion* cast himself into the sea at the command of the sailor-robbers. Many music-loving dolphins, the story goes, had gathered about the prow upon which he sang his last song, and one of these carried him upon his back to shore. Just as Mr. Mahaffy's vessel approached *Tainaron*, the dolphins rose in the calm summer sea and came playing round the ship. They kept in with the course of the vessel, showing their quaint forms above the water, as if to convoy the voyagers into the seas and islands of real Greece. Strangely enough, in all the journeys which Mr. Mahaffy afterward took in Greek waters, he never saw dolphins again. The explanation probably is that the old legend was founded upon the liking of the dolphins for that coast, and that they still show the same preference. The dolphins were hardly left before the gulf of *Sparta* was open to the view, and the traveler saw before him the features of "hollow *Lacedæ-*

mon" and could take in the outlines of that bay through which so many Spartans had held their course in the great days of their country. The site of Sparta, fifteen miles inland, was marked by the jagged top of Mount Taygetus, even then (in June) cov-

"Ah, the Turks, the Turks! When I think how these miscreants have ruined our beautiful country! How could a land thrive or prosper under such odious tyranny?"

The traveler ventured to suggest that the Turks had now been gone five and forty



THE PARTHENON—WEST FRONT.

ered with snow. There, too, upon its slopes were the very forests through which the young Spartans and their Laconian hounds used all day to hunt. The coast was quite deserted; the "wet ways," once covered with the "ants of the sea," as a Greek comic poet has called boats, now hardly showed a solitary craft. Turning to a Turkish gentleman standing beside him on the deck of the vessel, the traveler said:

"Is it not a great pity to see this fair coast so desolate?"

"A great pity indeed," he said; "but what can you expect from these Greeks? They are all pirates and robbers; they are all liars and knaves. Had the Turks been allowed to hold possession of the country, they would have improved it and developed its resources; but since the Greeks became independent, everything has gone to ruin. Roads are broken up, communications abandoned; the people emigrate and disappear—in fact nothing prospers."

The same question being presently put to a Greek standing near, the answer was:

years, and that it was high time to see some fruits of recovered liberty among the Greeks.

No, it was impossible; the Turks had left the country in such a condition that centuries would be needed to redeem it.

But, indeed, the greatest of all the sorrows of the land neither the Turks nor the modern Greeks are responsible for; this is the utter depopulation of Greece. It was a calamity which came upon Greece almost suddenly, immediately following the loss of her independence, and which has as yet been only in part explained. Of the very Laconian coast along which Mr. Mahaffy's vessel passed, Strabo, writing about the time of Christ, said that "of old, Lacedæmon had numbered one hundred cities; in his day there were but ten remaining."

Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenæ were, of course, made after Mr. Mahaffy's visit. As Schliemann has turned over the results of his investigations to the museums at Athens, we look with interest to see what Mr. Mahaffy has to say about the Athenian museums. His verdict is, upon the whole,

favorable. The first view of them is disappointing in the extreme. The traveler comes to them after having left the perfect museums of Italy.

In those elegant galleries, the visitor is



STELE OF ARISTION.

provided with full descriptive catalogues; probable or possible names are given to all statues, and missing noses, arms, and feet are restored. The Greek museums are very unlike this. The fragments are not arranged; many of the mutilated statues are lying prostrate, and are in no way restored. There is an attempted catalogue of the museums, as they were in 1874, by Heydemann, in

German. This catalogue was useless in the following year. In many cases Heydemann was obliged, like the editor of Murray's "Hand-book," to describe the fragments by their position in the building in which they were placed. Even this is of no avail, as the buildings are often changed, and the position of the antiquities altered. Nevertheless, Mr. Mahaffy adds that every patient observer who examines with honest care the works, or fragments of works, which the Athenian museums offer; who will replace in fancy the tips of the noses, and stoop over recumbent statues and guess at the context of broken limbs, will agree that all the splendidly restored Greek work in Italian galleries is not worth a tithe of what may be seen at Athens. There are, indeed, not more than eight or ten statues which look as if they could be restored to the perfection of the "Mars" or the "Apoxymenos" in the Vatican. But it is easy to see that some dozen figures—each of which is worth a thousand inferior works—can be saved from oblivion without taking any improper liberties with them. Mr. Mahaffy found that, notwithstanding all the drawbacks of the Athenian museums, it was far better that the statues should be seen there than elsewhere. The general judgment with regard to Lord Elgin's removal of the marbles to England has been that, though the manner of taking away these precious fragments was most careless and profane, the taking of them to a country where they are out of the way of war and domestic strife was a substantial benefit to art and civilization. Mr. Mahaffy said that this was his opinion until his visit to the British Museum after returning from Greece. Though he found the marbles treated with every care, shown to the best advantage, and explained by excellent descriptions, he found these wonderful fragments suffered so greatly by being separated from their temple, their country, and their lovely atmosphere, that he wished they had never been moved from their station on the Acropolis, even at the risk of being made a target by Turks and Greeks. Moreover, he was convinced that the few who would have seen them as intelligent travelers on the Acropolis would have more than gained in quality the advantage now diffused among the thousands who see them in the British Museum. The ornament is severed from its surface; the decoration of the temple is seen apart from the temple itself. Such a wrench in the associations of the objects weakens—very nearly destroys—

their effect upon the untrained beholder. Something like this is felt by visitors to the Museum who have not, like Mr. Mahaffy, the advantage of comparing the sculptures there exhibited with those to be seen on the Acropolis. Hawthorne evidently considered the remains a bore and a humbug. The writer of this paper, when on a visit to the British Museum, felt so painfully the want of any real sympathy with these famous fragments that he could only laugh when he saw an irreverent youth of his own party mount one of the empty pedestals, stand upon a single leg, make a stump of one arm, and brandish his umbrella among the warring torsos with the other.

Lord Elgin has of late years been thought an unjustly abused man; but he does not appear, from some accounts, to have got more abuse than he deserved. After he had obtained his firman from the sultan permitting him to take down and remove the sculptures, he appears not to have paid the least personal attention to the work, but to have left it in the hands of paid contractors. The traveler Dodwell was present at the time the work was done, and he says that, little as Greeks or Turks cared for the ruins, such a sense of the wickedness of the desecration was felt throughout Athens that the contractors were obliged to bribe workmen with additional wages to get them to do the work. Dodwell does not even mention Lord Elgin by name, but speaks of him as the "person" who defaced the Parthenon. This traveler beheld with especial disgust their method of proceeding when taking up one of the great white marble blocks which form the floor of the temple. They wanted to see what was underneath, and Dodwell, who was there, saw the foundation—one of Piræic sandstone. But when the inspection was finished, they left the block where it was, making no attempt at all to put it back into its place.

One misfortune which was not due to Lord Elgin's carelessness befell the marbles on their way to England. Two of the ships foundered off Cape Malea, which thus, even so late as 1815, re-asserted its classical fame for bad weather. There the marbles lie in ninety feet of water, and the ships are now said by the Greeks to have been discovered by fishermen off the coast. If it is possible, of course they should be recovered. The most perfect sculptures the world has produced ought not to be given up for lost while there is a chance to save them. But should they be recovered, to whom do they

belong? The Greeks have not the money to raise them, and no other nation would be disposed to perform the work for fear that Greece would claim the marbles as soon as they were high and dry. So that there does not seem to be much likelihood that any effort will be made to redeem them. All this, of course, is on the supposition that they can be redeemed. But of this, unfortunately, there is still much doubt.

It has even been feared that Greece will some day demand back from England the marbles now in the British Museum. Should there ever be such a state of society in that land as to insure their protection, it would probably be the wish of the world to see them back in Athens. But now that they have once been brought away, they ought to be kept in London until the Acropolis is in less danger from the bombshells of attacking forces, and until the Athenian museums are in better condition. Of the care taken by the Athenians of the remains still exposed, Mr. Mahaffy furnishes from his own observation some interesting examples. He saw tombs used as targets by the neighborhood, and peppered with shot and bullets. From the Acropolis he saw one young gentleman shooting with a pistol at a piece of old carved marble work in the theater of Dionysus. His object seemed to be to chip off a piece at every shot. Fortunately, Mr. Mahaffy, standing on the Acropolis, had the advantage of him in position, and recollecting the tactics of Apollo at Delphi, was able to put him to flight by detaching stones from the top of the precipice and rolling them down upon him.

Mr. Mahaffy's comments upon the art treasures of Greece are very able and very fresh. Among the most interesting parts of his book we may mention particularly the remarks upon the tombs, upon the archaic remains in the museums and upon the coloring of statues and buildings. The beautiful tomb in the Cerameicus, of which we present an engraving, exhibits as no criticism can the feeling of the old Greeks with regard to death. The sadness with which the Greek looked upon death was gentle and decorous, but it was profound. Both to the Homeric Greeks and the Greeks of the time of Pericles, the life to come was never anything more than a shadowy echo of the life upon earth. It is true that we find in Pindar thoughts of a brighter kind. But the poems of Pindar soon ceased to be popular, and his hope is but a single gleam amid the gloom of the

time. *Æschylus* regards the life led in the kingdom of the dead as a feeble and miserable state, in which honor can only be obtained through the remembrance of relations yet living upon the earth. *Sophocles* held that death was the worst of ills for the happy and only a sorry refuge for the miserable. *Euripides* hoped that there would be no future state. It is plain from their literature that the Greeks must have looked upon the death of their friends with unmixed sorrow. They made no display of fine inscriptions; the commonest epitaph was a simple *χαῖρε* or farewell. But they expressed themselves rather in sculptures and reliefs like that which we have here. These are parting scenes, in which are simply expressed the sorrow of the survivors and the simple grief of the sufferer. There is no violence,—no covering with sack-cloth and ashes; we have only a chastened and modest expression of profound grief. The idea they express is general rather than special. The traveler says of these tombs,—“I feel no curiosity to inquire who these people are—what are their names—even what was the relationship of the deceased. For I am perfectly satisfied with the ideal portrait of the grief of parting.” *Thucydides* in his day said that the tombs are to be found in the fairest suburb of the city. The historian has described with care the ceremonies held in this place, and has put into the mouth of *Pericles* perhaps the noblest funeral oration ever produced. It was with this oration in mind that Mr. Mahaffy passed westward to the spot through the meanest and most miserable portion of modern Athens. The place itself he found next to the railway station. The tombs lie, as most old ruins do, far below the present level of the ground, and have to be exhumed by digging. When they are dug open they are covered with a rude door, which is placed there to protect the sculptured faces. They were lying about without order close to the spots in which they have been found.

In his comments upon the statues in the museums, Mr. Mahaffy makes a curious and amusing distinction between the archaic and the archaistic. Such works as the “*Marathonian Theseus*” and the “*Stele of Aristion*” belong to the period before *Pericles*. In the age following *Pericles* there arose a school who preferred the archaic stiffness of these ancient forms to the noble maturity of *Pericles*. These artists have been called the *Preraphaelites* of their day. They imitated so closely the

old works that it is often impossible to detect the reality from the counterfeit. The *Theseus*, however, is certainly archaic. It will be seen that it is a male figure with conventional hair and a very conventional beard. With the exception of the loss of its legs, it seems to be in very good condition. The eyes are now hollow, but were once evidently filled with something different from the marble of which the statue is made. The figure is carrying upon its shoulders a bull, which it holds by the four legs. The work is stiff and without expression. In the era of art to which it belonged there was as yet no knowledge or conception of a group. As the man could not be represented with the bull except by making the man carry the bull, the artist has made the bull full-grown in type but has reduced his size to that of a calf. He has not attempted to express the least hostility between them. The “*Stele of Aristion*” is evidently of the same time and style of art.

The book gives a portion of a procession of figures carrying vessels from the frieze of the cella of the *Parthenon*. It is from the north side. This procession went round all four sides of the *Parthenon*. Over the western end or rear the preparations of the procession are being made. It then divides into two, goes along the north and south sides, and the two divisions meet again on the east front. The procession on the south side consisted mainly of groups of cantering and curvetting horses, men in the act of mounting and striving to curb the rearing horses. It is from this side that the greater number of the pieces carried away by Lord Elgin appear to have been taken. The procession on the north wall is made of figures on foot, carrying vessels, leading victims, and playing pipes. These slabs, the best of which are preserved at Athens, are, perhaps, more beautiful than those representing the equestrian procession, and have the peculiar stamp which makes the age of *Pericles* the most perfect in the annals of Greek sculpture.

Mr. Mahaffy's acquaintance with the Greek climate and landscape makes the very interesting views which he expresses upon the coloring of statues especially valuable. All through Southern Europe, and particularly in Greece, there is an amount of bright color which prevents any artificial coloring of buildings from being too vivid. Where the air and landscape are bright, we usually find the inhabitants making their dress and

houses bright. Thus, in Italy, they paint their houses yellow and pink. The dress of the people is bright; a festival in Sicily or Greece fills the streets with intense coloring. We know that though the pattern of Greek dress has greatly changed, its color has always been brilliant. We must therefore think of an old Greek crowd as a very white crowd, with patches of scarlet and blue. It is likely that the Greeks felt that a richly colored temple, that pillars of blue and red, that gilt friezes against a white marble background, would be agreeable accompaniment for the Athenian crowd, and the native air, and sun, and landscape.

The present color of the Greek remains

sider the notion as barbaric and ridiculous. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the Greeks were the most perfect judges of beauty that the world has yet seen, and that they, above all people, abhorred anything tawdry or extravagant in art. There must then have been good reasons for their preference. One of these Mr. Mahaffy finds in the bright natural coloring of the country. But it is also true that the experience of the Greeks in ruder times had prepared them for the custom. The painting of statues and the use of gold and ivory were derived from an age when all statues were carved in wood. To a public accustomed to such richly colored and



TEMPLE AT CORINTH.

is not at all that which the Greeks gave them. It is the coloring of time. Our eyes have become so used to it, and it is itself so fine, lighting up as it does with such extraordinary richness under the southern sun, that we are shocked on being told that the original color was pure white. It is still more of a shock to be told that great sculptors, with Parian marble at hand, preferred to set up images in gold and ivory, or, still worse, with parts of gold and ivory, and that they thought it right to fill out the eyes with precious stones, and to put gilt wreaths on the colored hair.

With our sentiments and experience of the subject, we are inclined at once to con-

sider the notion as barbaric and ridiculous. But it must be remembered, on the other hand, that the Greeks were the most perfect judges of beauty that the world has yet seen, and that they, above all people, abhorred anything tawdry or extravagant in art. There must then have been good reasons for their preference. One of these Mr. Mahaffy finds in the bright natural coloring of the country. But it is also true that the experience of the Greeks in ruder times had prepared them for the custom. The painting of statues and the use of gold and ivory were derived from an age when all statues were carved in wood. To a public accustomed to such richly colored and

A remarkable modern example is the monument of the young Indian prince set up recently in Florence. This prince died some five years ago on his voyage homeward after a visit to this country. They have set up to him a richly colored and

beautiful. Mr. Mahaffy does not go the length of advising the use of color by northern sculptors, but he believes the Greeks to have been right in this as in other matters pertaining to art.

The many savage comments which Mr.

Mahaffy has to make upon the little care taken by the Greeks of their antiquities, upon the disorder and confusion of their political life, and upon other untoward conditions of Greek society, make more trustworthy his very emphatic testimony as to the generally hopeful state of the country. He says that through the wildest parts of Greece there is a higher state of education and of general intelligence than in many parts of the great kingdoms of Western Europe. He hints by the way, that the Greek subjects of the Porte are vastly more worthy of sympathy and aid than the Servians and Bulgarians. "What," he asks, "have the southern Slavs of Europe to show in comparison with the Greeks? Greece has made the trade of Smyrna and of Alexandria, of Syria, and of Patras. Athens has a fine university, many schools, archaeological and classical, periodicals, etc. She has great and just claims upon the world." But the writer also holds that the country is in no condition to support a constitutional monarchy. He would have an intelligent despotism in Greece. Mr. Mahaffy makes one suggestion as to what ought to have taken place sixty years ago, which sets one castle-building. Suppose England in the days of her greatest prestige had taken



TOMB IN THE CERAMEICUS (ATHENS).

gilded baldachin, in the open air and in a quiet wooded park. Under this canopy is a life-sized bust of the prince in his richest dress. The bust is colored to the life. The face is a rich mahogany; the hair, raven black; the turban, white striped with gold; the robe is gold and green, and covered with ornament. From the first moment of seeing it the effect is said to be striking and

under her rule, besides Malta and the Ionian Islands, Sicily and Southern Greece! The land would, perhaps, have become a home for consumptives and an abode for Sybarites, the road to India would have lain through Greece, the traveler would have gone direct to Athens by rail, and every antique now lying in rude local museums, or reposing under the soil, would have long ago been dug up and labeled.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON.

FROM UNPUBLISHED FAMILY RECORDS.

WE have the following letters and anecdotes from a lady of Virginia, a great-niece of Washington. This lady lived to celebrate her golden wedding the same year that our nation was rejoicing over its centennial anniversary, and with youthful vigor of constitution and brightness of intellect is still an ornament to society. Her father, Captain Robert Lewis, was the son of Betty Washington, the only sister of General Washington who lived to womanhood, and it was from his lips she learned all that we record here of his personal intercourse with his uncle, and also the history of the relics in her possession.

Robert Lewis was one of the first president's favorite nephews, and at the early age of nineteen was called to the honored post of private secretary to his uncle, and appointed escort to Mrs. Washington, in her long journey by carriage from Mount Vernon to New York to join her husband there. This journey occupied so much time that they did not reach New York until May 17th, and therefore were not present at the inauguration which took place April 30th. The following letter shows Captain Lewis's appreciation of the favor shown him, and betrays the fact that Washington borrowed his mother's carriage to transport his wife from his home to the seat of government.

FREDERICKSBURG, March 18, 1789.

DEAR UNCLE: We received yours of the 15th instant, and are happy to here that all your family are well. I shall ever consider myself under a thousand obligations for the proffered post, and think the confinement you speak off rather a pleasure, and hope from my assiduous attention to merit that station. I wrote my aunt the proposals you had made, and, at the same time, my readiness to accompany her at a minute's notice. My grandmother was very well disposed to lend the carriage, but on condition that it should be returned when of no further use to my aunt. All the family join in love to you, and believe me in the interim to be yours

Very affectionately,

ROBERT LEWIS.

Deeply sensible of the trust committed to him, and of the responsibilities of his

office, Robert determined to keep a record of the daily events of his life, and his daughter still treasures the fragment of a diary in which he began a description of his charming journey to New York. From Mount Vernon to Baltimore his accounts are given regularly and in detail; but once introduced into the gay society that welcomed and fêted Lady

The Parable of the Tares. *Mat. 13.*

The Kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field. Y. 24. But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among his wheat, and went his way: x25.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WASHINGTON FAMILY BIBLE.

Washington on her slow and stately progress northward, he forgot his good resolutions, and the journal ends abruptly, after telling of their reception in Baltimore, and their determination to rest there a few days.

It was possibly during their stay in New York this year that Washington began to wear on his coat the conch-shell buttons, now in possession of Captain Lewis's daughter. A new fashion in dress, introduced by a president, is worthy of record, especially

when there is an interesting story connected with it. This story, related by Robert Lewis, illustrates two strikingly characteristic traits of Washington—generosity and economy.

A needy sailor with a wheelbarrow of shells accosted the General on the street, and, holding up a number of conch-shells, implored him to buy them. Washington listened with sympathy to the story of his sufferings and want, and kindly replied that he would buy them if he could in any way make use of them. Necessity perhaps sharpened the sailor's wits, and he promptly suggested that they would make lovely buttons for his velvet coat. The General doubtless smiled at the ingenious proposal, but agreed to try them. Carrying home his ocean treasure of pink shells, he sent for a button-maker to know if he could manufacture a useful article out of the pretty playthings with which he found himself encumbered. The workman replied he could make the buttons if he could find an instrument sharp enough to pierce them. Washington would have nothing useless about him, and so the shells were delivered to the manufacturer, who in due time returned them to him in the shape of concave buttons, a little larger than a quarter of a dollar, with a silver drop in the center hiding the spot where the eye is fastened beneath. The President then astonished the republican court by appearing in a coat with pink conch-shell buttons sparkling on its dark velvet surface. Eighty years ago, it seems, fashion ruled in the hearts, or over the costumes, of men and women, just as it does now—for Captain Lewis bears testimony that conch-shell buttons immediately became the rage. The shell-venders' and button-makers' fortunes were made by the General's passion for utilizing everything that came into his possession.

Lewis enjoyed the position of secretary to his uncle but a short time. The belles of New York and Philadelphia who adorned the republican court gave him no mortal heart-wound; but one of the fairest of Virginia's daughters, who had laughingly declared she would never marry "a conceited army officer, tricked out in a flashy uniform," was destined to pierce him with the fatal arrow. The following letter tells its own story:

PHILADELPHIA, 10th January, 1791.

HONORED UNCLE: In requesting your attention to a subject of the greatest importance to myself, and in begging your permission to communicate it with freedom and confidence, I trust I shall not trespass on the respect which your goodness toward me has deeply impressed on my mind.

My opinions of happiness, and the inclination of my heart, have determined me to change my situation in life. With a view to this great object I declared my regards, when last in Virginia, to a young lady whose beauty and merit had engaged my affection and esteem, and whose worth will, I fondly hope, entitle her to your approbation, which will insure to me every happiness I desire. It was impossible for me to take this determination without thinking of the consequence which might attend my connexion with you, sir. Under that idea, I beg leave to assure you that it is my first wish to remain with you, to profit from a situation so eligible as the patronage of an uncle whom I love with the purest affection; and if the change which I mention may be reconciled to that wish, I shall be perfectly happy; but if that is impossible, I shall hope to carry with me into the retirement of a country life the continuance of your regard which I value far above all price.

To avoid the embarrassment which I apprehended to myself from a personal communication of this matter in the first instance, I have used the liberty of addressing you by letter. Should you desire to learn any particulars, I shall be happy to explain them in a conversation. I entreat you to believe that I shall ever remain your dutiful nephew and

Obligated humble servant,

ROBERT LEWIS.

The President of the United States.

Perfect happiness is not allowed even to the most favored of mortals, and Captain Lewis's assertion that he should be "perfectly happy" if he could marry the lady of his choice and yet retain his position as private secretary, was not tested. The General's love for his nephew could not induce him to change his opinions; his resolution to have only unmarried men for his private secretaries was well known to Captain Lewis, and, as his letter shows, there was a struggle between his affection for his uncle and his ardent love for the beautiful Miss Brown, which made him timid in confessing his engagement. His fears were not without foundation—he won his bride, but he lost his post in the President's household.

In the quiet retirement of a Virginia planter's life, it was a constant and unfailing source of pleasure to Robert Lewis to recall each incident of his brief public career, and his devotion to his uncle grew stronger and more reverential as years rolled on—and whenever Washington sought rest and refreshment in his own beloved country home, Captain Lewis and his young and beautiful wife were frequent and welcome guests at Mount Vernon.

In August, 1796, after a few delightful days spent with their distinguished relatives, Captain Lewis relates that the following conversation took place at the breakfast-table the morning fixed for their departure.

Washington was, as all the world knows, a man of few words, and while he quietly

partook of his frugal meal the conversation flowed cheerfully on between the other members of the family present. Suddenly his nephew turned laughing to him and said:

"Uncle, what do you think I dreamed last night?"

The General replied he could not guess, and asked to be told. Captain Lewis, continuing to laugh merrily, replied:

"Why, I dreamed you gave me your farm on Deep Run."

"Humph!" ejaculated his uncle. "You had better have dreamed I gave you Mount Vernon."

No more was said on the subject, and Captain Lewis had quite forgotten his unmeaning dream as he placed his wife in

osity until he reached home, but his wife had no such conscientious scruples; *she* had not been forbidden to open it, and so she soon succeeded in gaining possession of the mysterious paper, and before Mount Vernon was lost in the distance she discovered the fact that they had left that modest dwelling much richer than they were when they entered it. Whether Washington had intended to bestow the Deep Run farm in his will upon this nephew, and only hastened the time of the gift, or whether, with the quiet humor in which he rarely indulged, he thus proved the dream of which he had been told a practical reality, was never known. The deed is said to be the shortest on record, and is as follows:

I do by these presents give, and (if Deeds of Conveyance should not ~~be~~ ^{have been} made before) hereby oblige my heirs, Executors and Administrators to fulfil, all the Lands which I hold on Deep Run, or its branches in the County of Fauquier: unto my Nephew Robert Lewis and to his heirs or assigns forever.

Given under my hand and seal this 13th day of August 1796

G. Washington

THE SHORTEST DEED ON RECORD.

the carriage, and bade his uncle and aunt good-bye. Washington followed him to the carriage, and handed him a folded paper, saying as he did so: "You can look at that when you reach home." Captain Lewis received the paper in astonishment, but could make no reply, as the carriage now rolled swiftly away. He might have felt in duty bound to suffer the pangs of curi-

The following letter is a copy of one from General Washington to his brother-in-law Colonel Burwell Bassett, of Eltham, Virginia. Colonel Bassett married Anna Maria Dandridge, the sister of Martha Dandridge who was first Mrs. Custis, then Mrs. Washington. This letter has been treasured by Colonel Bassett's grandson, who, until now, has refused to allow it

to be published. It is the only letter we know of in which Washington indulged in anything like humor.

MOUNT VERNON, 28th August, 1762.

DEAR SIR:—I was favoured with your Epistle wrote on a certain 25th of July, when you ought to have been at Church, praying as becomes every good Christian Man who has as much to answer for as you

the days of Noah (how unkind it was of Noah, now I have mentioned his name, to suffer such a brood of Vermin to get a birth in the Ark!) but perhaps you may be as well of as we are—that is, have no Tobacco for them to eat, and there I think we nicked the Dogs, as I think to do you if you expect any more—but not without a full assurance of being with a very sincere regard,

D Sir, Yr Mo Affect. & Obed.,

GO. WASHINGTON.

P. S. don't forget to make my compls to Mrs. Bassett, Miss Dudy, and the little ones, for Miss Dudy cannot be classed with small People without offering her great Injustice. I shall see you, I expect, about the first of November.

To Coln Bassett, at Eltham.

The Devils entering into y^e Swine. *Mat. 8.*



And when he was come to the other side—there met him two possessed with Devils—exceeding fierce, v. 28. And beheld they cried out saying, What have we etc. 29 And there was a good way of an herd of Swine etc. v 30.

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE WASHINGTON FAMILY BIBLE.

have—strange it is that you will be so blind to truth that the enlightning sounds of the Gospel cannot reach your Ear, nor no Examples awaken you to a sense of Goodness—could you but behold with what religious zeal I hye me to Church on every Lord's day, it would do your heart good, and fill it, I hope, with equal fervency—but hark'ec—I am told you have lately introduced into your Family, a certain production which you are lost in admiration of, and spend so much time in contemplating the just proportions of its parts, the ease, and conveniences with which it abounds, that it is thought you will have little time to animadvert upon the prospect of your Crops, &c., pray how will this be reconciled to that anxious care and vigilance, which is so essentially necessary at a time when our growing Property—meaning the Tobacco—is assailed by every villainous worm that has had an existence since

The “new production,” so much admired by Colonel Bassett, to which Washington jestingly alludes, was a baby son and heir. Two daughters had preceded this infant, and as the estate, before the Revolution, was entailed, a son had been ardently desired by Colonel Bassett, who was the sole representative of his family; his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather, having each been, like himself, an only son. “Miss Dudy,” was Miss Judy Diggs, the daughter of a neighboring farmer and remarkable for her size and strength. She had, on one occasion, been induced to wrestle with a young man, a guest at Eltham, on condition he would treat her with all due respect. The trial of strength and skill went on for awhile in perfect good-nature, but the young gentleman on finding that “Miss Dudy” was getting the better of him, lost his temper, and roughly handled his amazonian adversary, whereupon her spirit rose—she tossed him on the

floor, and, in spite of all his efforts, tied him hand and foot to await sentence from Colonel Bassett.

Miss Dudy was for a while housekeeper for Mrs. Bassett, and Washington had often seen her in his visits to his brother-in-law, her position in the family being that of an humble friend rather than a paid domestic, and had laughed heartily at the account given him of the wrestle.

Eltham is situated at the head of York River, a quaint old homestead, a hundred and fifty feet in length, having a center building and two wings; it was built by Governor Bacon of Virginia, for his ward,

William Bassett, the bricks for the building being brought from England. Eltham was frequently visited by General Washington, and the table at which he dined, and the bedstead used by him, are still in possession

ter-in-law, and her grandchildren, and stood with them at the bedside of the dying John Parke Custis, comforting his wife's son in his last moments by a promise to adopt as his own the children young Custis was leav-

Augustine Washington and Mary Ball was Married the
Sixth of March, 17³⁰

George Washington son to Augustine & Mary his Wife was born
of 11th Day of February 173¹/₂ about 10 in the Morning & was Baptized the 3rd of April
following Mr. Beverly Whiting & Cap^t. Christopher Brodus for fathers and
Mr. Meland Gregory for mothers

Betty Washington was Born the 20th of June 1733 about 6 in of Morn
Departed this life the 31 of March 1797 at 4 o'clock

Samuel Washington was Born of 16th of Nov. 1734 about 3 in of Morn

Jane Washington Daughter of Augustine and Jane Washington
Departed this life Jan^y 17th 1734

John Augustine Washington was Born of 13th of Jan^y about 2 in of Morn
1735

Charles Washington was born of 2nd Day of May about 3 in of Morn
1730

Mildred Washington was Born of 21st of June 1739 about 9 at Night.

Mildred Washington Departed this life Oct^r of 23rd 1740 being Thursday
about 12 a clock at Noon Aged 1 Year & 2 Months

Augustine Washington Departed this life of 12th Day of April 1741
Aged 49 Years

FAC-SIMILE OF THE RECORD IN THE FAMILY BIBLE OF AUGUSTINE AND MARY WASHINGTON.

of the gentleman whom we have mentioned as holding the letter.

It was at Eltham, just after the surrender of the British army at Yorktown, that General Washington joined his wife, her daugh-

ing behind him—a promise faithfully kept until the end of his own life.

The Eltham Mansion was visited by the Northern soldiers during the late war, but was not injured, the Union sentiments of its

owner doubtless protecting it. It has recently been destroyed by fire.

The most valuable relic bequeathed by Captain Lewis to his daughter, and carefully treasured by her, is the family Bible, containing the record of Augustine Washington's marriage with his second wife, Mary Ball, and the birth of their children. It was probably written by the General's mother, as the one page on which are entered deaths as well as births, is headed by this second marriage. George Washington's birth is entered, according to the old style, as occurring on the "11th of Feb. 1731-32." The backs of the Bible, now loose from the sacred volume, so old and so much used, are covered with dark leather, and enveloped in an outer covering of faded brown and yellow homespun, said to have been woven by Mary Ball Washington herself during the days of the Revolution, when the most aristocratic lady in the land thought it not beneath her dignity to take her maid's place at the loom, and manufacture her own dress.

It was from this Bible, with its profusely illustrated pages, that the mother of Washington taught her grandchildren, as she had taught her children in earlier years. The remarkable, and sometimes ludicrous pictures, impressed the young people so deeply that the stories connected with them could not be easily forgotten. Captain Lewis retained, until his death, a loving recollection of the Sunday evenings spent at his grandmother's knee, listening to the holy lessons drawn from scripture narratives, while he gazed with childish wonder and admiration at the rude representations of saints and angels, and the joys of the redeemed, and shuddered at the sight of the skeleton death and devils with horns and hoofs, holding in their claws pitchforks of fire. From this Bible he taught his own little ones the sacred truths of religion, and his daughter's children have in their turn learned the same lessons of faith and love from the stained and yellow pages of the ancient volume.

Several years ago an old Bible was sold in Philadelphia for the sum of \$1,500, purporting to be the genuine Washington family Bible. It was on exhibition there for a while, and was mentioned in many of the papers. It did not claim ever to have held the family record.

A Philadelphia gentleman, who had seen the valuable relic we have described, in the home of its Virginia owner, inspected this volume, and found it to resemble in many

respects the old book with the record, and from the proofs shown him doubted not that it was once owned by the Washington family. It was said that he published his information on the subject, giving the names of the real owners of the family Bible, but his article did not seem to find a place in papers outside of Philadelphia.

Another most interesting souvenir of Washington, left by Captain Lewis to his daughters, was a full suit of the General's clothing, worn by him in mourning for his mother. The coat, knee-breeches, and waistcoat are of black, uncut velvet; the lining of the waistcoat showing it had been a good deal worn. This suit was given Captain Lewis by his aunt, Mrs. Washington, after her husband's death,—a proof of her own recognition of his fondness for this nephew.

This plain, unpretending costume, worn by the first President, was examined with great interest and curiosity by numberless friends of the Lewis family. These friends then brought their visitors, among them occasionally a foreigner, who viewed these relics of departed greatness with even more reverence than Americans.

Among the many sight-seers, there came one day a party of Frenchmen, who, with the enthusiasm characteristic of their nation, were deeply interested in one who had earned a world-wide fame, and who was, in addition to this, the personal friend of their own hero, the chivalrous Lafayette. They handled the coat with the utmost reverence, and were profuse in their thanks for the honor shown them.

Some years after this, a Virginian traveling in France was surprised to find among some relics displayed to view in one of the palaces, a small piece of black velvet handsomely set in a massive gilt frame, and labeled, "A fragment of General Washington's coat." This fact was reported to the owner, who, all unconscious of the theft, and with some incredulity and curiosity, examined her valued relic—when, lo! the genuineness of the fragment and the perfidy of the French visitors were at once confirmed. From the lower corner of one of the skirts of the coat, a small piece had been neatly cut with a sharp instrument.

A still worse fate befell the plain gold shoe-buckles worn by the General, and afterward owned by his great-nieces. These were constantly displayed to admiring spectators with the other relics, until at last they both were missed;—the admiration of one of the sight-

seers had been beyond his or her control ; the buckles had been pocketed and the paper in which they had been wrapped carefully folded and replaced in the box from which it had been taken.

Washington's sun-glass, in a massive silver rim, with solid silver handle of quaint device, his sword-belt worn through the Revolutionary war, and a number of letters never yet given to the public (one of which we have copied here), are all in possession of one lady ; also a small steel key-ring, given to Robert Lewis by his uncle under the following circumstances : Lewis was on a visit to Mount Vernon at the time, and had occasion to take a bunch of keys from his pocket in Washington's presence. The particular and methodical General surveyed with surprise and displeasure the string with which they were fastened together, and exclaimed sternly :

" Robert, is it possible you have no ring for your keys ? "

Robert meekly owned he had not. His uncle at once took his own keys from his pocket, removed them from the ring on which they hung, and, giving it to his nephew, said :

" Here, take mine—I've another—and never let me see you without one again. "

Treasured with these souvenirs of Washington is a pincushion made of a piece of Lady Washington's wedding dress,—cloth of silver, with the old glitter of the silver threads still shining dimly through the time-worn fabric,—and a needle-book covered with a fragment of the dark maroon-colored brocade she wore at her last levee. Her loving relatives thus preserved specimens of the costumes of her whose grace, dignity and elegance made her the ornament of the republican court. Beautiful and courtly women have reigned in the White House, and won high praise from the representatives of kings and emperors, but upon the wife of Washington alone was conferred the title of Lady.

The story told of one of the pictures at Mount Vernon I have seen in print, but the treasure of words on its back I have never found recorded in connection with it.

A gentleman passing a china shop one day, saw in the window a pitcher, on the side of which an excellent picture of Washington had been burnt into the fine porcelain. He at once entered the shop and purchased the valuable pitcher, but only to break it with care in order to obtain the

coveted picture. Having placed it in a frame he then sent it as a gift to the General, who hung it upon the walls of his homestead. This picture was long considered the best of all likenesses of the President.

After Washington's death, some unknown visitor to Mount Vernon (the date of whose visit, even, is a mystery), who probably knew the history of the pitcher portrait, took it down from the wall and wrote on its back the eloquent eulogy given below.

Visiting Mount Vernon in 1857, the writer sought the famous porcelain miniature, and found it in what was once the General's dining-room, hanging on a nail within reach from the floor. We took it down and with difficulty deciphered the faded characters, for the paper was stained and yellow with age. The eulogy is written in a neat, small, but distinct hand.

EULOGY ON WASHINGTON.

Washington,
The Defender of his Country—The Founder of Liberty ;

The Friend of Man.
History and Tradition are explored in vain
For a Parallel to his Character.
In the annals of modern greatness

He stands Alone ;
And the noblest names of Antiquity
Lose their Lustre in his Presence.
Born the Benefactor of Mankind,
He united all the qualities necessary
To an Illustrious Career.

Nature made him Great,
He made himself Virtuous.
Called by his Country to the Defence of her Liberties,

He triumphantly vindicated the
Rights of Humanity ;
And on the Pillars of National Independence,
Laid the Foundations of a Great Republic.
Twice invested with supreme Magistracy,
By the unanimous voice of a free people,
He surpassed in the Cabinet

The glories of the Field,
And voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword,
Retired to the shades of private life.
A spectacle so new and so sublime,
Was contemplated with the profoundest admiration.

And the name of Washington,
Adding new lustre to humanity,
Resounded to the remotest regions of the earth.
Magnanimous in youth,
Glorious through life,
Great in death.

His highest ambition the happiness of mankind,
His noblest victory the conquest of himself.
Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame,
And building his monument in the
Hearts of his Countrymen.
He lived—The Ornament of the 18th Century.
He died—Regretted by a Mourning World.

ESMERALDA.



ESMERALDA AND HER FATHER IN THE LOUVRE.

To begin, I am a Frenchman, a teacher of languages and a poor man ;—necessarily a poor man, as the great world would say, or I should not be a teacher of languages and my wife a copyist of great pictures, selling her copies at small prices. In our own eyes, it is true, we are not so poor—my Clélie and I. Looking back upon our past we congratulate ourselves upon our prosperous condition. There was a time when we were poorer than we are now, and were not together, and were, moreover, in London instead of in Paris. These were indeed calamities : to be poor, to teach, to live apart, not even knowing each other—and in England ! In England we spent years ; we instructed imbeciles of all grades ; we

were chilled by east winds, and tortured by influenza ; we vainly strove to conciliate the appalling English ; we were discouraged and desolate. But this, thank *le bon Dieu* ! is past. We are united ; we have our little apartment—upon the fifth floor, it is true, but still not hopelessly far from the Champs Élysées. Clélie paints her little pictures, or copies those of some greater artist, and finds sale for them. She is not a great artist herself, and is charmingly conscious of the fact.

“At fifteen,” she says, “I regretted that I was not a genius ; at five and twenty, I rejoice that I made the discovery so early, and so gave myself time to become grateful for the small gifts bestowed upon me. Why

should I eat out my heart with envy? Is it not possible that I might be a less clever woman than I am, and a less lucky one?"

On my part I have my pupils,—French pupils who take lessons in English, German, or Italian; English or American pupils who generally learn French, and, upon the whole, I do not suffer from lack of patrons.

It is my habit when Clélie is at work upon a copy in one of the great galleries to accompany her to the scene of her labor in the morning and call for her at noon, and, in accordance with this habit, I made my way to the Louvre at midday upon one occasion three years ago.

I found my wife busy at her easel in the *Grande Galerie*, and when I approached her and laid my hand upon her shoulder, as was my wont, she looked up with a smile and spoke to me in a cautious undertone.

"I am glad," she said, "that you are not ten minutes later. Look at those extraordinary people."

She still leaned back in her chair and looked up at me, but made, at the same time, one of those indescribable movements of the head which a clever woman can render so significant.

This slight gesture directed me at once to the extraordinary people to whom she referred.

"Are they not truly wonderful?" she asked.

There were two of them, evidently father and daughter, and they sat side by side upon a seat placed in an archway, and regarded hopelessly one of the finest works in the gallery. The father was a person undersized and elderly. His face was tanned and seamed, as if with years of rough out-door labor; the effect produced upon him by his clothes was plainly one of actual suffering, both physical and mental. His stiff hands refused to meet the efforts of his gloves to fit them; his body shrank from his garments; if he had not been pathetic, he would have been ridiculous. But he was pathetic. It was evident that he was not so attired of his own free will, that only a patient nature, injured by long custom to discomfort, sustained him,—that he was in the gallery under protest,—that he did not understand the paintings, and that they perplexed—overwhelmed him.

The daughter it is almost impossible to describe, and yet I must attempt to describe her. She had a slender and pretty figure; there were slight marks of the sun on her face also, and, as in her father's case, the

richness of her dress was set at defiance by a strong element of incongruousness. She had black hair and gray eyes, and she sat with folded hands staring at the picture before her in dumb uninterestedness.

Clélie had taken up her brush again, and was touching up her work here and there.

"They have been here two hours," she said. "They are waiting for some one. At first they tried to look about them as others did. They wandered from seat to seat, and sat down, and looked as you see them doing now. What do you think of them? To what nation should you ascribe them?"

"They are not French," I answered. "And they are not English."

"If she was English," said Clélie, "the girl would be more conscious of herself, and of what we might possibly be saying. She is only conscious that she is out of place and miserable. She does not care for us at all. I have never seen Americans like them before, but I am convinced that they are Americans."

She laid aside her working materials and proceeded to draw on her gloves.

"We will go and look at that '*Tentation de St. Antoine*' of Teniers," she said, "and we may hear them speak. I confess I am devoured by an anxiety to hear them speak."

Accordingly, a few moments later an amiable young couple stood before "*La Tentation*," regarding it with absorbed and critical glances.

But the father and daughter did not seem to see us. They looked disconsolately about them, or at the picture before which they sat. Finally, however, we were rewarded by hearing them speak to each other. The father addressed the young lady slowly and deliberately, and with an accent which, but for my long residence in England and familiarity with some forms of its *patois*, I should find it impossible to transcribe.

"Esmeraldy," he said, "your ma's a long time a-comin'."

"Yes," answered the girl, with the same accent, and in a voice wholly listless and melancholy, "she's a long time."

Clélie favored me with one of her rapid side glances. The study of character is her grand passion, and her special weakness is a fancy for the singular and incongruous. I have seen her stand in silence, and regard with positive interest one of her former patronesses who was overwhelming her with contumelious violence, seeming entirely unconscious of all else but that the woman was

of a species novel to her, and therefore worthy of delicate observation.

"It is as I said," she whispered. "They are Americans, but of an order entirely new."

Almost the next instant she touched my arm.

"Here is the mother!" she exclaimed. "She is coming this way. See!"

A woman advanced rapidly toward our part of the gallery,—a small, angry woman, with an ungraceful figure, and a keen brown eye. She began to speak aloud while still several feet distant from the waiting couple.

"Come along," she said. "I've found a place at last, though I've been all the morning at it,—and the woman who keeps the door speaks English."

"They call 'em," remarked the husband, meekly rising, "*con-ser-ges*. I wonder why."

The girl rose also, still with her hopeless, abstracted air, and followed the mother, who led the way to the door. Seeing her move forward, my wife uttered an admiring exclamation.

"She is more beautiful than I thought," she said. "She holds herself marvelously. She moves with the freedom of some fine wild creature."

And, as the party disappeared from view, her regret at losing them drew from her a sigh. She discussed them with characteristic enthusiasm all the way home. She even concocted a very probable little romance. One would always imagine so many things concerning Americans. They were so extraordinary a people; they acquired wealth by such peculiar means; their country was so immense; their resources were so remarkable. These persons, for instance, were plainly persons of wealth, and as plainly had risen from the people. The mother was not quite so wholly untaught as the other two, but she was more objectionable.

"One can bear with the large simplicity of utter ignorance," said my fair philosopher. "One frequently finds it gentle and unworldly, but the other is odious because it is always aggressive and narrow."

She had taken a strong feminine dislike to Madame la Mère.

"She makes her family miserable," she said. "She drags them from place to place. Possibly there is a lover,—more possibly than not. The girl's eyes wore a peculiar look,—as if they searched for something far away."

She had scarcely concluded her charming

little harangue when we reached our destination; but, as we passed through the entrance, she paused to speak to the curly-headed child of the *concierge* whose mother held him by the hand.

"We shall have new arrivals to-morrow," said the good woman, who was always ready for friendly gossip. "The apartment upon the first floor," and she nodded to me significantly, and with good-natured encouragement. "Perhaps you may get pupils," she added. "They are Americans, and speak only English, and there is a young lady, Madame says."

"Americans!" exclaimed Clélie, with sudden interest.

"Americans," answered the *concierge*. "It was Madame who came. *Mon Dieu!* it was wonderful! So rich and so—so —" filling up the blank by a shrug of deep meaning.

"It cannot have been long since they were—peasants," her voice dropping into a cautious whisper.

"Why not our friends of the Louvre?" said Clélie as we went on upstairs.

"Why not?" I replied. "It is very possible."

The next day there arrived at the house numberless trunks of large dimensions, superintended by the small angry woman and a maid. An hour later came a carriage, from whose door emerged the young lady and her father. Both looked pale and fagged; both were led upstairs in the midst of voluble comments and commands by the mother; and both, entering the apartment, seemed swallowed up by it, as we saw and heard nothing further of them. Clélie was indignant.

"It is plain that the mother overwhelms them," she said. "A girl of that age should speak and be interested in any novelty. This one would be if she were not wretched. And the poor little husband —!"

"My dear," I remarked, "you are a feminine Bayard. You engage yourself with such ardor in everybody's wrongs."

When I returned from my afternoon's work a few days later, I found Clélie again excited. She had been summoned to the first floor by Madame.

"I went into the room," said Clélie, "and found the mother and daughter together. Mademoiselle, who stood by the fire, had evidently been weeping. Madame was in an abrupt and angry mood. She wasted no words. 'I want you to give her lessons,' she said, making an ungraceful

gesture in the direction of her daughter. 'What do you charge a lesson?' And on my telling her, she engaged me at once. 'It's a great deal, but I guess I can pay as well as other people,' she remarked."

A few of the lessons were given downstairs, and then Clélie preferred a request to Madame.

"If you will permit Mademoiselle to come to my room, you will confer a favor upon me," she said.

Fortunately, her request was granted, and so I used afterward to come home and find Mademoiselle Esmeralda in our little *salon* at work disconsolately and tremulously. She found it difficult to hold her pencil in the correct manner, and one morning she let it drop, and burst into tears.

"Don't you see I shall never do it!" she answered, miserably. "Don't you see I couldn't, even if my heart was in it, and it aint at all!"

She held out her little hands piteously for Clélie to look at. They were well enough shaped, and would have been pretty if they had not been robbed of their youthful suppleness by labor.

"I've been used to work," she said, "rough work all my life, and my hands aint like yours."

"But you must not be discouraged, Mademoiselle," said Clélie gently. "Time —"

"Time," interposed the girl, with a frightened look in her pretty gray eyes. "That's what I can't bear to think of—the time that's to come."

This was the first of many outbursts of confidence. Afterward she related to Clélie, with the greatest naïveté, the whole history of the family affairs.

They had been the possessors of some barren mountain lands in North Carolina, and her description of their former life was wonderful indeed to the ears of the Parisian. She herself had been brought up with marvelous simplicity and hardihood, barely learning to read and write, and in absolute ignorance of society. A year ago iron had been discovered upon their property, and the result had been wealth and misery for father and daughter. The mother, who had some vague fancies of the attractions of the great outside world, was ambitious and restless. Monsieur, who was a mild and accommodating person, could only give way before her stronger will.

"She always had her way with us," said Mademoiselle Esmeralda, scratching nervously upon the paper before her with her

pencil, at this part of the relation. "We did not want to leave home, neither me nor father, and father said more than I ever heard him say before at one time. 'Mother,' says he, 'let me an' Esmeraldy stay at home, an' you go an' enjoy your tower. You've had more schoolin', an' you'll be more at home than we should. You're useder to city ways, havin' lived in 'Lizabethville.' But it only vexed her. People in town had been talking to her about traveling and letting me learn things, and she'd set her mind on it."

She was very simple and unsophisticated. To the memory of her former truly singular life she clung with unshaken fidelity. She recurred to it constantly. The novelty and luxury of her new existence seemed to have no attractions for her. One thing even my Clélie found incomprehensible, while she fancied she understood the rest—she did not appear to be moved to pleasure even by our beloved Paris.

"It is a true *maladie du pays*," Clélie remarked to me. "And that is not all."

Nor was it all. One day the whole truth was told amid a flood of tears.

"I—I was going to be married," cried the poor child. "I was to have been married the week the ore was found. I was—all ready, and mother—mother shut right down on us."

Clélie glanced at me in amazed questioning.

"It is a kind of *argot* which belongs only to Americans," I answered in an undertone. "The alliance was broken off."

"*Ciel!*" exclaimed my Clélie between her small shut teeth. "The woman is a fiend!"

She was wholly absorbed in her study of this unworldly and untaught nature. She was full of sympathy for its trials and tenderness, and for its pain. Even the girl's peculiarities of speech were full of interest to her. She made serious and intelligent efforts to understand them, as if she studied a new language.

"It is not common *argot*," she said. "It has its subtleties. One continually finds somewhere an original idea—sometimes even a *bonmot*, which startles one by its pointedness. As you say, however, it belongs only to the Americans and their remarkable country. A French mind can only arrive at its climaxes through a grave and occasionally tedious research, which would weary most persons, but which, however, does not weary me."

The confidence of Mademoiselle Esme-

ralda was easily won. She became attached to us both, and particularly to Clélie. When her mother was absent or occupied, she stole upstairs to our apartment and spent with us the moments of leisure chance afforded her. She liked our rooms, she told my wife, because they were small, and our society because we were "clever," which we discovered afterward meant "amiable." But she was always pale and out of spirits. She would sit before our fire silent and abstracted.

"You must not mind if I don't talk," she would say. "I can't; and it seems to help me to get to sit and think about things. Mother wont let me do it down-stairs."

We became also familiar with the father. One day I met him upon the staircase, and to my amazement he stopped as if he wished to address me. I raised my hat and bade him good-morning. On his part he drew forth a large handkerchief and began to rub the palms of his hands with awkward timidity.

"How-dy?" he said.

I confess that at the moment I was covered with confusion. I who was a teacher of English and flattered myself that I wrote and spoke it fluently, did not understand. Immediately, however, it flashed across my mind that the word was a species of salutation. (Which I finally discovered to be the case.) I bowed again and thanked him, hazarding the reply that my health was excellent, and an inquiry as to the state of Madame's. He rubbed his hands still more nervously, and answered me in the slow and deliberate manner I had observed at the Louvre.

"Thank ye," he said, "she's doin' tol'able well, is mother—as well as common. And she's a-enjoyin' herself, too. I wish we was all —"

But there he checked himself and glanced hastily about him.

Then he began again,—

"Esmeraldy," he said,—*"Esmeraldy* thinks a heap on you. She takes a sight of comfort out of Mis' Des — I can't call your name, but I mean your wife."

"Madame Desmarres," I replied, "is rejoiced indeed to have won the friendship of Mademoiselle."

"Yes," he proceeded, "she takes a sight of comfort in you ans all. An' she needs comfort, does Esmeraldy."

There ensued a slight pause which somewhat embarrassed me, for at every pause he regarded me with an air of meek and hesitant appeal.

"She's a little down-sperrited is Esmeraldy," he said. "An'," adding this suddenly in a subdued and fearful tone, "so am I."

Having said this he seemed to feel that he had overstepped a barrier. He seized the lapel of my coat and held me prisoner, pouring forth his confessions with a faith in my interest by which I was at once amazed and touched.

"You see it's this way," he said,—*"it's* this way, Mister. We're home folks, me an' Esmeraldy, an' we're a long way from home, an' it sorter seems like we didn't get no userder to it than we was at first. We're not like mother. Mother she was raised in a town,—she was raised in 'Lizabethville,—an' she allers took to town ways; but me an' Esmeraldy, we was raised in the mountains, right under the shadder of old Bald, an' town goes hard with us. Seems like we're allers a thinkin' of North Callina. An' mother she gits outed, which is likely. She says we'd ought to fit ourselves fur our higher spear, an' I dessay we'd ought,—but you see it goes sorter hard with us. An' Esmeraldy she has her trouble an' I can't help a sympathizin' with her, fur young folks will be young folks; an' I was young folks once myself. Once—once I sot a heap o' store by mother. So you see how it is."

"It is very sad, Monsieur," I answered with gravity. Singular as it may appear, this was not so laughable to me as it might seem. It was so apparent that he did not anticipate ridicule. And my Clélie's interest in these people also rendered them sacred in my eyes.

"Yes," he returned, "that's so; an' sometimes it's wuss than you'd think—when mother's outed. An' that's why I'm glad as Mis' Dimar an' Esmeraldy is such friends."

It struck me at this moment that he had some request to make of me. He grasped the lapel of my coat somewhat more tightly as if requiring additional support, and finally bent forward and addressed me with caution, "Do you think as Mis' Dimar would mind it ef now an' then I has to step in fur Esmeraldy, an' set a little—just in a kinder neighborin' way. Esmeraldy, she says you're so soshorable. And I haint been soshorable with no one fur—a right smart spell. And it seems like I kinder hanker arter it. You've no idea, Mister, how lonesome a man can git when he hankers to be soshorable an' haint no one to be soshorable with. Mother, she says, 'Go out on the Champs Elizy and promenard,' and I've done it; but some ways it don't reach the spot. I

don't seem to get soshërble with no one I've spoke to—may be through us speakin' different languages, an' not comin' to a understandin'. I've tried it loud an' I've tried it low an' encouragen', but some ways we never seemed to get on. An' ef Mis' Dimar wouldn't take no exceptions at me a-drop-pin' in, I feel as ef I should be sorter uplifted—if she'd only allow it once a week or even fewer."

"Monsieur," I replied with warmth, "I beg you will consider our *salon* at your disposal, not once a week but at all times, and Madame Desmarres would certainly join me in the invitation if she were upon the spot."

He released the lapel of my coat and grasped my hand, shaking it with fervor.

"Now, that's clever, that is," he said. "An' its friendly, an' I'm obligated to ye."

Since he appeared to have nothing further to say we went down-stairs together. At the door we parted.

"I'm a-goin'," he remarked, "to the Champs Elîzy to promenard. Where are you a-goin'?"

"To the Boulevard Haussmann, Monsieur, to give a lesson," I returned. "I will wish you good-morning."

"Good-mornin'," he answered. "*Bong*"—reflecting deeply for a moment—"Bong jore. I'm a tryin' to learn it, you see, with a view to bein' more soshërbler. *Bong jore*." And thus took his departure.

After this we saw him frequently. In fact it became his habit to follow Mademoiselle Esmeralda in all her visits to our apartment. A few minutes after her arrival we usually heard a timid knock upon the outer door, which proved to emanate from Monsieur, who always entered with a laborious "*Bong jore*," and always slipped deprecatingly into the least comfortable chair near the fire, hurriedly concealing his hat beneath it.

In him also my Clélie became much interested. On my own part I could not cease to admire the fine feeling and delicate tact she continually exhibited in her manner toward him. In time he even appeared to lose something of his first embarrassment and discomfort, though he was always inclined to a reverent silence in her presence.

"He don't say much, don't father," said Mademoiselle Esmeralda, with tears in her pretty eyes. "He's like me, but you don't know what comfort he's taking when he sits and listens and stirs his chocolate round and round without drinking it. He doesn't

drink it because he aint used to it; but he likes to have it when we do, because he says it makes him feel soshërble. He's trying to learn to drink it too—he practices every day a little at a time. He was powerful afraid at first that you'd take exceptions to him doing nothing but stir it round; but I told him I knew you wouldn't for you wasn't that kind."

"I find him," said Clélie to me, "inexpressibly mournful,—even though he excites one to smiles upon all occasions. Is it not mournful that his very suffering should be absurd. *Mon Dieu!* he does not wear his clothes—he bears them about with him—he simply carries them."

It was about this time that Mademoiselle Esmeralda was rendered doubly unhappy. Since their residence in Paris Madame had been industriously occupied in making efforts to enter society. She had struggled violently and indefatigably. She was at once persistent and ambitious. She had used every means that lay in her power, and, most of all, she had used her money. Naturally, she had found people upon the outskirts of good circles who would accept her with her money. Consequently, she had obtained acquaintances of a class, and was bold enough to employ them as stepping-stones. At all events, she began to receive invitations, and to discover opportunities to pay visits, and to take her daughter with her. Accordingly, Mademoiselle Esmeralda was placed upon exhibition. She was dressed by experienced *artistes*. She was forced from her seclusion, and obliged to drive and call, and promenade.

Her condition was pitiable. While all this was torture to her experience and timidity, her fear of her mother rendered her wholly submissive. Each day brought with it some new trial. She was admired for many reasons,—by some for her wealth, of which all had heard rumors; by others for her freshness and beauty. The silence and sensitiveness which arose from shyness, and her ignorance of all social rules, were called naïveté and modesty, and people who abhorred her mother, not unfrequently were charmed with her, and consequently Madame found her also an instrument of some consequence.

In her determination to overcome all obstacles, Madame even condescended to apply to my wife, whose influence over Mademoiselle she was clever enough not to undervalue.

"I want you to talk to Mademoiselle,"

she said. "She thinks a great deal of you, and I want you to give her some good advice. You know what society is, and you know that she ought to be proud of her advantages, and not make a fool of herself. Many a girl would be glad enough of what she has before her. She's got money, and she's got chances, and I don't begrudge her anything. She can spend all she likes on clothes and things, and I'll take her anywhere if she'll behave herself. They wear me out—her and her father. It's her father that's ruined her, and her living as she's done. Her father never knew anything, and he's made a pet of her, and got her into his way of thinking. It's ridiculous how little ambition they have, and she might marry as well as any girl. There's a marquis that's quite in love with her at this moment, and she's as afraid of him as death, and cries if I even mention him, though he's a nice enough man, if he is a bit elderly. Now, I want you to reason with her."

This Clélie told me afterward.

"And upon going away," she ended, "she turned round toward me, setting her face into an indescribable expression of hardness and obstinacy. 'I want her to understand,' she said, 'that she's cut off forever from anything that's happened before. There's the Atlantic Ocean and many a mile of land between her and North Carolina, and so she may as well give that up.'"

Two or three days after this Mademoiselle came to our apartment in great grief. She had left Madame in a violent ill-temper. They had received invitations to a ball at which they were to meet the marquis. Madame had been elated, and the discovery of Mademoiselle's misery and trepidation had roused her indignation. There had been a painful scene, and Mademoiselle had been overwhelmed as usual.

She knelt before the fire and wept despairingly.

"I'd rather die than go," she said. "I can't stand it. I can't get used to it. The light, and the noise, and the talk, hurts me, and I don't know what I am doing. And people stare at me, and I make mistakes, and I'm not fit for it—and—and—I'd rather be dead fifty thousand times than let that man come near me. I hate him, and I'm afraid of him, and I wish I was dead."

At this juncture came the timid summons upon the door, and the father entered with a disturbed and subdued air. He did not conceal his hat, but held it in his hands, and turned it round and round in an agi-

tated manner as he seated himself beside his daughter.

"Esmeraldy," he said, "don't you take it so hard, honey. Mother, she's kinder outed, an' she's not at herself rightly. Don't you never mind. Mother she means well, but—but she's got a sorter curious way of showin' it. She's got a high sperrit, an' we'd ought to 'low fur it, and not take it so much to heart. Mis' Dimar here knows how high-sperrited people is sometimes, I dessay,—an' mother she's got a powerful high sperrit."

But the poor child only wept more hopelessly. It was not only the cruelty of her mother which oppressed her, it was the wound she bore in her heart.

Clélie's eyes filled with tears as she regarded her.

The father was also more broken in spirit than he wished it to appear. His weather-beaten face assumed an expression of deep melancholy which at last betrayed itself in an evidently inadvertent speech.

"I wish—I wish," he faltered. "Lord! I'd give a heap to see Wash now. I'd give a heap to see him, Esmeraldy."

It was as if the words were the last straw. The girl turned toward him and flung herself upon his breast with a passionate cry.

"Oh, father!" she sobbed, "we sha'n't never see him again—never—never! nor the mountains, nor the people that cared for us. We've lost it all, and we can't get it back,—and we haven't a soul that's near to us,—and we're all alone,—you and me, father, and Wash. Wash, he thinks we don't care."

I must confess to a momentary spasm of alarm, her grief was so wild and overwhelming. One hand was flung about her father's neck, and the other pressed itself against her side, as if her heart was breaking.

Clélie bent down and lifted her up, consoling her tenderly.

"Mademoiselle," she said, "do not despair. *Le Bon Dieu* will surely have pity."

The father drew forth the large linen handkerchief, and, unfolding it slowly, applied it to his eyes.

"Yes, Esmeraldy," he said; "don't let us give out,—at least don't you give out. It doesn't matter fur me, Esmeraldy, because, you see, I must hold on to mother, as I swore not to go back on; but you're young an' likely, Esmeraldy, an' don't you give out yet, fur the Lord's sake."

But she did not cease weeping until she

had wholly fatigued herself, and by this time there arrived a message from Madame, who required her presence down-stairs. Monsieur was somewhat alarmed, and rose precipitately, but Mademoiselle was too full of despair to admit of fear.

"It's only the dress-maker," she said. "You can stay where you are, father, and she won't guess we've been together, and it'll be better for us both."

And accordingly she obeyed the summons alone.

Great were the preparations made by Madame for the entertainment. My wife, to whom she displayed the costumes and jewels she had purchased, was aroused to an admiration truly feminine.

She had had the discretion to trust to the taste of the *artistes*, and had restrained them in nothing. Consequently, all that was to be desired in the appearance of Mademoiselle Esmeralda upon the eventful evening was happiness. With her mother's permission, she came to our room to display herself, Monsieur following her with an air of awe and admiration commingled. Her costume was rich and exquisite, and her beauty beyond criticism; but as she stood in the center of our little *salon* to be looked at, she presented an appearance to move one's heart. The pretty young face which had by this time lost its slight traces of the sun had also lost some of its bloom; the slight figure was not so round nor so erect as it had been, and moved with less of spirit and girlishness.

It appeared that Monsieur observed this also, for he stood apart regarding her with evident depression, and occasionally used his handkerchief with a violence that was evidently meant to conceal some secret emotion.

"You're not so peart as you was, Esmeraldy," he remarked, tremulously; "not as peart by a right smart, and what with that, and what with your fixin's, Wash—I mean the home-folks," hastily—"they'd hardly know ye."

He followed her down-stairs mournfully when she took her departure, and Clélie and myself being left alone interested ourselves in various speculations concerning them, as was our habit.

"This Monsieur Wash," remarked Clélie, "is clearly the lover. Poor child! how passionately she regrets him,—and thousands of miles lie between them—thousands of miles!"

It was not long after this that, on my way

down-stairs to make a trifling purchase, I met with something approaching an adventure. It so chanced that, as I descended the staircase of the second floor, the door of the first floor apartment was thrown open, and from it issued Mademoiselle Esmeralda and her mother on their way to their waiting carriage. My interest in the appearance of Mademoiselle in her white robes and sparkling jewels so absorbed me that I inadvertently brushed against a figure which stood in the shadow regarding them also. Turning at once to apologize, I found myself confronting a young man,—tall, powerful, but with a sad and haggard face, and attired in a strange and homely dress which had a foreign look.

"Monsieur!" I exclaimed, "a thousand pardons. I was so unlucky as not to see you."

But he did not seem to hear. He remained silent, gazing fixedly at the ladies until they had disappeared, and then, on my addressing him again, he awakened, as it were, with a start.

"It doesn't matter," he answered, in a heavy bewildered voice and in English, and turning back made his way slowly up the stairs.

But even the utterance of this brief sentence had betrayed to my practiced ear a peculiar accent—an accent which, strange to say, bore a likeness to that of our friends down-stairs, and which caused me to stop a moment at the lodge of the *concierge*, and ask her a question or so.

"Have we a new occupant upon the fifth floor?" I inquired. "A person who speaks English?"

She answered me with a dubious expression.

"You must mean the strange young man upon the sixth," she said. "He is a new one and speaks English. Indeed, he does not speak anything else, or even understand a word. *Mon Dieu!* the trials one encounters with such persons,—endeavoring to comprehend, poor creatures, and failing always,—and this one is worse than the rest and looks more wretched—as if he had not a friend in the world."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"How can one remember their names?—it is worse than impossible. This one is frightful. But he has no letters, thank Heaven. If there should arrive one with an impossible name upon it, I should take it to him and run the risk."

Naturally, Clélie, to whom I related the

incident, was much interested. But it was some time before either of us saw the hero of it again, though both of us confessed to having been upon the watch for him. The *concierge* could only tell us that he lived a secluded life—rarely leaving his room in the day-time, and seeming to be very poor.

"He does not work and eats next to nothing," she said. "Late at night he occasionally carries up a loaf, and once he treated himself to a cup of *bouillon* from the restaurant at the corner—but it was only once, poor young man. He is at least very gentle and well-conducted."

So it was not to be wondered at that we did not see him. Clélie mentioned him to her young friend, but Mademoiselle's interest in him was only faint and ephemeral. She had not the spirit to rouse herself to any strong emotion.

"I dare say he's an American," she said. "There are plenty of Americans in Paris, but none of them seem a bit nearer to me than if they were French. They are all rich and fine, and they all like the life here better than the life at home. This is the first poor one I have heard of."

Each day brought fresh unhappiness to her. Madame was inexorable. She spent a fortune upon *toilette* for her, and insisted upon dragging her from place to place, and wearying her with gayeties from which her sad young heart shrank. Each afternoon their equipage was to be seen upon the Champs Élysées, and each evening it stood before the door waiting to bear them to some place of festivity.

Mademoiselle's *bête noir*, the marquis, who was a debilitated *roué* in search of a fortune, attached himself to them upon all occasions.

"Bah!" said Clélie with contempt, "she amazes one by her imbecility—this woman. Truly, one would imagine that her vulgar sharpness would teach her that his object is to use her as a tool, and that having gained Mademoiselle's fortune, he will treat them with brutality and derision."

But she did not seem to see—possibly she fancied that having obtained him for a son-in-law, she would be bold and clever enough to outwit and control him. Consequently, he was encouraged and fawned upon, and Mademoiselle grew thin and pale and large-eyed, and wore continually an expression of secret terror.

Only in her visits to our fifth floor did she dare to give way to her grief, and truly at such times both my Clélie and I were

greatly affected. Upon one occasion indeed she filled us both with alarm.

"Do you know what I shall do?" she said, stopping suddenly in the midst of her weeping. "I'll bear it as long as I can, and then I'll put an end to it. There's—there's always the Seine left, and I've laid awake and thought of it many a night. Father and me saw a man taken out of it one day, and the people said he was a Tyrolean and drowned himself because he was so poor and lonely—and—and so far from home."

Upon the very morning she made this speech I saw again our friend of the sixth floor. In going down-stairs I came upon him, sitting upon one of the steps as if exhausted, and when he turned his face upward, its pallor and haggardness startled me. His tall form was wasted, his eyes were hollow, the peculiarities I had before observed were doubly marked—he was even emaciated.

"Monsieur," I said in English, "you appear indisposed. You have been ill. Allow me to assist you to your room."

"No, thank you," he answered. "It's only weakness. I—I sorter give out. Don't trouble yourself. I shall get over it directly."

Something in his face which was a very young and well-looking one, forced me to leave him in silence, merely bowing as I did so. I felt instinctively that to remain would be to give him additional pain.

As I passed the room of the *concierge*, however, the excellent woman beckoned to me to approach her.

"Did you see the young man?" she inquired rather anxiously. "He has shown himself this morning for the first time in three days. There is something wrong. It is my impression that he suffers want—that he is starving himself to death!"

Her rosy countenance absolutely paled as she uttered these last words, retreating a pace from me, and touching my arm with her fore-finger.

"He has carried up even less bread than usual during the last few weeks," she added "and there has been no *bouillon* whatever. A young man cannot live only on dry bread, and too little of that. He will perish; and apart from the inhumanity of the thing, it will be unpleasant for the other *locataires*."

I wasted no time in returning to Clélie, having indeed some hope that I might find the poor fellow still occupying his former position upon the staircase. But in this I met with disappointment: he was gone and

I could only relate to my wife what I had heard, and trust to her discretion. As I had expected, she was deeply moved.

"It is terrible," she said. "And it is also a delicate and difficult matter to manage. But what can one do? There is only one thing—I who am a woman, and have suffered privation myself, may venture."

Accordingly, she took her departure for the floor above. I heard her light summons upon the door of one of the rooms, but heard no reply. At last, however, the door was opened gently, and with a hesitance that led me to imagine that it was Clélie herself who had pushed it open, and immediately afterward I was sure that she uttered an alarmed exclamation. I stepped out upon the landing and called to her in a subdued tone—

"Clélie," I said, "did I hear you speak?"

"Yes," she returned from within the room. "Come at once, and bring with you some brandy."

In the shortest possible time I had joined her in the room, which was bare, cold and unfurnished—a mere garret, in fact, containing nothing but a miserable bedstead. Upon the floor near the window knelt Clélie, supporting with her knee and arm the figure of the young man she had come to visit.

"Quick with the brandy," she exclaimed. "This may be a faint, but it looks like death." She had found the door partially open, and receiving no answer to her knock, had pushed it farther ajar and caught a glimpse of the fallen figure, and hurried to its assistance.

To be as brief as possible,—we both remained at the young man's side during the whole of the night. As the *concierge* had said, he was perishing from inanition, and the physician we called in assured us that only the most constant attention would save his life.

"Monsieur," Clélie explained to him upon the first occasion upon which he opened his eyes. "You are ill and alone, and we wish to befriend you." And he was too weak to require from her anything more definite.

Physically he was a person to admire. In health his muscular power must have been immense. He possessed the frame of a young giant, and yet there was in his face a look of innocence and inexperience amazing even when one recollected his youth.

"It is the look," said Clélie, regarding him attentively,—“the look one sees in the faces of Monsieur and his daughter down-

stairs; the look of a person who has lived a simple life, and who knows absolutely nothing of the world."

It is possible that this may have prepared the reader for the *dénouement* which followed; but singular as it may appear, it did not prepare either Clélie or myself—perhaps because we *had* seen the world, and having learned to view it in a practical light, were not prepared to encounter suddenly a romance almost unparalleled.

The next morning I was compelled to go out to give my lessons as usual, and left Clélie with our patient. On my return, my wife, hearing my footsteps, came out and met me upon the landing. She was moved by the strongest emotion and much excited; her cheeks were pale and her eyes shone.

"Do not go in yet," she said, "I have something to tell you. It is almost incredible; but—but it is—the lover!"

For a moment we remained silent—standing looking at each other. To me it seemed incredible indeed.

"He could not give her up," Clélie went on, "until he was sure she wished to discard him. The mother had employed all her ingenuity to force him to believe that such was the case, but he could not rest until he had seen his betrothed face to face. So he followed her,—poor, inexperienced and miserable,—and when at last he saw her at a distance, the luxury with which she was surrounded caused his heart to fail him, and he gave way to despair."

I accompanied her into the room, and heard the rest from his own lips. He gathered together all his small savings, and made his journey in the cheapest possible way,—in the steerage of the vessel, and in third-class carriages,—so that he might have some trifle left to subsist upon.

"I've a little farm," he said, "and there's a house on it, but I wouldn't sell that. If she cared to go, it was all I had to take her to, an' I'd worked hard to buy it. I'd worked hard, early and late, always thinking that some day we'd begin life there together—Esmeraldy and me."

"Since neither sea, nor land, nor cruelty, could separate them," said Clélie to me during the day, "it is not I who will help to hold them apart."

So when Mademoiselle came for her lesson that afternoon, it was Clélie's task to break the news to her,—to tell her that neither sea nor land lay between herself and her lover, and that he was faithful still.

She received the information as she might

have received a blow,—staggering backward, and whitening, and losing her breath; but almost immediately afterward she uttered a sad cry of disbelief and anguish.

"No, no," she said, "it—it isn't true! I won't believe it—I mustn't. There's half the world between us. Oh! don't try to make me believe it,—when it can't be true!"

"Come with me," replied Clélie.

Never—never in my life has it been my fate to see, before or since, a sight so touching as the meeting of these two young hearts. When the door of the cold, bare room opened, and Mademoiselle Esmeralda entered, the lover held out his weak arms with a sob,—a sob of rapture, and yet terrible to hear.

"I thought you'd gone back on me, Esmeraldy," he cried. "I thought you'd gone back on me."

Clélie and I turned away and left them as the girl fell upon her knees at his side.

The effect produced upon the father—who had followed Mademoiselle as usual, and whom we found patiently seated upon the bottom step of the flight of stairs, awaiting our arrival—was almost indescribable.

He sank back upon his seat with a gasp, clutching at his hat with both hands. He also disbelieved.

"Wash!" he exclaimed weakly. "Lord! no! Lord! no! Not Wash! Wash, he's in North Callina. Lord! no!"

"He is upstairs," returned Clélie, "and Mademoiselle is with him."

During the recovery of the Monsieur Wash, though but little was said upon the subject, it is my opinion that the minds of each of our number pointed only toward one course in the future.

In Mademoiselle's demeanor there appeared a certain air of new courage and determination, though she was still pallid and anxious. It was as if she had passed a climax and had gained strength. Monsieur, the father, was alternately nervous and dejected, or in feverishly high spirits. Occasionally he sat for some time without speaking, merely gazing into the fire with a hand upon each knee; and it was one evening, after a more than usually prolonged silence of this description, that he finally took upon himself the burden which lay upon us unitedly.

"Esmeraldy," he remarked, tremulously, and with manifest trepidation,—*"Esmeraldy, I've been thinkin'—it's time—we broke it to mother."*

The girl lost color, but she lifted her head steadily.

"Yes, father," she answered, "it's time."

"Yes," he echoed, rubbing his knees slowly, "it's time; an', Esmeraldy, it's a thing to—to sorter set a man back."

"Yes, father," she answered again.

"Yes," as before, though his voice broke somewhat; "an' I dessay you know how it'll be, Esmeraldy,—that you'll have to choose between mother and Wash."

She sat by her lover, and for answer she dropped her face upon his hand with a sob.

"An'—an' you've chose Wash, Esmeraldy?"

"Yes, father."

He hesitated a moment, and then took his hat from its place of concealment and rose.

"It's nat'ral," he said, "an' it's right. I wouldn't want it no other way. An' you mustn't mind, Esmeraldy, it's bein' kinder rough on me, as can't go back on mother, havin' swore to cherish her till death do us part. You've allus been a good gal to me, an' we've thought a heap on each other, an' I reckon it can allus be the same way, even though we're sep'rated, fur it's nat'ral you should have chose Wash, an'—an' I wouldn't have it no other way, Esmeraldy. Now I'll go an' have it out with mother."

We were all sufficiently unprepared for the announcement to be startled by it. Mademoiselle Esmeralda, who was weeping bitterly, half sprang to her feet.

"To-night!" she said. "Oh! father!"

"Yes," he replied; "I've been thinking over it, an' I don't see no other way, an' it may as well be to-night as any other time."

After leaving us he was absent for about an hour. When he returned, there were traces in his appearance of the storm through which he had passed. His hands trembled with agitation; he even looked weakened as he sank into his chair. We regarded him with commiseration.

"It's over," he half whispered, "an' it was even rougher than I thought it would be. She was terrible outed, was mother. I reckon I never see her so outed before. She jest raged and tore. It was most more than I could stand, Esmeraldy," and he dropped his head upon his hands for support. "Seemed like it was the Markis as laid heaviest upon her," he proceeded. "She was terrible sot on the Markis, an' every time she think of him, she'd just rear—she'd just rear. I never stood up agen mother afore,

an' I hope I sha'n't never have it to do again in my time. I'm kinder wore out."

Little by little we learned much of what had passed, though he evidently withheld the most for the sake of Mademoiselle, and it was some time before he broke the news to her that her mother's doors were closed against her.

"I think you'll find it pleasanter a-stop-pin' here," he said, "if Mis' Dimar'll board ye until—until the time fur startin' home. Her sperrit was so up that she said she didn't aim to see you no more, an' you know how she is, Esmeraldy, when her sperrit's up."

The girl went and clung around his neck, kneeling at his side, and shedding tears.

"Oh! father!" she cried, "you've bore a great deal for me; you've bore more than any one knows, and all for me."

He looked rather grave, as he shook his head at the fire.

"That's so, Esmeraldy," he replied; "but we allus seemed nigh to each other, somehow, and when it come to the wust, I was bound to kinder make a stand fur you, as I couldn't have made fur myself. I couldn't have done it fur myself. Lord! No!"

So Mademoiselle remained with us, and Clélie assisted her to prepare her simple outfit, and in the evening the tall young lover came into our apartment and sat looking on, which aspect of affairs, I will confess, was entirely new to Clélie, and yet did not displease her.

"Their candor moves me," she said. "He openly regards her with adoration. At parting she accompanies him to the door, and he embraces her tenderly, and yet one is not repelled. It is the love of the lost Arcadia—serious and innocent."

Finally, we went with them one morning to the American Chapel in the Rue de Berri, and they were united in our presence and that of Monsieur, who was indescribably affected.

After the completion of the ceremony, he presented Monsieur Wash with a package.

"It's papers as I've had drawd up fur Esmeraldy," he said. "It'll start you well out in the world, an' after me and mother's gone, there's no one but you and her to have the rest. The Lord—may the Lord bless ye!"

We accompanied them to Havre, and did not leave them until the last moment. Monsieur was strangely excited, and clung to the hands of his daughter and son-in-law, talking fast and nervously, and pouring out messages to be delivered to his distant friends.

"Tell 'em I'd like powerful well to see 'em all, an' I'd have come only—only things was kinder onconvenient. Sometime, perhaps——"

But here he was obliged to clear his throat, as his voice had become extremely husky. And, having done this, he added in an undertone:

"You see, Esmeraldy, I couldn't, because of mother, as I've swore not to go back on. Wash, he wouldn't go back on you, however high your sperrit was, an' I can't go back on mother."

The figures of the young couple standing at the side, Monsieur Wash holding his wife to his breast with one strong arm, were the last we saw as the ship moved slowly away.

"It is obscurity to which they are returning," I said, half unconsciously.

"It is love," said Clélie.

The father, who had been standing apart, came back to us, replacing in his pocket his handkerchief.

"They are young an' likely, you see," said Monsieur, "an' life before them, an' it's nat'ral as she should have chose Wash, as was young too, an' sot on her. Lord, it's nat'ral, an' I wouldn't have it no other ways."

A CARCANET.

Not what the chemists say they be,
Are pearls—they never grew;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips,
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl!

A LONDON ADVENTURE;

OR, THE TRUE STORY OF THE INGENUOUS ENGLISHMAN, THE FRIENDLY GERMAN,
AND THE CONFIDING AMERICAN.

As an honest traveler is bound to relate all that befalls him, illustrative of the manners and morals of the people among whom he sojourns, even though he himself does not appear to the best advantage in the narrative, my conscience will not permit me to withhold from my reader the following bit of adventure, though the simplicity of John Bull, about which I have had something to say, may not be made so apparent by it as the credulity of Jonathan.

It was an attempt on the part of two sharpers to play upon me an old London confidence game which gave me my only chance to see John Bull as a rogue. In this character he proved no bungler, but a most consummate actor. Indeed, the circumstance revealed to me more clearly than almost anything else, how much we have got to learn of this people, and how "mellow" and considerate John can be even in the character of a London highwayman.

For some reason or other, the confidence-men have always taken a shine to me. About the first time I went to New York, Peter Funk sold me a watch, though I saw what he had done in a few moments afterward, and went into the next place where watches were being slaughtered, and advised the innocent bidders standing about (!) not to purchase, as things were not what they seemed, and privately showed some of them my own time-keeper! And in very recent years, during a half-hour's walk on Broadway, I have had at least three long-forgotten acquaintances rush up to me with extended hand and hearty exclamations of surprise and delight. But on these occasions I have always been able to command Bret Hart's famous smile, which I have found as effective as a policeman's badge.

The London confidence-man found me one night at a public place of amusement, and, of course, knew me at a glance. He was a German (my visor always goes up when I see a German), and was a curious spectator of things in and about London, like myself, and expected soon to visit America. I hardly know how we got acquainted. I think some incident in the crowd, as we stood near each other in the area, caused us to exchange glances and then remarks. He evidently "took" to me

at once. Travelers are quick to know travelers, and always find themselves in sympathy; they are in one boat, while the stay-at-home world is in another. We were soon exchanging notes about London and other matters, and after the performance was over, walked out of the theater together. We were a good deal jostled by the crowd, but an empty pocket is never afraid of being picked, and the frail creature who did her share of the jostling, and who declared we looked enough alike to be brothers, played her part well but to little purpose. We did not separate till we had exchanged cards, and my delightful German had made some inquiries about my hotel; he was not suited where he was and was on the lookout for a chance to improve his quarters, and as he had an especial liking for Americans,—“they were so much more like Germans than the English were,”—and had many questions to ask about that country, he should be delighted to stop beneath the same roof with me, if the locality suited him, etc., etc.

Accordingly, next day, at 12 M, he called around. We had lunch together and much interesting conversation. He proved extremely well-informed about England and the English, and was extremely entertaining. He had much to say about a London friend of his, a banker, who had lived in America, and whom I ought to know. After an hour spent in this way, he proposed a walk, and said, if I wished it, he would present me to his friend.

To this, after some hesitation, I assented, and we set out for King's Cross, a part of town I had not yet visited. After walking about half an hour, during which time my companion beguiled the way with a very lively account of a steeple-chase he had recently taken part in through his friend the banker, at his suggestion we stopped at one of the numerous ale-houses for some refreshment. It was not a very inviting-looking place, and I felt disposed to take our ale standing at the bar, American fashion, and pass on; but my German was not going to be so coolly matter-of-fact as that, and led the way to the coffee-room, which, however, we found locked; but one of the bar-maids handed him the key, and we went in. It was a dingy, unused-looking room,

with leather-cushioned benches around the sides, and tables in front of them. It struck me that there was some incongruity in our being in such a place. It seemed better adapted to some secret nocturnal revel. The two windows were high, shutting out all view of the street, and admitting but a scanty light. I sat down on a chair near the door, feeling a little constrained; but my companion passed over to the further corner of the room, and sat down with such a hearty, masterly air that I followed him, and had soon aimed a blow at my lamentable reserve in a bumper of ale. While I was engaged in looking over some admirable Berlin photographs which my friend handed me, he made an excuse to go out. Not long thereafter there entered the room a man who drew my attention by his bewildered, excited manner. He took off his hat, mopped his brow with his handkerchief, and rushing around the room, gave each of the three bell-handles a violent jerk.

"The worst part of town I've been in yet," said he, seating himself on my side of the room. "Can't even get a little Scotch whisky 'ere. I went into a place just below 'ere, and, because I very naturally mistook the landlord for the waiter, I was insulted. 'Ow should I know?" said the injured unsophisticated Englishman. "I saw a man standing there with a hapron on, and says I, 'Waiter, bring me some Scotch whisky and 'ot water,' and he swelled up and said, 'I'm not the waiter; I'll 'ave you to know I'm not the waiter; I'm the landlord!'"

"All the same," said I. "I thought you was, and I want some whisky."

"But you can 'ave no whisky 'ere; I'll not be called a waiter in my own 'ouse." So I told him to go to the devil and left the room; and the ingenuous creature appealed to me if it was not a shame and an outrage, and I replied that it most assuredly was.

"I wonder if they know 'ow to treat strangers any better 'ere," he said, looking about the room.

Just then a waiter appeared and the beloved "'ot Scotch" was soon before him.

He was a fine specimen of a young Englishman, with a round, fresh face, bright eyes, full rosy lips, a beard that had wanted the razor for three or four days, and withal an expression singularly boyish and ingenious. He was well dressed in gray cheviot clothes, and wore the inevitable stove-pipe hat.

"It's the first time I've been up to Lon-

don, and I 'ope it's the last," he continued. "I've seen enough of it."

Just here the German re-appeared and was presently as interested as I was in the new arrival upon the scene, whom the Scotch whisky was making more and more garrulous and confidential.

With the utmost naïveté he went on to complain how queerly he had been treated in London.

"I did not get through my business till day before yesterday, when I thought before I left town, and as my case in court had come out so well that I would go out and 'ave a little jollification. Mr. So-and-so, our lawyer, made me give him most of my money before I went out; but I kept back a few bank notes that he didn't know I 'ad. As I was walking on the Strand a lady came rushing up to me and said:

"'Ow hare you, Mr. Jones?"

"'Pretty near it,' said I. 'My name is not Jones, but it's Johnson. All the same; no harm done, Miss,' and was going on, when she said:

"'Is that the way you leave a lady?"

"'Leave a lady?' said I, a deal surprised at her manner.

"'Yes,' said she, 'leave a lady; that is not the way Mr. Jones would do.'

"'Pray, how would Mr. Jones dō?' said I.

"'Why, he would have taken me in and treated me to a bottle of wine.'

"'Oh; if that's all, you shall 'ave two bottles,' said I. 'Come on.'

"So we went into a place there, and blow me if she didn't drink nearly two bottles of wine. I was amazed; I never saw a lady drink so, and they charged me outrageously for the wine,—a guinea for the two bottles. Why, our wine at 'ome don't cost us half that.

"Then she asked me to take her to some rooms. I forget the name; it began with ha,—Hargyle Rooms; that's it, and as I didn't mind having a little fun and not to refuse a lady, said I, 'Come on,' and away we went.

"Gentlemen," said the innocent creature, "you are strangers to me, but I trust you'll never mention what I am now telling you; I wouldn't 'ave my sister Mary know it for a hundred pound."

We assured him he need have no fear of us, and urged him to proceed.

"While at the Hargyle," resumed he, "the girl (for I am convinced she was not a lady) wanted me to dance with her, but I

could not dance, so she danced with two or three other gentlemen, and then came to me and asked me to get her a pair of gloves. I thought this a little hodd, but offered 'er 'alf a crown, and told 'er to get them 'erself. This she refused; said she never paid less than a crown for her gloves; wouldn't be seen with a pair that cost only 'alf a crown; and, as I did not like to appear mean, I said, 'Come out with me, you shall 'ave the gloves.' I gave her a sovereign, and she told me to wait outside while she went in the shop and got the gloves. I paced up and down in front of the place for 'alf an hour, and then went in to see what 'ad become of her, and get my change. The shop-girl laughed, and said she'd been gone 'alf an hour; so I see I 'ad been sold, and went straight back to my 'otel.

"Lucky," he continued, "I got a note changed when I paid for the wine, or I should 'ave given her a five-poun' note, and so lost it all."

The tone and manner in which this narrative was delivered were irresistibly mirth-provoking, and we laughed immoderately at the poor fellow's greenness.

"Here," said I to myself, "is a specimen of my unsophisticated Englishman of the very first water. He is as fresh as a new-blown rose, and never ought to let go the apron-string of his sister Mary."

My German said something about the danger of going about London with much money in one's pocket.

"I'm not afraid," said the verdant, "and I always carry my money right here too," taking out from the breast pocket of his coat a loose package of Bank of England notes. "Ow am I going to lose that with my coat buttoned so?"

But my friend assured him he might easily lose it; that he had better have left it with his lawyer or his banker; that he himself never carried but a few pounds about him, and no prudent traveler ever did, and, on appealing to me, I added my testimony to the same effect, declaring that I seldom left my hotel with as much as a five-pound note in my pocket.

"But I 'ave enough more," said the complacent idiot, "if I lose this. You see, me and my sister Mary have just come into a little property,—about £17,000,—that is what brought me up to London; it's an unpleasant subject, a family quarrel, but right is right, and what the law gives one, that he may call his own, mayn't he? Well, the law has just given me and me sister

Mary me father's estate which me elder brother George had held since me father's and mother's death. This is 'ow it 'appened. The old family nurse, when she came to die, let it out that me brother George was born out of wedlock,—that is before me father and mother were married, and so was not the legal heir of the property. The old doctor was referred to, his dates were looked up and compared with the parish records, and the nurse's story was confirmed. So we went to law about it, and the case has just been decided in our favor in the Court of Queen's Bench. It makes bad blood, but I shall not treat me brother George as he has treated me and sister Mary. After he has had time to cool off and think it over, I shall go to 'im and say, 'Ere, George, you are me brother, I cannot forget that,—ere, take this sum and set yourself up in business.'"

We both applauded this good resolution, and urged him by all means to carry it into effect.

"But George did not do just right with the property," he went on; "you see, part of it came from uncle William, and uncle William in his will provided that £500 of it should be disbursed among the poor, not the Hinglish poor only, but the poor of different nations. This brother George did not do. But this I shall do without delay, and to get this £500 well off my 'ands, according to my huncle's will is now my chief concern. Hof course, I cannot go around looking up the poor,—the needy cases,—and must mostly depend upon others to do it for me. I shall spend £100 of it among the poor of my own town and neighborhood, and shall 'ope to meet trust-worthy gentlemen now and then, whom I can rely upon to distribute a portion of it among the poor of their countries. I gave £50 of it yesterday to a gentleman at my 'otel, from Glasgow, to spend among his poor."

"A stranger to you?" said I, with reproof and astonishment in my look.

"Oh, yes; but then he showed me that he had money of his own and did not need mine; that was all I required him to do."

The German and I exchanged glances as we finished our second ale, when the former said, speaking my own thought:

"Well, you'll have little trouble in finding people to take your money on such terms. I, myself, would very gladly be charitable at some one else's expense, and the late war has made many poor people in my country."

"Very well," said the confiding stranger, "show me that you have £100 of your own, and I will give you another hundred to disburse among your poor and take your receipt for it, requiring you only to insert an advertisement in 'The Times,' giving the names and dates, etc. All I want is to be able to show that my uncle's will has been complied with, and that I 'aven't spent money that didn't belong to me."

How the bait took! Whose benevolence would not have snapped at it? Is it in human nature on its travels to let such golden opportunities slip? And would it not instantly occur to one that if this fool and his money must part so soon, that it was the duty of an honest man to see to it that the money went into the proper channels?

"And I too," said I, not without a feeling of shame, as if I was about to be in some way a party to the robbery of this simpleton; "I, too, will bear your alms to some of the poor of my country, and see that they are judiciously bestowed."

"What poor have you in your country?" said he.

"Plenty of them," said I,—"the freed-men, for instance, whom I see much of, and who are much in need of help."

"All right," said he. "Satisfy me that you have money of your own and do not need mine, and you shall have a hundred pounds."

"I carry no money with me," I replied, "and you will have to come around to my hotel."

"Neither have I a hundred pounds," said my companion, "but I have some, I hardly know how much," and he proceeded to take out and unroll some Bank of England notes.

"Show him what you have," said he to me, significantly; "don't let him think you are penniless."

"Oh, I have only a little change," I said, "not more than two guineas in all," and with embarrassment I produced it in my open palm.

"Put up your money, gentlemen," said the verdant. "I have no doubt you are both responsible men, and can easily satisfy me that you are fit persons to act as my agents in this matter."

"Come to my hotel," said the German, "and I can show you five times the amount, or to my banker, whose place is near here."

"Yes," I joined in, "meet us this afternoon or this evening at my hotel, and we will show you that we are all right."

"No, I must leave town to-night; my sister Mary will be expecting me."

"Then," suggested the German, "let's arrange it now. Where do you need to go," he inquired of me, "to get the money."

"To my hotel and to my banker's, both," I said.

"Where is your banker?"

"On Lombard street."

"Well, that will suit me, too, as I know a banker there, and can get all the money I need."

The Englishman would pledge us in another glass before we started, though I barely tasted my ale, the two glasses I had already imbibed having had a very strange effect upon me.

"Here is a sovereign," he said, "to pay for the cab; this is to accommodate me, and I insist upon paying."

The German took the gold, called a cab, and we were off, it being agreed that the Englishman should wait there till we returned.

"It is the most astonishing performance I ever heard of," said I. "Can it be possible that such a fool can be at large twenty-four hours in London without being robbed?"

"He runs a great risk," said my companion, "and we had better keep an eye on him till he starts for home, or else telegraph to Mary to come and look after him."

I found my banker, a man who had known me long and intimately in this country, in his private office, and I spread out my adventure before him in the most animated style. I felt it necessary to do this because I wanted to ask the loan of £50 for a few hours, but before I had got to that point, he said he could let me have the money if I did not happen to have it by me; it was by all means my duty to accept the offer the stranger had made, etc., etc. He called his partner, a native Londoner, and related the singular circumstance to him; he opened his eyes very wide but said little. As I was leaving my banker said:

"You don't suppose this is an attempt to rob you, do you?"

"Oh, no," said I, "that is out of the question."

When I regained the cab, my companion was not there; I supposed he had not returned from his banker's yet; but I presently saw him emerging from behind a near cab, whence it instantly occurred to me that he had been watching my movements. We got in and drove toward my hotel. Presently a feeling came over me precisely like a bucket

of cold water, that here was a skillfully played game to rob me. But no, it could not be; the thought was too ugly; I put it from me; I was not going to give up that hundred pounds so easily. But the feeling would come back in spite of me, and gradually the scales fell from my eyes. With what a rude shock I came down from the seventh heaven of delight, whither the drugged ale and the benevolent impulse had sent me, to the unpalatable reality! I suddenly noticed it was raining and that London looked its dismalest. I glanced at my companion, and quickly understood a peculiar look about the eyes he had had all that day—a sort of strained, furtive, half-excited look, such as one might have when playing a risky and desperate game. I recalled, too, how he had approached from behind that cab, and remembered that I had seen his legs beneath it as I came out of the bank. I recalled, also, with what caution and skill the Englishman had played his part, and the many little touches he had given it, such as only a real artist would think of. Well, said I to myself, this is my simple, pastoral Britisher, is it? But how well he knows his business! What a master workman and how juicy and human!

My companion talked gayly, but evidently noticed a change in me. When we reached the hotel, he invited himself up to my room to see my quarters, etc. As I was moving about, under one pretense or another, I caught his eye in the glass intently watching me. Having taken the bank notes from my trunk, that I had come up for, we went down. I lingered in the hall long enough to tell the porter—a stout, soldierly looking fellow—that I wanted his services about an hour, and that I wished him to take a cab and follow us, and when we alighted to alight also and enter, but a few moments later. I was determined to see the play out, but I did not want to be alone in that room again with those two men.

As we rode along my thoughts were busy. What should be done? Did I want to cause the arrest of these men, and have myself detained as a witness? I thought not; that would spoil the farce; it would

not be the least bit of an artistic finish. I was in their toils, but did not want to break out too rudely. I would give them a good hint, which I knew such artists would appreciate more than a kick; so, turning to my companion, I said:

"Do you know, I believe this is a plan to rob us?"

"It can't be, can it?" he replied, with an alarmed look.

"Yes," said I, "it is; that fellow has accomplices, and he means to get our money. Do you go armed?" I continued.

"No," said he, "do you?"

"Always; an American carries a pistol as much as he carries a jack-knife, and he isn't afraid to use it, either."

"So I have heard," said the German, looking wistfully out of the carriage.

"But *you* wouldn't shoot a man, would you?" he inquired.

"Let him try to rob me," said I, "and you will see whether I will or not."

Just then the cab stopped at our destination. As we got out, I saw another cab stop about half a square from us. My companion made an excuse to step across the street, and I passed into the hall. Our simpton was still there, apparently mellowed than ever over his "ot Scotch." He asked where my friend was, and as he did not immediately appear, said he would step out and hurry him up. The porter had by this time entered the room, though the bar-maid had tried to stop him, and ordered some ale. He glanced at me significantly as the Englishman went out, and I felt pretty sure the play was over. We sipped our ale and waited, but no one returned. I went out and looked, but could see nothing of either of them.

In about twenty minutes a large man opened the door, looked in as if he expected to find some one (I knew at a glance that it was the "banker" friend of the German, who had come to play his part), and then hastily withdrew. We tarried some time longer, but it became apparent that my two confiding friends had unceremoniously deserted me, or had gone off and divided the poor fund between them.

VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS.

It may be because the newness of our country and the fragile character of our early structures have prevented the accumulation of inferior, ugly, and uncomfortable houses as the nucleus around which later building has crystallized; it may be from circumstances which have prevented the isolated residences of the better classes of our people; or it may be the result of accident,—but whatever the reason, it is beyond dispute that the United States is *par excellence* a land of beautiful villages. North, south, east and west, there are plenty of hideous conglomerations of poor-looking houses with an absence of every element of beauty, but there are thousands of other villages scattered all over the land which are full of the evidences of good taste in their regulation and management.

As a rule, these more attractive features are very much modified by the presence of badly kept private places or neglected public buildings, and by a general air of untidiness. Still, the foundation of attractiveness is there, and nothing is needed beyond a well-organized and well-guided control of public sentiment to remove or at least to hide the objectionable features and to permit such beauty as the village may possess to manifest itself.

The real elements of beauty in a village are not fine houses, costly fences, paved roadways, geometrical lines, mathematical grading, nor any obviously costly improvements. They are rather coziness, neatness, simplicity, and that general air springing from all these, and from the real love of home.

To state the case tersely, the shiftless village is a hideous village, while the charm which we often realize without analyzing it comes of affectionate care and attention.

There are villages in New England, in western New York, and all over the West, even to the far side of Arkansas, which impress the visitor at once as being home-like and full of sociability and kindness, which delight him and lead him almost to wish that his own lot had been cast within their shades. These are chiefly villages where the evidences of public and private care predominate, or are at least conspicuous. A critical examination would, in almost every case, develop very serious evidence of neglect, unwholesomeness and bad neighborhood.

Of late, beginning, I believe, in Massachusetts, the more thoughtful of those whose

affections are centered in their village homes have united in unorganized efforts to make their villages more tidy, to interest all classes of society in attention to those little details the neglect of which is fatal, and to make the village, what it certainly should be, an expression of the interest of its people in their homes and in the surroundings of their daily life.

The first of these associations of which I have any knowledge (though, as such work is unobtrusive, there may have been many before it) was the "Laurel Hill Association" of Stockbridge, Mass. It takes its name from a wooded knoll in the center of the village which had been dedicated to public use. The first object of the association was to convert this knoll into a village park. Then they took in hand the village burial-ground, which was put in proper condition and suitably surrounded with hedge and railing. Then the broad village street was properly graded and drained, and agreeable walks were made at its sides. Incidental to this, the people living along both sides of the streets were encouraged to do what they could to give it an appropriate setting by putting their own premises into tasteful condition and maintaining them so. The organization worked well and accomplished good results. The Rev. N. P. Eggleston, formerly of Stockbridge, in a paper on village improvements, written for the "New York Tribune," thus describes the collateral work and influences of the Laurel Hill Association:

"Next followed the planting of trees by the roadside wherever trees were lacking. The children, sometimes disposed in their thoughtlessness to treat young trees too rudely, were brought in as helpers of the association, while, at the same time, put under a beneficial culture for themselves. Any boy who would undertake to watch and care for a particular tree for two years was rewarded by having the tree called by his name. Other children were paid for all the loose papers and other unsightly things which they would pick up and remove from the street.

"Gradually the work of the association extended. It soon took in hand the streets connected with the main street. Year by year it pushed out walks from the center of the village toward its outer borders. Year by year it extended its line of trees in the same manner; and year by year there has been a marked improvement in the aspect of the village. Little by little, and in many nameless ways, the houses and barns, the door-yards and farms have come to wear a look of neatness and intelligent, tasteful care that makes the Stockbridge of to-day quite a different place from the Stockbridge of twenty years ago. Travelers passing through it are apt to speak of it with admiration as a finished place; and, compared with most even of our New England villages, it has

such a look; but the Laurel Hill Association does not consider its home finished, nor its own work completed. Still the work goes on. Committees are even now conning plans for further improvements. By itself, or by suggestions and stimulations offered to others, the association is aiming at the culture of the village people through other agencies than those of outward and physical adornment. It fosters libraries, reading-rooms, and other places of resort where innocent and healthful games, music and conversation, will tend to promote the social feeling and lessen vice by removing some of its causes."

No one can drive through this beautiful old place without realizing the effect of some influence different from that which has usually been at work in country towns. One feels that it is a village of homes; that the people who live in it love it, and that it has no public or private interest so insignificant as to be neglected.

I have cited this instance somewhat at length, because it was the first, as it is the most complete, that has come to my notice. In other places, more serious work of improvement has been undertaken in the direction of sewerage, gas-lighting, etc. In fact the idea of preparing this paper was suggested by frequent requests for information and advice on the more practical parts of the subject.

At the outset it is to be said that the organization and control of the village society is especially woman's work. It requires the sort of systematized attention to detail, especially in the constantly recurring duty of "cleaning up," that grows more naturally out of the habit of good house-keeping than out of any occupation to which man is accustomed. Then, too, it requires a degree of leisure which women are the more apt to have, and it will especially enlist their sympathy as being a real addition to their ordinary sphere of life. The sort of enthusiasm which has led to marked success in the Dorcas Society, and other limited fields of organized action outside of one's own home, for which American country women are noted, will find here a new and engaging field. This, however, is only a suggestion by the way, and one which may or may not be appropriate under varying circumstances.

If we assume, which is not altogether true, that the main purpose of village improvement is to improve the appearance of the village, we must still understand that the direct object of the society should not be alone, nor chiefly, in the direction of appearance.

What it is especially desirable that a village should appear to be is, a wholesome, cleanly, tidy, simple, modest collection of

country homes, with all of its parts and appliances adapted to the pleasantest and most satisfactory living of its people. All improvements should therefore have this fundamental tendency, and every element of adornment, and every evidence of careful attention, should be only an outgrowth of the effort to obtain the best practical results.

Costly park railing where no railing is needed, width of roadway greater than the needs of the community require, formal geometric lines and surfaces where more natural slopes and curves would be practically better, elaborate fountains or statuary out of keeping with the general character of the village (the gift of a public-spirited, ambitious, and pretentious fellow-townsmen), and isolated examples, as in a church or school-house, of a style of architecture which would be more appropriate for a city,—all these are obtrusive and objectionable, and consequently in bad taste. In so far as these or any other elements of improvement are unsuited to the conditions in which they are placed, they are undesirable; and it would be well for those having the interest of the village in charge, to adopt an early resolution to accept no gifts, and to allow no work of construction or embellishment, which is not first of all appropriate to the modest character of a well-regulated country village.

If every public building is sufficient for its uses and suggests no undue outlay for show alone, if the roads and walks are such as the uses of the people require, if the fountain suggests a tasteful ornament and center of freshness and coolness, rather than a monument of some citizen's liberality and ambition, if the village green or park is a proper pleasure-ground for old and young, and, in short, if everything that is done, and every dollar that is expended has for its object only the improvement of the conditions of living, then there will be needed only the element of careful keeping to maintain always the best sort of beauty that is possible under the circumstances.

No satisfactory result can be attained without organization. The work will necessarily require much money and more time in order to avoid an undue tax upon individuals. It is desirable, too, that, so far as possible, every member of the community should be interested in the work, and should contribute in labor or in money according to his means. This general interest can be secured much better through the influence of an organization in which all are interested, than by any individual effort.

The association should become the distributor, not only of moneys accruing from membership fees, etc., but of contributions made by citizens, or subscriptions raised by combined effort for general or specific works of improvement. It should be in fact not only the inciter of public spirit, but the director of public effort.

The precise form of constitution for such an association must necessarily depend more or less on circumstances, and I sketch only as a basis for discussion, the following form suggested by the regulations governing the Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge.

ARTICLE I.

This Association shall be called "The Village Improvement Association of _____."

ARTICLE II.

The object of this Association shall be to improve and ornament the streets and public grounds of the village by planting and cultivating trees; establishing and maintaining walks; grading and draining roadways; establishing and protecting good grass-plots and borders in the streets and public squares; securing a proper public supply of water; establishing and maintaining such sewerage as shall be needed for the best sanitary condition of the village; providing public fountains and drinking-troughs; breaking out paths through the snow; lighting the streets; encouraging the formation of a library and reading-room; and generally doing whatever may tend to the improvement of the village as a place of residence.

ARTICLE III.

The officers of this Association shall be a President, two Vice-Presidents, a Secretary and a Treasurer, who shall constitute the Executive Committee. These officers shall be elected at the annual meeting, and shall hold their offices until their successors shall have been elected.

ARTICLE IV.

It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence of the senior Vice-President, to preside at all meetings of the Association, and to carry out all orders of the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE V.

It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep a correct and careful record of all proceedings of the association, and of the Executive Committee, in a book suitable for their preservation; to give notice of all meetings of the Association and of the Executive Committee; to make all publications, and to give all public and private notices ordered by the Executive Committee, and to attend to all the correspondence of the Association.

ARTICLE VI.

It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to keep the funds of the Association, and to make such disbursements as may be ordered by the Executive Committee.

ARTICLE VII.

It shall be the duty of the Executive Committee to manage all the affairs of the Association, to employ all laborers, to make all contracts, to expend all moneys and generally to direct and superintend all improvements which, in their discretion, and with

the means at their command, will best serve the public interest. The Executive Committee shall hold a meeting at least once in each month, and as much oftener as they may deem expedient.

The Executive Committee shall have power to institute premiums to be awarded for planting and protecting ornamental trees, and for doing such other acts as may seem to them worthy of such encouragement. They shall also encourage frequent public meetings of the Association and of citizens generally, both with a view to maintain an interest in their work, and for the general encouragement of the habit of meeting for discussion and amusement.

ARTICLE VIII.

Three members of the Executive Committee present at any meeting shall constitute a quorum for transacting business, and the vote of a majority of those present shall be binding on the Association.

ARTICLE IX.

No debt shall be contracted by the Executive Committee beyond the amount of available funds within their control to pay it, and no member of this Association shall be liable for any debt of the Association beyond the amount of his or her subscription.

ARTICLE X.

Every person over fourteen years of age who shall plant and protect a tree under the direction of the Executive Committee, or who shall pay the sum of one dollar annually, and shall obligate him or herself to pay the same for three years, shall be a member of this Association; and every child under fourteen years of age, who shall pay or shall become obligated to pay as before the sum of twenty-five cents annually for three years, shall be a member of this Association.

ARTICLE XI.

The payment of ten dollars annually for three years, or of twenty-five dollars in one sum, shall constitute a person a member of this Association for life.

ARTICLE XII.

The autograph signatures of all members of the Association shall be preserved in a book suitable for that purpose.

ARTICLE XIII.

An annual meeting of the Association shall be held at such place as the Executive Committee may direct on the fourth Wednesday of August at two o'clock P. M. Notice of such meeting shall be posted on each of the churches and at the Post-office at least seven days prior to the time of holding said meetings, and a written notice shall be sent to all non-resident members. Other meetings of the Association may be called by the Executive Committee on seven days' notice as above prescribed.

ARTICLE XIV.

At the annual meeting, the Executive Committee shall report the amount of money received during the year and the source from which it has been received; the amount of money expended during the year, and the objects for which it has been expended; the number of trees planted at the cost of the Association; the number planted by individuals, with the location, the kind of tree, and the name of the planter; and generally all of the acts of the Committee. This report shall be entered on the record of the Association.

ARTICLE XV.

Any person who shall plant a tree under the direction of the Executive Committee, and shall

protect it for five years, shall be entitled to have such tree known forever by his or her name.

ARTICLE XVI.

This Constitution may be amended by the Executive Committee with the approval of the majority of the members present at any annual meeting of the Association, or at any special meeting, the notice of which shall have been accompanied by a copy of the proposed amendment, with the statement that the amendment is to be voted on at such meeting.

I have provided in the above draft of a constitution for an executive committee of only five members, for the reason that, while it will be comparatively easy to secure the services of this number, the duties and responsibilities of a larger committee would be so distributed that there would be too often occasion for the application of the old rule: "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." The Laurel Hill Association has an executive committee of fifteen, in addition to seven officers. This large committee (twenty-two) serves to secure the interest of a larger number of citizens; but the same thing may be as well accomplished by inviting the co-operation of citizens in the work of sub-committees, the chairman of each of which would be a member of the regular executive committee. In East-hampton, Mass., there is a board of fourteen directors, and there are committees on sanitary matters, on setting out trees, on sidewalks and hitching-posts, etc. It would be prudent to restrict the number of members of these sub-committees to three,—one from the executive committee and two from the outside.

Aside from special executive work, a vast deal has been done wherever improvement societies have been organized in the way of stimulating citizens to adorn their private grounds, or at least to keep grounds and fences in good order, removing weeds and rubbish from the sidewalk, keeping the grass well trimmed and free from litter and leaves. What most detracts from the good appearance of any village is the slovenly look which comes from badly hung gates, crooked fences, absent pickets and general shiftlessness about private places; and it is by encouraging citizens to take a pride in attention to these minor details that the association will do its best work. The result may be accomplished almost entirely without the expenditure of money. It is in attention to little things and in securing the co-operation of private owners,—a co-operation which will call for an inappreciable amount of labor,—that the most telling work of the officers of the society is to be done.

So far as these details are concerned it is hardly necessary in a paper of this sort to do more than call attention to them. They are within the capacity of every citizen, and they will naturally suggest themselves to any person who would be likely to undertake the direction of an improvement association. There are other and really more important objects looking to a certain amount of landscape gardening and engineering, on which specific instruction may be desired—often in cases where it will be impracticable to employ professional assistance. These are as follows:

1. The construction of sidewalks.
2. The construction and care of roadways.
3. The supply of water and the construction of drinking-troughs.
4. The laying out and adornment of public squares and other open spaces.
5. The establishment of a system of sewerage or sanitary drainage, including the removal of excessive soil moisture.

SIDEWALKS.

No one thing has more to do with the comfort of those living in country villages than sidewalks which are good at all seasons of the year. Those fortunate villages which are built on a gravelly soil, with a perfect natural drainage, need little more in this direction than such a conformation of the surface as will prevent water from standing on the footway when the ground is frozen. At all other times it sinks naturally away into the earth. It is much more often the case that the character of the soil or subsoil prevents a settling away of water, or that subterranean oozing from higher ground keeps the earth throughout the spring and autumn, and after heavy rains in summer, damp and often sloppy. Wherever the ground is of such a character as to prevent the rapid sinking to a considerable depth of all excessive moisture, there is sure to be a disagreeable condition of the footway whenever the lower soil is locked with frost and the surface is thawed. Even with the best drainage, natural or artificial, this condition will exist for a short time while frost is coming out of the ground; but with good drainage it is of so temporary a character as hardly to justify any expensive finishing of the surface, except perhaps in the case of the most frequented walks.

To overcome occasional sloppiness, where the difficulty is not deep-seated, there is no cheaper nor better device than to dress

the surface with coal ashes. Indeed, if these are used to a sufficient thickness they are practically as good as concrete or the best gravel. When first applied they are dusty and unpleasant, but the first wetting lays the dust, and they soon settle to a firm consistency and make a very pleasant walk, with the great advantages of being entirely barren and of preventing the growth of weeds and grass. If the ashes of a village are collected and screened, the cinders being used at the bottom, and the surface being smoothly dressed with the finer material, they will make as satisfactory walks, even where the use is considerable, as any other material. The color is unobtrusive, and the surface soon becomes hard enough to bear sweeping. Those who are more ambitious for effect may prefer a walk made of tar and gravel concrete, and this if well made is good, durable and satisfactory. So far as the improvement association is concerned, it can find many ways for expending the difference of cost between ashes and concrete, which will accomplish a much more telling result.

If gravel can be obtained without too much cost it may be used with excellent results, to a depth of from one to three inches, according to the porosity of the subsoil,—more being needed where the ground is inclined to become soft. In using gravel it is best either to screen it, using the coarser parts below and the finer parts at the surface, or, after applying it, to add a thin layer of earth, barely sufficient to fill its spaces,—to “bind” it so as to give it a firm and solid consistency. Loose and rattling gravel makes a handsome walk to look at, but an unpleasant one to walk upon. Nothing is more pleasant than well-trodden, dry, root-bound earth, as where grass has been worn away by frequent use; but this becomes at once objectionable on being saturated with rain or moistened by melting frost.

It is a common impression that all thoroughly good foot-paths must be dug out to a considerable depth, filled with loose stones, and dressed at the top with some good finishing material; but this is not necessary even for the best work. The great point is to secure a thorough draining of the substratum, so that there shall be no rising of ooze-water from below, and so that the ground shall be free from such saturation as to cause heaving during frost. This condition may be secured by a suitable draining of the ground immediately under the walk, and by the use of a well-compacted and tightly bound surface covering of such form

as to shed or turn away rain-water. Figure 1 (page 104) shows the cross section of a foot-path six feet wide on slightly sloping ground—where we have to apprehend an oozing of subsoil water from the land at the highest side. The center of the walk is slightly crowning,—say one inch higher than the sides,—so that rain falling upon it will flow readily toward the grass border at either side. To prevent the ponding of water at the sides when the ground is frozen, the surface of the walk at its edges should be well above the level of the adjoining ground, but it may be necessary under some circumstances to furnish, here and there, a channel or surface-gutter across the walk to allow the accumulation at the higher side to escape. Rarely will deep gutters at the sides be necessary or desirable. If the walk is laid at a sufficient height to turn water on to the adjoining ground instead of receiving water from this, it will be easy to keep it dry. We will assume that the path in question is to be made over a tenacious clay soil, with a considerable oozing from the hill-side,—the most unfavorable condition that can be found, especially in cold climates. The first thing to be secured is the cutting off of the subsoil water from the hill. This may be done by digging a trench as narrow as possible,—six inches will be better than more, as requiring less filling material,—to a depth of three feet. In the bottom of this drain lay a common land-tile drain, with collars at the joints if these can be procured, and if not, with a bit of paper laid over the joints to prevent the entrance of loose material, and to hold the pipes in place during construction. The ditch should then be filled with cinders, gravel, or coarse sand. If stones are to be used, they should be broken to a small size,—not more than one inch in diameter,—and the loose bits should be mixed with them in the filling. Very small interstices will be sufficient to allow water to pass freely through, while if large stones are used, with large interstices, there will be danger of a washing in of earth sufficient in time to obstruct both the stone-work and the tile. The smaller the tile, so long as it is sufficient for its purpose, the better; for lengths of five hundred feet or less, an interior diameter of $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches will be sufficient; from this to one thousand feet, use $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch bore. If possible, before exceeding this length, secure an outlet for the water in the road-side gutter, or some other channel of exit. The tile-drain, at a depth of three feet, will remove all subsoil water from

under the walk, and all that may be delivered into the loosely filled trench at its side. The loose filling of the trench should not be carried nearer than within six inches of the surface of the ground, and should be covered with fine and well-packed earth to prevent the entrance of surface-water which would soon carry in silt enough to stop its action. Whatever covering is adopted for the walk itself, it must be of such a character as to prevent anything like a free admission of surface-water. Concrete will do this perfectly, and either ashes, or gravel dressed at the top with ashes, if well raked and rolled at the outset to a smooth surface, will become so bound together as to shed pretty nearly all rain falling upon it. The difference in cost between a walk made in this way and one dug out for its whole width to a depth of two feet, and filled first with stone and then with gravel, and a suitable surface dressing, will be very important, and it is safe to say that the cheaper will be at least as good and durable as the more expensive method. In all construction of sidewalks, whether public or private, regard must be had to the surface conformation, and some device must be adopted for preventing the flow of water upon the walk from the adjoining ground, and for the easy delivery of storm-water falling upon the walk itself.

ROADWAYS.

THE great expense of Macadamizing or Telfordizing puts these systems out of the reach of small communities. Wherever the original expense can be borne, the subsequent cost of maintenance will be so slight, and the result generally will be so satisfactory as to make it always a good investment. The circumstances under which these costly forms of construction may be adopted will be greatly extended if we can overcome the prevalent American prejudice in favor of *wide* roads. Against *wide streets* there is as a rule no objection, though exceptional narrow and well-shaded lanes have a rural charm that will always commend them to persons of taste. A wide street, that is, broad spaces between fences, by no means implies a broad roadway. All we need in the principal thoroughfare of a busy village is such a width as will allow of the easy passing of vehicles in the middle of the road, and the standing of one vehicle at rest at each side. This will be accomplished even in the business street of a village by a width of roadway of thirty feet. Under most other circumstances twenty feet of

roadway will be ample. This will allow of the moving of three vehicles side by side and will give a leeway of six feet between two vehicles passing each other.

On both sides of this roadway, except for the necessary sidewalks, the whole space, to the fences, should be in well-kept grass, which is the cheapest to secure, the most economical to maintain, and the most agreeable to see of all ground covering. It is not unusual in country towns to find a width of from sixty to eighty feet devoted to a muddy, dusty, and ill-kept roadway. From one-half to two-thirds of this width is waste space which must either remain an eye-sore, or which must entail an undue cost for maintenance. When both sides of the street are occupied by places of business, it may be necessary to provide for some occasional driving close to the buildings for the delivery of merchandise; but this occasion will rarely be so regular as to cause any serious damage to grass. If the line of hitching-posts is placed within 15 feet of the center of the roadway on each side, it will be seldom that any one will drive over the bordering grass, especially if there is, as there generally should be, a well-defined gutter or well-kept grass with a curb-stone border at each side.

In considering the width to be given to roadways, it should be understood that every form of road is more or less costly to make, and to keep in order, and that the cost of both items is in direct proportion to the width. If to the cost of making and grading an ordinary roadway sixty feet wide, we add the capital sum whose interest would be necessary to keep this width in good repair, we shall have an amount that would go far toward the construction and maintenance of a road of the very best quality only thirty feet wide. Furthermore, while it is impossible to estimate such items exactly, and while the amount thus saved cannot be controlled for the road-making account, the saving in the wear and tear of vehicles, and in the team-force needed to move heavy loads, constitutes an important argument in favor of the best construction. The amount thus saved in the short streets of the village, where the principal traffic is over rough country roads would not be very great, and would enable the road authorities of the township to realize the advantage of first-rate roads and the degree to which the narrowing of the roadway cheapens construction. As a result, there would soon be an extension of the improvement over the more important highways in the country,—

whereas a well-metalled width of twelve feet would accommodate nearly the whole traffic and where the proper application of a cheap system of under-drainage would make well-metalled roads extremely cheap to maintain.

In the island of Jersey, there are many excellent roads only six feet wide. These are provided with frequent little bays or turn-outs to allow teams to pass each other. Although such extremely narrow roads are not to be recommended, the difference in comfort and economy of team-power between these and the average American dirt road is enormously in their favor. The widest roads in Jersey, leading from a busy town of thirty thousand inhabitants into a thickly settled farming region, where business and pleasure travel is very active, and where excursion cars carrying thirty or forty persons are constantly passing, are only twenty-four feet wide; often only of this width between the hedge-rows, the road itself being an excellent foot-path for its whole width. Nowhere else in the world is the rural charm more perfectly developed than in Jersey, and no element of its great beauty is so conspicuous and so constantly satisfactory as its narrow and embowered lanes and roadways.

This, however, by the way, and only as a suggestion, for the sake of variety. As a rule, we may, at least, accept much less width than is now usual for our country and village roads. Wherever it is intended to build expensive stone roads, those having the work in charge will naturally employ a competent engineer, or will, at least, appeal to Professor Gillespie's work on road-making or to some other authority. Space need not be given here to engineering details which would require a lengthy elucidation. There is, however, a sort of road-making materially more costly at the outset than that now in vogue, but much less costly in the long run if we consider the element of practical value and the cost of maintenance. It depends more on fundamental principles of construction than on special processes of finishing, and will be more or less satisfactory according to the character of the soil and of the covering material available.

The great enemy of all roads is excessive moisture, and the chief purpose of all methods of improvement is to get rid of this, or to counteract its effect. As in the case of foot-paths, wherever the porous character of the subsoil and the absence of higher-lying wet lands is such that no accumulation of water upon or under the roadway need be feared,

the greatest difficulty is at once set aside. Roads lying on such a soil may be over-dusty in dry weather. When the subsoil is temporarily impervious because of its frozen condition, they may become unduly muddy, or when the situation is such as to lead hill-water upon them they may be badly washed, but they are free from the great difficulties that beset all roads which for a large part of the year are underlaid by an over-saturated, compact subsoil. Where such natural drainage is secured, no artificial under-drainage will be needed. In many more instances all that will be required in the way of draining will be to lead away the sources of wet-weather springs which break through the road-bed and cause deep sloughs. Where incomplete or partial artificial under-draining is needed, the need is absolute, and whether we consider the durability of the road, or the degree to which its traffic is interfered with by its wet condition, we may be confident that every dollar spent in well-directed under-draining will be invested to the very best advantage. The varying conditions of wetness and the different sources of surplus water must be regarded in deciding precisely how much of this work is needed, and how it should be done. Details cannot be fully considered here, but as a general rule, it may be said that where the subsoil generally is of an impervious character, and where the road is more or less wet and weeping after long rains, a continuous system of under-drains is required. If the trouble is local, here and there in spots, and is obviously caused by the breaking up of springs from the road-bed, such partial work may be adopted as will tap the sources of these springs, and lead their water harmlessly away. Gisborne, one of the best agricultural writers of England, put the case tersely and well when—objecting to the system of circumventing springs—he said: "*Hit him straight in the eye* is as good a maxim in draining as in pugilism." It is best not to pass up at the side of a spring and so creep around behind it to head off its water, but to drive the drain straight through it and far enough beyond it to tap and lead away at a lower level the water which causes it. These drains as well as all others intended simply to remove subsoil water and not to cut off a weeping stream are best made with common drain-tiles, laid as before directed, and covered immediately with well-packed earth. Water enters an under-drain not from above but from below; that is to say, as water, from what-

ever source, fills the subsoil, it rises therein until it reaches the floor of the drain, when it enters and is led away, just as water falling into a cask which stands on end flows off at the under side of the bung-hole when it reaches its level. Even if the cask be filled to the top with earth, the rain falling upon it will descend perpendicularly to the bottom and will flow off at the bung only when the soil to that level has become saturated,—it will descend through the soil by the straightest course and will raise the general level. It will not violate the laws of gravitation and run diagonally toward the point of outlet as seems to be the general supposition, when the perplexing question, "How does water get into the drain?" is first considered. When we drive a drain through a spring, and into the water-bearing stratum which feeds it, we simply make it easier for the water to escape by the drain than to keep on at the higher level and break out at the surface of the ground.

As in the case of the sidewalk illustrated

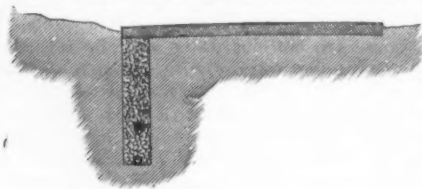


FIG. 1.

in Figure 1, in cutting off a continuous weeping or ooze from higher land, it is best to introduce a vertical filling of porous material through which the water will descend and enter the drain, but, excepting this single instance, all that we need to do, so far as subterranean work is concerned, is to furnish an easy and sufficient channel for the removal of subsoil water.

What constitutes a sufficient drain is something very much less than what is generally supposed. In ordinary agricultural drainage, where the lines of tiles are forty feet apart, a well-laid tile $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter is sufficient for a length of 1,000 feet—that is, it is sufficient to remove the water of filtration from an acre of land. If laid with only an inclination of six inches in one hundred feet, its delivery will be so rapid as to amount to more than a heavy continuous

rain-fall upon this area. In road drainage, the same rule would hold true; but as the soil offers a certain resistance to the rapid descent of water, it is best to give a means of outlet at smaller intervals, and for the best work in roads thirty feet wide or more, three drains could be used with advantage. In no case, however, need the size of pipes be larger than above indicated, if the form of the tiles is true, and if they are well joined together at their ends. Tiles of less perfect form had better be $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches or even 2 inches in diameter; but, as a rule, they should not be of a larger size, for the reason that the amount of water that they may be expected to carry will not be sufficient to keep them properly freed from silt unless the flow is concentrated within a narrow channel.

Figure 2 shows the cross section of a country road thirty feet wide, with three lines of tile-drain laid at a depth of about three feet below it. Except in case of necessity, these drains should have an inclination of not less than six inches in one hundred feet. There is no objection to their having more than this wherever the lay of the land permits or requires it. They may often have considerably less in case of need; but the smaller the rate of inclination, the greater the care needed in securing a true grade. The water of these drains should be collected into a single drain and led away at intervals of from five hundred to one thousand feet. It may be delivered into a road-side gutter, or into a collecting under-drain, according to the requirements of the situation.

It is now possible to procure drain-tiles at reasonable cost in almost all parts of the country, and these are not only very much better than any form of stone-drain, but they are also much cheaper in construction,—the labor of preparing and handling the stone, and of excavating the wider trench that stone requires, amounting to more than the cost of the tile, even with a high charge of transportation added. Incidentally, it is proper to say that where tiles cannot be had, a mass of gravel or fine cinders, six inches wide and six inches deep, placed at the bottom of the drain, and covered with well-packed soil, is preferable even to broken stone or any other form of channel that would permit of the rapid running of water



FIG. 2.

and the washing into the drains of even a slight amount of silt.

The removal of excessive subsoil moisture being secured, attention should next be given to the surface of the road, which should be finished with the firmest material at hand,—with the common earth of the subsoil where nothing better can be afforded,—and which should be brought to a true grade, with a *very slight* slope from the center to the edge. For a road thirty feet wide, the elevation of the center above the level of the edges should not be more than four to six inches, and the grade should be made on a straight line rather than on a curve. If the road is made as flat as the turning off of surface-water will permit, it will be traveled upon in all its parts; while, if it is crowned to a high arch, as is often the case, it will soon be found that the best place to drive is in the middle of the road, and foot-tracks and wheel-tracks will soon form slight channels or ruts which will lead water lengthwise along the road, and which will cause an undue amount of wear and washing. A road may be actually flat to the eye, and equally convenient for travel at every part of its width, and still have enough lateral slope to cause water to run off from it.

It is especially desirable that no surface-water flowing from the road-side (above all when frost is coming out of the ground in the spring) be permitted to run on to the road. This should be effectively prevented by the formation of sufficient gutters, with such outlets as will prevent ponding at the sides of the road. When it is necessary to carry the water of the gutters from one side of the road to the other, culverts should be provided, and wherever the slope of the road is sufficient to cause water to flow along it lengthwise,—that is wherever the inclination is more than about one in fifty,—there should be frequent slight depressions from the center diagonally toward the gutters to carry the flow away before it can accumulate sufficiently to form a washing current.

If it can be done without hauling additional material it is always well to raise the road-bed somewhat above the level of the adjoining land, and this may usually be accomplished by throwing upon it the subsoil of the gutters. In no case should surface-soil sods or fine road-mud be used for repairs. The most serious objection to the absurd system of road-mending so common in this country lies in the fact that the annual repairing is little more than the plowing up

and throwing back upon the roadway of the soft and unsuitable material which has been washed into the gutters.

What is said above applies especially to country roads, but it is appropriate, so far as it goes, to the better-made and better-kept roads of a village. In the case of these latter, except where the soil is naturally dry and firm, some attention should be given to the improvement of the surface, and it is to be considered whether to adopt the expensive process of covering with broken stone road-metal, or to use gravel. One or the other of these is desirable in all cases where there is much tendency to sloppiness in wet weather; but any form of artificial covering is so costly that the early efforts of the improvement association will produce a more telling result if applied in other directions. The necessary cross-walks may be satisfactorily made with coal ashes.

It is even more easy in a village than in the country, to have the grades of all roadways so regulated as to shed rain-water falling upon them, and to have them so furnished with side gutters so as to prevent water from the road-side from running on to them. The simplest way to effect this, and the neatest way too, is to make gutters outside of the line of the road, say six inches deep and eight feet wide, these being at once sodded or sown with grass and grain to give an early protection against washing; made on such a shallow curve, they will afford no obstruction to any system of mowing that may be adopted, while their great width will give them sufficient capacity to carry away the water of considerable storms.

The work of construction having been duly attended to, it is no less important to provide for regular and constant care. Any rutting that comes of heavy traffic in bad weather should be obliterated either by raking or, better still, by filling the ruts with gravel or ashes. If such work is attended to immediately on the occasion for it arising, the amount of labor required will be very slight; for it is especially true with reference to roads that "a stitch in time saves nine." If the filling of ruts and wheel-tracks be done in time, the serious damage that comes from guttering flows of water lengthwise along the road may be almost entirely avoided.

The mere cleaning work of both the roadway and road-side grass spaces, it will be easy to induce children to perform for slight rewards and encouragement. The daily removal of bits of paper and other rubbish

will have an excellent effect on the general appearance of the village. In the autumn the removal of the fallen leaves will call for something more than children's work; but ordinarily this source of cheap labor will be found sufficient if properly directed.

PUBLIC WATER SUPPLY.

As a field for encouragement, rather than as an object for the expenditure of the association's funds, the furnishing of an ample supply of water is entitled to very early consideration. Not only is the question of public health very seriously involved in the water problem, but as a mere beautifying element an abundance of water, to be obtained without labor, will have a very telling effect by the facility it gives for preserving the fresh appearance of lawns and shrubbery, and for the cultivation of flowers and vines.

Regarded from the horticulturist's point of view, the climate of pretty nearly the whole of this country is simply detestable. We may arrange to withstand very well the severity of our northern winters. We expect an entire shutting up of all garden industries, and long cold seasons are an accustomed matter of necessity; but we have never yet learned to accept with patience the almost annual destruction of our lawns and gardens and flower-beds by scathing drought. No public water supply available for an ordinary village would suffice to overcome the effects of a dry season over the whole of even a small homestead; but we may hope to secure enough to keep one or two small sprinklers flowing steadily through the hot months, and so keep a little grass measurably green, and preserve a semblance of life and beauty in flower-beds and delicate shrubbery. It is very rarely that it will be possible to supply water enough in a whole week to equal in its effect a half-hour's rain; but the difference between towns where even the small amount of water is available for the garden and those which are hopelessly given over to drought shows how much may be accomplished in this direction even with limited means.

As in the case of road-making in anything like a complete and thorough manner, the providing of a water supply must necessarily be directed by professional advice. Although the simpler principles of hydraulics are sufficiently understood, and although it would be quite within the ability of a number of the more intelligent men of any village to secure and distribute a satisfactory amount

of water, the cost of doing such work in an experimental way by persons unaccustomed to its details, as compared with the cost of doing it under the direction of an engineer whose natural judgment and capacity are supplemented by experience and skill, would be without doubt far beyond the fee demanded for his services. In this case, as in many others connected with public and private works, it is always bad economy to save the cost of proper knowledge. Very likely—perhaps indeed very generally—the actual performance of the work, the buying and laying of the pipe, and all that, can be as cheaply done under home direction as under that of a public contractor; but the making of the plans—the deciding upon the source of the supply, upon the means for securing a sufficient head, the sizes of the pipes, the location and construction of fire-plugs, and all the minor details of the work—will be more or less economical, according to the skill, experience and capacity of the person who directs it.

The sources from which water may be obtained are various. Often enough water of the best quality may be procured by driven, dug, or artesian wells, but whenever this course is adopted, the wells should be located far enough away from the village, or on land sufficiently high, to make it impossible that there shall be any fouling of the water-bearing strata by the filtration from barn-yards, privy vaults, or cesspools. Generally, water so secured will have to be raised to an elevated reservoir by some mechanical force. If the demand is to be a large one, and if the community can afford the cost, the most reliable plan will be to use steam-power for pumping; but in smaller places, and where economy is a great object, wind-power may serve an excellent purpose.

If a stream of pure water is available at a sufficient height, it may be led directly to the reservoir, or its current may be used to drive a water-wheel sufficient to do the pumping. In a majority of cases there will be found at no great distance a stream capable of supplying the water needed throughout the driest season of the year, but not entirely free from organic impurities. In such cases it is often feasible, by excavating a filtering sump or pump-well at a little distance from the side of the stream, and at a sufficient depth below the level of its bed, to secure a supply tolerably purified by filtration through the intervening earth. The distance at which this sump should be placed from the bed of the stream will

depend on the character of the soil. The more porous this is the greater should the distance be. This question as to the source from which the water is to be taken is one which more than any other calls for experienced judgment.

Frequently, the conformation of the surrounding country is such that even where there is no constant stream it is possible by the construction of dams to pond an amount of water, to be furnished by surface washing, sufficient to supply the demands of the longest drought. In this case, as in all others where reservoirs are used, it is important to have a good depth of water, and not to allow, even toward the edges, any considerable shallow area. So far as possible the depth should be everywhere great enough to prevent vegetation, and in all the shallower parts the surface soil should be entirely removed. As a rule there should be a depth of at least fifteen feet of water, except near the very edges of the pond, and as much more than this as circumstances will allow.

The distribution of water for private use is a simple question of construction, but as a matter of taste, too vehement a protest cannot be entered against the common misconception as to what is desirable in the way of public fountains. An instance in point is furnished by the public drinking-fountain in Newport. Some years ago there stood at the foot of the Parade a grand old stone bowl, hewn out of a solid block of granite, and filled by a pipe leading from a copious spring. This was a good, sensible, substantial drinking-trough, perfectly adapted to its use, unpretending and handsome. Later, a public-spirited gentleman, desiring to leave a monument of his regard for the city, gave a considerable sum to be used in providing a suitable drinking-fountain at this point. Those who had the control of the fund lacked either the good taste or the courage to refuse to expend it. The result is that this granite horse-basin—one of the best of its sort—has been removed to an obscure position, and there has been erected in its place a wretched cast-iron combination of bad architecture and bad statuary such as form a conspicuous disfigurement to the public squares of Philadelphia,—where they serve the double purpose of furnishing water to the people, and advertising a cheap clothing establishment. The one compensation for the violation of good taste inseparable from these constructions is to be found in the fact that they

must, sooner or later, lead the public to realize the absolute unfitness of cast-iron for monumental and decorative uses. With the artistic influences which are now so active in the instruction of the American people, it is not perhaps unreasonable to look forward to the day when all of these piles of pot-metal shall be relegated to the scrap heap, and when less offensive fountains shall take their place. We may even hope to see the iron statue and its stove-like support which supplies water to the horses of Newport condemned to the foundry, and its solid old predecessor restored to the position which it ornamented for so many years.

A wide margin may be allowed for the exercise of taste in the arrangement of village fountains, and where private munificence enables the expenditure of a considerable sum, a good amount of exterior decoration may be admissible; but it should always be borne in mind that so much of the outlay as is needed for the purpose should go to secure a good artistic design. Especially should the use of cast-iron be avoided, as being from every point of view, and under all circumstances, whether in the shape of cast-iron dogs, or deer, or attempts at the divine human form, absolutely and entirely inadmissible for artistic uses. Better a dug-out log horse-trough, overflowing through a notch at its side, as an ornament to the best-kept village green, than the most elaborate pitcher-spilling nymph that was ever cast in an iron-foundry. So far as the mere construction work of public drinking-fountains and horse-troughs is concerned, not much need be said except in connection with the overflow. In cold climates there is apt to be from all such structures a spilling of water which covers the ground for some distance with ice. This may be avoided by carrying the overflow through a vertical pipe descending from the surface of the water through some well-protected channel directly into a drain in the ground at a depth beyond the direct action of frosts. If the stream is constant, this depth need be nothing like that to which frost penetrates into the soil, for the constant movement of the water will prevent its freezing even if covered only a foot deep, though to something more than this depth it will be desirable to have the metal pipe inclosed in a larger pipe of earthenware,—giving a space of inclosed air.

The work of landscape gardening and sanitary improvement will be considered in future papers.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Dr. Appleton on Copyright.

ANY author who has read Dr. Appleton's recent article in "The Fortnightly Review" on international copyright must have been struck with the absence of his own guild from the factors of the problem presented, and the lack of consideration for the interests and opinions of those who are concerned in the subject, primarily and principally. The omission is not Dr. Appleton's; it is a part of the case. In the history of the attempts that have been made to establish international copyright, authorship has had very little to do or to say. Indeed, it has never been recognized as a leading influence in the matter. Its interests have always been held subordinate to the publishing interest, which has come forward and assumed the management of the whole business. To put the case in Dr. Appleton's own words: "It must be remembered that, so far as any influence upon Congress is concerned, the little finger of Mr. Harper is thicker than the loins of all the literary and scientific men in the United States put together." The writer follows this emphatic statement with another which will give the reader data for forming a judgment on the actual condition of affairs as they relate to the two interests. Speaking of New England, he says: "Its literary men—and there are but few literary men out of New England—believe, as a body, in the inherent and inalienable rights of the author, just as Mr. Charles Reade might do."

In other language, the will and word of a single representative of a single eminent publishing-house has immeasurably more influence on Congress, touching a question which mainly concerns authorship, than the will and word of all the authors of the United States put together. We suppose this is true, and we beg leave to submit that the introduction of the publishing interest into this question—the thrusting of that interest before it—the forcible mixing of the two things together—is not only an injustice but an impertinence. The only proper way for settling the question of international copyright is to settle it upon its own merits. Then, if any legislation should be necessary for the protection of the publishing interest, on either side of the Atlantic, let it be procured. There is no more reason why the publishing interest should have anything to say on the question of international copyright, or exercise a controlling influence upon it, than that it should undertake to control an arrangement with Peru for the working of the guano islands.

It is not a little amusing, in reviewing the efforts that have from time to time been made since 1838 for establishing international copyright, to see how everything and everybody is considered before the author. He is of very small account indeed. Publishers who make petitions, or who send remonstrances, or manipulate committees, now and then fling a sop of courtesy to him, but he is never

regarded as the principal person concerned. Indeed, one house not only distinctly discarded the claims of authors, but those also of publishers, book-sellers, printers, binders, press-makers, or any other body of tradesmen. "The interests of the people at large are to be regarded, and those interests alone." It is reported of the man who presented this letter that "his speech appears to have excited considerable amusement." We are not surprised with so much of the record, though it is no more amusing that such preposterous notions should be soberly offered than that publishers should assume to have anything at all to do with the question. It really is none of their business. It should be settled on its own merits, and then the publishing interest should take such measures with regard to the new status as circumstances may require, certain at least of this—that nothing is lost to any legitimate interest by the establishment of simple justice between man and man, or between man and the public.

If there is anything to which a man has a right, it is to that which he creates, or that which his culture and labor bring into fresh combinations for the use of the world. The first factor in the value of a book is its authorship. The first man who does any work upon a book is the author. The question of publication depends, or is supposed to depend, upon the quality of that work. Until the author is fairly paid for his work, no man—publisher or reader—has a right to appropriate it any more than he has a right to steal a sixpence from his neighbor's pocket. Whenever an author's book is of value sufficient to be purchased, then there is a certain sum which undeniably belongs to him; and if he fails to get it, he is defrauded. This is common sense, and when presented simply to the common judgment, will meet with universal approval, the theories of such doctrinaires as Mr. Carey to the contrary notwithstanding.

If there were any danger of the author getting rich, with copyright in every country, we could afford to let matters drift, we suppose; but it is because there is so little money in authorship, at its best, that the authorial interest has so little power in Congress, and permits itself to be overshadowed by an interest whose corner-stone is the author's brain. The primary, vital value of every book is given to it by its author, and this in equity he never alienates. He should be able to win a return for his value from every man all over the world who chooses to purchase the volume that conveys it. It is only by giving a writer his own—if not generously, justly—that authorship in America can become a great, life-giving, powerful estate. If the American people desire that American authorship shall be something more than an echo, they must give it a chance. They have seen how the patent laws work. Our mechanics, with the power to get a patent on their machinery in every country, surpass the world in useful and merchantable inventions. The cases are parallel, and there is no more reason

why publishers should mix themselves into, or undertake to control, the authorial interest than that makers and vendors of machinery should undertake to make or remake the patent laws which give the inventor the possession of his own invention.

The bill drawn by the late Charles Astor Bristed, at the time (1872) secretary of the executive committee of an association consisting mainly of authors, stands as the best and simplest embodiment of the wishes and policy of American authorship with relation to this question. It ought to be enacted in precisely these words, and soon:

"All rights of property secured to citizens of the United States of America by existing copyright laws of the United States are hereby secured to the citizens and subjects of every country, the Government of which secures reciprocal rights to citizens of the United States."

Let this be enacted, to go into effect in two years, and then let publishers procure such legislation as may be necessary to secure their own interests. We assure them that they will not find authors intermeddling with their proceedings.

The New Administration.

ONE of the most significant, as well as one of the most gratifying, incidents of the political campaign whose result has been declared in the inauguration of President Hayes, was the confidence with which people looked forward to a peaceable settlement of the unprecedented questions precipitated upon Congress after and by the election.

Two candidates were in the field, one of whom carried nearly all the Northern states, with two or three of the Southern, while the other carried nearly all the Southern, with three or four of the Northern. In the count, it came down to the question of a single electoral vote. No great injustice was to be done—as against the popular vote—by counting this vote on either side. We mean, simply, that the vote was about evenly divided, and for the sake of this vote the people were in no mood for fighting. It was felt, too, on every hand, that there were circumstances connected with the vote and count of Louisiana, which brought both the political parties under suspicion of fraud. It was one of those ugly questions which, in a petty nation, would have been fought over and made the pretext for a revolution. A mode of settlement was agreed upon, however; and although there were men base enough in Congress to "go back on" themselves, and to flaunt their perfidy in the eyes of a disgusted nation, the question was peaceably settled, and Governor Hayes was peaceably inaugurated. In this dignified solution of the difficulty, the country may justly rejoice, and may properly take new courage and comfort to itself.

Now we are to see how wise and patriotic a man the President is. He goes into office with great advantages. He goes into office at a time and under circumstances which render it impossible for him to be the president of his party, alone. He must be something more than this, or fail lamentably to be even this. He enters upon his duties with no sec-

ond term of office to manage for. From all necessity of this he has voluntarily cut himself off. He has his four years of office secure, and, beyond that, nothing to look for—nothing to contrive for. We cannot see that, as an honest and patriotic man—and his history gives him a sound claim to this character—he has any motive to be other than an honest and patriotic executive—a president of the whole country; and we shall be greatly disappointed if he fail to win alike the best elements of the North and South to his support.

We are to remember now that the new administration is pledged to a reform of the Civil Service. How much it will be able to effect without the aid of a friendly House of Representatives, cannot at present be seen; but its whole influence must not only be promptly given to this reform, but held to it by the popular demand. The spoils system has been so controlling an element in our politics, that it will be very hard to eliminate it. There are so many men in politics who are there for nothing but spoils—there are so many men in Congress with whom spoil has always been the great political motive—that the old system will not be permitted to die without protest. If the new president succeeds in effecting a reform, or in taking important steps toward it, he will do it against the open and covert opposition of corrupt men in both political parties. Public virtue is hardly a Republican monopoly, and political consistency can scarcely be expected of a party whose president is obliged to be patriotic rather than partisan in his administration. There will undoubtedly be a great deal of "filibustering" on this question; but we look to see the reform persistently pushed as long as Mr. Hayes is president. If he can in one term of office purify American politics of this debasing element, his name will stand among the foremost of those presidents who have established claims to the gratitude of their country and mankind.

The question concerning the currency seems to be rapidly settling itself. The return to the gold basis grows to be of less importance daily, of course, as we approach it. It would hardly take a very momentous financial stroke at this time to give our currency the gold value which its figures call for; and we may expect the change at any time. General Grant was so honest a friend of a sound currency, and so faithfully labored to secure it before he left office, that it seems a pity that his retirement could not have been punctuated by a universal return to specie payments.

The most vexing and difficult questions with which the new administration will be obliged to deal are connected, of course, with its Southern policy. How to secure the satisfaction and confidence of the white man, and, at the same time, the perfect freedom and perfect safety of the black man, will be the difficult problem. It is time for murder and bulldozing to cease. It is a shame to the American name—it is a disgrace to American civilization—that such deeds of outrage and blood as have been perpetrated at the South for the past few years, for political reasons and ends, are permitted. No matter who is primarily or

secondarily responsible for them, they are too base and cruel to be tolerated; and if President Hayes cannot succeed by calling into his confidence and support the best elements in the South, to the extent of controlling the violences of which we speak, his administration can hardly escape being a lamentable failure. He has had an experience in the gentlemanly instincts of Southern Congressmen. He has seen them stand by their covenant when many of their Northern allies deserted it, and it should teach him that there is a common ground where he and they can meet to consult upon the means which shall bring peace to a section that has been disturbed too long.

It is delightful to feel that we have now three or four years before us in which we can work with a measurable degree of certainty, that no violent changes of governmental policy will take place. "Presidential years" have become great business nuisances, and it is at least a comfort to know that we have one of them just behind rather than just before us. We believe that this administration is to be a prosperous one,—that our president is a good man, that he has good and able men around him, and that the administration is determined to deserve the consideration and confidence of the country. Let us give it a fair chance and the popular good-will.

Village Reform.

So great was the interest excited all over the country, last year, by a brief article in this department on "Village Improvement Societies," that we have undertaken, by the best means within reach, to satisfy the desire for knowledge upon the subject. We have received letters from every part of the country wishing for information—the latest from the interior of Texas. Unhappily, the thing most wanted is what we know least about, viz., modes of organization and operation. If, in those New England towns that now have societies in successful operation, intelligent reports and histories could be prepared and published, they would be of incalculable benefit to the country. What the beginners want—literally by thousands—is to know just how to do it, or just how somebody else has done it.

The articles which Colonel Waring has written for this magazine, and which are now in course of publication, are designed as helps—suggestions—inspirations. So intelligent and practical a man as Coloael Waring cannot write uninterestingly upon a topic so harmonious with his tastes and pursuits as this. The farming and village populations of the country will find much of interest and profit in his papers. His views of the desirableness of farm villages, in place of the isolation which makes the farm so hateful to the young and so barren to the old, are not new to those who are familiar with this department of the magazine; but they are very important, and will need to be published many times again.

There are, probably, a thousand villages in this country that will, this year, form village improvement societies, moved thereto by these papers and by the article that suggested them; and the fact seems to us one of the most encouraging and delightful in the social and domestic history of the time. The local organization of taste, the building up of local rivalries in matters of order and beauty, the doing any wise thing for making attractive the smaller centers of population—these all are so intimately connected with popular development and elevation and content, that they might well engage the work of social missionaries and receive the money of moribund millionaires.

After all, the thing to be done ought not to be difficult. Americans are usually very much at home in matters of organization. The wisest heads are easily got together, and when they really are the wisest heads, they easily work together. The first thing wanted is wisdom and taste. The second on the list is money—all of it that can be obtained, because there is always use for more than can be had. With these prerequisites in hand, or at hand, so many things will present themselves to be done that it will be hard to determine what shall have the first attention. It should not be difficult to decide that the first interests to be consulted are those of health and comfort. If there are any nuisances—any breeders of disease—they should be put out of the way at once. Then every village wants good sidewalks. Most American villages are quagmires in the spring and autumn, in which a man can never walk with dry feet and clean trousers, and in which a lady cannot walk at all. Exactly at this point, and on this improvement, is where the township and the village come to a dead halt. The farmers who occupy the outlying agricultural acreage of a township are not willing to pay a dollar in taxes for the improvement of the village. They may be willing to do something for the road, but for the sidewalk, nothing. On the sidewalk, then, will come the first expensive work of a village improvement society. To gain time, tree-planting should go along with this. After this come parks, fences, fountains—no end of things.

The operations of a society of this kind will secure an indirect result of good almost commensurate with that which is direct. It becomes an educator, an inspiration, a motive, a reproof, an example. A slatternly door-yard, fronting a new and well-graded sidewalk, is a discord that will probably be discovered and corrected by its owner. Such a movement calls universal attention to individual defects, and inspires a common pride. Beyond this, it develops a catholic, public spirit. On the improvement of the village all can unite, and in this very delightful enterprise, spreading from village to village until it becomes national, men can forget that they are partisans, either in politics or religion, and come together, as neighbors and friends, to work alike for themselves and one another.

THE OLD CABINET.

"Yes," muttered Nicholas Artemvitch to himself, "I am not easily satisfied; you can't cheat me." When he heard the word "nerves," he would exclaim, "And what are nerves?" Or upon being reminded of the discoveries of astronomy, he would ask, "And do you believe in astronomy?" But if he wished to settle an antagonist completely, he invariably answered him with, "Yes, all that is merely declamation!"

We are told that Nicholas Artemvitch little suspected that, in her letters to her cousin, his Augustina constantly styled him "My little simpleton." But, on the other hand, Tourguéneff, who is the biographer of Nicholas, confesses that there were many who regarded a sentence like that on declamation as irrefutable. For our part, we think Nicholas Artemvitch a very admirable person. It is evident that, although he was in reality what he was said to be in Augustina's cousinly letters, still, if he did not succeed in making a large portion of the world believe that he was something very different, he probably made himself believe it, at least a portion of the time.

There are many individuals in this world whose only superiority consists in their power of self-assertion. Their mental or moral attributes have no more to do with their position relative to that of people with whom they are brought in contact, than have their worldly rank or bodily stature. In every army there is some insignificant little corporal who can "give the look from above downward" to the general of division. There are women in every community who, when present in the body, have an effect upon society out of all proportion to the estimation in which they are held. There are people who, whenever they come into your house, even in kindness, make you feel that there are thin places in the carpet, and that you have perhaps made a mistake in your choice of a profession or of a wife. There may be, and generally is, a revolt the moment the superior person's back is turned; but you have already suffered defeat and humiliation.

When the superior person goes away, and you have recovered yourself, and are calm, you begin to inquire curiously into the matter. This superiority is commonly associated with the term "sniffiness." Now it is clear that some persons are born sniffy; some achieve sniffiness, and some have sniffiness thrust upon them. A larger number than is generally suspected belong to the second class. We have a friend whom we always supposed had been born sniffy. We had imagined the superior air with which in infancy he regarded those who, in the course of nature, might be considered his elders and betters. But in a moment of confidence he confessed to us that in his youth and early manhood he suffered so keenly from self-distrust, and was so wounded in spirit by the assumptions of his con-

temporaries that he finally set to work to drill himself in self-appreciation and self-assertion. In this labor he has succeeded.

Your true sniffer, however, was born sniffy. The art can be achieved; or it may be thrust upon a man by the stupidity of those by whom he finds himself surrounded; but there is apt to be a recurrence in the two last named cases to a condition of self-distrust, and such a mood is unfavorable to the exercise of one's best talents.

We may venture, however, to make a few suggestions in behalf of those who desire to acquire the art. If you are a lawyer, whenever the name of a very celebrated member of the bar is mentioned, you must immediately hint that that lawyer is overrated, and that Mr. So-and-so, of whom you must be sure your audience has never heard, is really a "stronger man." If you are an artist, you can say of some other artist that he is a very good fellow, but what a pity he can't paint; or if the other artist understands tone and you do not, then you can say that "tone" nowadays is "tobacco" or "lamp-black." If you are a poet, you can do nothing more to the point, in the presence of young persons, than to mention in confidence, and with a deprecatory air, that your verses on Nova Zembla, containing that simile of the lily and the bear, were printed six months before Tennyson's famous ode containing exactly the same simile. If you are a man of science, you will gain great reputation by merely shrugging your shoulders at the mention of some famous specialist. This method will work admirably in the medical, or in fact in any of the learned professions. But if you are not a writer, or a professional man of any kind, but merely a person of taste, you can increase your reputation by many not very costly devices. If an engraving or photograph is shown you, cover a part of the picture with two fingers of your right hand, and say that it is very well—all but *that*. If it is too large to treat in this way, stand at the proper distance, shut one eye and hold a finger or two at arm's length, first perpendicularly and then horizontally, so as to hide now one and now another part of the painting—after the manner of some artists. When you have done this you can either say that the picture is good, or that it is bad; but remember that you will gain most credit by giving an opinion opposite to that which you suspect is held by the persons present. If you go to a public entertainment, like Dickens's readings, or a Beethoven symphony, do not fail to report that you had to knock your feet against the chair to keep awake,—although in the case of the symphony be careful not to lay the blame upon the composer, but upon whatever orchestra may happen to render the piece that night. But if you suspect that the music was particularly well rendered it will be safe to declare that it was altogether too well played, and

that for your part you prefer to hear Beethoven given by the — Society, where "everything isn't cut and dried, and something is left to the imagination."

The term "Philistine" is generally used to designate a person outside of art; one to whom art is essentially foreign and hateful. This person may buy pictures to decorate a wall, or books to set off a library. Sometimes he is a publisher, who makes a great deal of money out of the standard poets and novelists, and who declares that "imagination does not pay!"

The Philistine outside of art is not altogether a useless person. For although he buys or publishes a good many bad books, and although he buys a good many bad pictures and so discourages good literature and good painting; still all his books are not bad, nor, necessarily, all his pictures. But sometimes the Philistine gets, nominally, inside of art. You may then know him by his way of using the word "quaint" where others use the word "imaginative" (although it should be mentioned that when he says "quaint" he really means "queer"). He paints a picture which seems to have many good qualities, but which is not interesting. He asks you to admire his picture. You say, "Alas! I cannot do it!" "But," replies the artist-Philistine, "I would have you aware that while you know nothing of the technicalities of art, I on the contrary understand drawing, and light and shade, and composition, and values, and harmony, and tone, and breadth, and perspective,—how, then, can my picture be uninteresting?" To this you answer: "My good friend, it is true that I have no practical knowledge of the technicalities of art. Your question is too hard for me. It is you who know all these strange and curious things. It is you who should explain this extraordinary phenomenon. It is you who should be able to tell how it is that, notwithstanding your practical knowledge of drawing, and light and shade, and composition, and values, and tone, and breadth, and perspective,—still your men and women are wooden; your rocks are pasteboard; your waves are tin. It is with you as it was with Peter Bell the Third. He was in many respects a worthy man—

"And yet a strange and horrid curse
Clung upon Peter, night and day.
Month after month the thing grew worse,
And deadlier than in this my verse
I can find strength to say.

Peter was dull—(he was at first
Dull)—oh so dull, so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed,
Still with his dullness was he cursed—
Dull, beyond all conception dull."

In the sonnet-preface to his collected Centennial Odes, or, as he calls them, "Three Memorial Poems," Lowell deprecates the objections made to his brief satires lately printed in "The Nation."

It seems strange that Lowell should have thought

* J. R. Osgood & Co., publishers.

this protest in any sense necessary. We never understood on what ground a person of clear mind could object to those most useful applications of the birch to the body politic. The only legitimate regret is that they were not more frequent,—they could hardly have been more stinging. But it is evident that many persons enjoy no criticism except the complaisant: that is, when the criticism touches at all near home. They want the hand of justice to come down—heavy, as Colonel Sellers says. They would scourge the money-changers from the temple and invite them to a cold collation next door.

The cavils at the satirist would have been silly in any case; but they were rendered still more absurd in view of Lowell's record as a patriotic poet. It might be thought that the author of the "Commemoration Ode" and "The Biglow Papers" was above suspicion. With such data as was furnished by Lowell's published works the objectors might have saved themselves the mistake of confounding righteous indignation with senseless croaking. They might, also, have found examples in history which would have helped them to an understanding; or they might have taken a current example from Russian literature. It is Tourguéneff, the great Pan-Slavist, the passionate lover of his country,—it is he who is Russia's most relentless satirist. It is one of his characters who declared that if Russia were suddenly to disappear from the surface of the globe, and all which she had invented swept from the Crystal Palace Exhibition in London—even in the Russian department itself everything would remain quietly in its place!—"for the *samovar*, the bark shoes, and the knout—our most important productions, these even were not invented by us." The disappearance of the Sandwich Islands would produce more effect upon the exhibition. Their inhabitants had designed certain lances and canoes, whose absence would be noticed by the visitors.

All our best poets have said fitting things of the country, but none have expressed so fully and so satisfactorily as Lowell the convictions and aspirations of those in America who have thought most deeply and with most faith on affairs of the nation.

THE experience of the human soul is something like this: As soon as it gains consciousness it finds itself assailed on all sides—by society, by the priests and pharisees, by the preachers of aesthetics, by the preachers of good morals, and of religion; it is assailed with cries—"Go on! go up! progress! educate yourself! gain culture and refinement! cultivate your taste, your spirituality, your morals! keep the mind open and attentive! be studious of all worthy things! go to the root of the matter! be independent, be manly, be conscientious!" But when the human soul responds to these exhortations it is met on every hand by opposition. And whence comes this opposition? From the ignorant and the impious? Yes. From the evil and selfishness of its own nature? Yes. But also this human soul finds to its astonishment that the very exhorters are arrayed against it. They hamper it, they cover it with contumely, they persecute, they crucify it.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

One way to spend the Summer in the Country.

WITH the warm days of spring comes the question "What shall we do with the children this summer?" A celebrated physician has told me that children in the city very often get through the summer as well as those who have been in the country, but that in the fall they do not show the same power in resisting disease. But what are we to do with them—where take them? The whole country is full of resorts—from great watering-places to private boarding-houses. Who, after trying them all, has not had a longing for a country home of one's own? And who has not given up the thought as entirely out of the question, except for very rich people? But it is not for the rich that I am induced to relate my unique experience of keeping house for the summer in the country.

Two years ago I had tried every experiment, except a country home of our own. We had been in Europe for two summers, but had come home that the children might be put to school; I had taken them to Bedford and Berkeley, and the White Sulphur Springs, and had tried the sea-shore, boarding-houses, and private country farms (the last by far the most desirable), but to all these I had found serious objections. For years I had longed for a country home of my own, but every one opposed me. I have been told that generally the prominent men in our cities have been born in the country, but that the next generation is almost sure to deteriorate. The conditions of city life are such that there seems no escape from this, and this was my principal reason for desiring a country home. I thought nothing else would give my boys a chance in life. I wanted them to rough it, and learn bravely to meet and overcome difficulties. I dreaded to find them deteriorating. My older boy was thirteen,—delicate, pale, and overgrown. When out of school he lived in his workshop with his tools. The younger one read continually. They had the city boys' meager range of play, with no hardy exercise, and but little fun.

In June of 1875 I heard that a cousin had bought a farm of about 100 acres adjoining his own property, and as I knew he was not going to use the house himself, I wrote and offered to buy it, with some ten or twenty acres. He refused to sell, but was willing to rent if I could live in the house. Being desperate, I was willing to go into any kind of a house that kept out rain and snakes.

We went together to examine the house, and found it in almost a ruinous condition. The out-buildings were equally bad, and an old corn-house was at the foot of the lawn, directly before the door. The distance from the city was twenty-five miles by rail, and from the station to the house was but half a mile. The healthfulness of the place was undoubted. The house was on a high hill, with a lovely view of a well-cultivated country. There was a spring of delicious cold water three hundred feet

off, but it was eighty-three feet below the level of the house. A stone dairy was next to the spring, and up above, near the kitchen, was an ice-house full of ice. The house consisted of five rooms in a row, with a porch running its entire length—I may say porches, for the floors were on different levels, and of plank, brick, and stone. The roofs were not of the same height nor pitch. Above, for the length of two of the second-story rooms, was a very comfortable and roomy porch, with a roof that overhung so low as to keep off much of the glare of the sky. Only three bedrooms on the second floor could be made habitable. Leading to the house was an avenue of locust-trees. One side of this avenue swept around the foot of the yard, and the other immediately before the house. These trees, with a magnificent willow, made considerable shade.

My cousin, Judge Snowden, thought it would be impossible for me to live in such a house, but I very well knew it would be this or none. I was not equal to going among strangers searching for another, so I told him I would try it.

He agreed to paint the inside, paper two rooms, whitewash everywhere, put down a new floor to the main porch, and clean up generally. The rent was to be \$150 for fifteen months, which included two summers. I was to use the pasture-field, have all the fruit I could find, and do as I chose so I did not interfere with the farming operations. This was July 1st, and we were to move up on the 10th. Knowing it was only an experiment, I was careful to furnish in the simplest manner. It is really astonishing how little is needed to make one comfortable in summer. Two furniture wagons well packed carried nearly all that we needed. On the cars I sent up the kitchen stove, refrigerator, barrel of flour, and boxes of china, groceries and hams. Except the first two, a kitchen safe, a few bedsteads, and the heavy kitchen utensils, I bought everything new (of course pillows, feather-beds to make the mattresses more comfortable, tubs, etc., were carried up and down spring and fall). The entire cost of the new articles, including chairs, benches, tins, china, bedsteads, mattresses, and a very excellent walnut dining-table with ten leaves that I found at a second-hand store, was \$92.37. The freight on everything by wagon and by rail was \$24.75, making in all \$117.12. The floor of the large parlor, which we used as a dining-room, was covered with a Brussels carpet that I had used in the city and put aside; in the country it looked almost new. At each window was hung a paper blind that cost but eight cents. I pasted over a hem on each side, a strip of muslin across the top, and a stick in at the bottom, and the curtains have lasted well. New Swiss muslin curtains hung over these gave the dining-room a look of refinement, and a bright red cover over the table, with a student's lamp at night, gave it a look of cheer.

Two rooms on each side of this dining-room I used as chambers. They were also attractive. I

had carried up a drugget and some rugs to be scattered about. Beds well made, with clean linen sheets and pure Marseilles quilts, gave an air of comfort to any room. Across the lower sashes were hung ruffles of Swiss muslin, so light that the least current of air could blow them back and forth. There was nothing of any cost, but all suggestive of comfort. For wash-stands and dressing-tables, the boys turned barrels bottom upward, and nailed upon each one a few short planks. By tacking a ruffle of red curtain-calico around to hide the barrel, and then covering the top with a clean towel, the rooms were still further furnished.

The boys also took the large boxes, in which had come the groceries and china, and by standing them on end and fitting the tops within as shelves, made very convenient places for clothing. Several of these boxes, nailed securely to the pantry wall, with supports underneath, served as china closets. In every room we had a tin basin and dipper, which the girl kept looking like silver; a tin candlestick, a white wooden bucket for clean, and a painted one for waste, water. The buckets were kept sweet by constant scrubbing and airing. I am sure we all appreciated these crude arrangements far more than we did the rosewood furniture at home. Nothing could have been more simple, or more comfortable.

One idea I had in having a country home, was to gather in all the children of our families. Brothers and sisters grow up together united. They finally marry and separate. Then their children, from being apart, know but little of one another, and the strong family feeling that existed among the parents finds no place among the offspring. Then, too, petty jealousies spring up, which can only be avoided by mutual intercourse. I hoped to make my home common ground for all my nephews and nieces, of whom there were about twenty. These children, as in all large families, were differently situated in life. I wished to bind them together by common pursuits and amusements, so that their future lives might be influenced for their mutual good. I wanted the boys to go swimming together in the river that ran by at the railway station, to play ball, to milk the cows, to race rabbits, and to grow hardy and self-reliant in an honest rivalry of out-door life.

The expenses of the first summer at my country home were \$445.52. This included rent, fuel, hire of cow, the furnishing of the house, and, in fact, every expense of every sort and description. I economized in nothing essential. The table was most abundant, and of the very best. A butcher came twice a week, and he always saved for me his best cuts. The price of meat was much less than in the city, and since the cattle were not overdriven, we found the quality of country beef better than that of the city. Chickens were our main dependence, and I kept from ten to twelve dozen running around to grow and fatten.* Milk, fresh eggs, and good butter we had in abundance. For the hire of a little

heifer for the nine and one half weeks of our stay (July 10 to September 15) I was charged three dollars, and twenty cents per gallon for extra milk. The second year, for two cows for fourteen weeks, I paid ten dollars. They did not give a great quantity of milk, but it was as much as we could use. My boys, with two cousins about the same age, milked the heifer, took entire charge of horse and carriage, and hauled all the water (except for drinking) up the hill in a barrel. They never seemed to grow discouraged, but were proud of what they could do. The heifer was so wild at first that I was twice obliged to have a man come and milk her; but finally, by feeding her on corn, brushing off the flies, and treating her very gently, the boys made her perfectly tame and quiet. They were very happy over their success, and each afternoon took great delight in giving all the children as much warm milk as they could drink. Nothing is lighter and more nourishing for children than fresh, warm milk.

During this first summer our number varied from my own family of four and two servants, to as many as fifteen. Almost every Saturday some of the family would come up to see after the children, and remain until Monday. These visits gave us all great pleasure. We were never happier, and the children all improved in health.

During the heat of the day, while the little ones were asleep, I read aloud. My children had been trained to love Shakspeare. After I had read them four historical plays, commencing with "Richard II." I could turn back to some part at random, and when I had read five or six lines, they could tell me the speaker, the whole scene, and in which play it was. When I reread the plays the second summer, they recollected far more than I did, and could always tell me what was coming next. The trouble was with the other children, who had not been trained in the same habits of thought and attention. I read to them "Tom Brown at Rugby," and we had a little botany, which two of the boys delighted in, but the others hated. They would say, "Now please, give us a feast of Shakspeare." After dinner the grown members of the family studied a work on architecture, and I always examined them one day on what had been read the day before. The second summer we had Kinglake's "Crimean War," which helped us to understand the news in the daily papers. Old sets of "Littell's Living Age," in loose numbers, were very valuable, and we found in them many articles on the "Eastern Question." I have found that to make reading aloud profitable to children, it is necessary to talk over every part. Read a few lines and then ask them the meaning. Get their curiosity excited as to what comes next, and ask what they would do under the same circumstances. I know of nothing more pleasant than reading to children in this way. It takes time and patience, but they can be taught to be interested in almost anything.

We had no neighbors except Judge Snowden's family, and we never felt the need of any more. The days seemed short and flew by in constant change of pleasant occupations. The boys became

* They were never eaten until after being kept in a cleansing coop a week. This makes the greatest difference in the quality of the meat, for chickens, unlike turkeys, will eat all sorts of unclean things.

adepts in swimming and rowing, and once a week would drive the carriage into the river to give it a good washing. They never neglected greasing the wheels or washing the harness. There was a pasture-field of forty acres for both horse and cow; but the horse was fed twice a day on corn which the boys bought from the neighbors. The carriage was a pleasure, but not at all a necessity: being near the cars, I preferred having none, but my family would not consent. The stable was useless, for both horse and cow lived in the pasture, only sometimes taking refuge from storms by going under the carriage-shed. We burned wood in profusion, and generally had a little fire burning on the dining-room hearth. I thought this kept the house dry and healthy. There was never the least sickness among the children. They ate heartily and slept well. We had breakfast every morning at quarter after six, and family prayer at nine, after the rush of morning work was over. The little children were never wakened for breakfast. On Sunday, there being no church near, we had the Episcopal service at home, and it was touching to see such a number of children joining in the worship. Never, either during the week or on Sunday, were the servants excused from being present. If they were not ready, we waited until they were.

On leaving the house in the fall, everything was carried either into the upper rooms, or into the dry cellar. The paper blinds were rolled up high out of sight, and every window nailed down. Two objects were gained by this. The sunshine had free entrance to keep the house dry and pure, and tramps, by looking in at their pleasure and only seeing empty rooms, would be apt to wander further on. When we went back, May 25th of the following year, we found everything in good order and undisturbed.

This second summer, the farmer from whom we had bought vegetables the year before having moved away, we concluded to have a garden of our own. I hired a man to plow and put the barren ground in order. After this was done and all the seeds were planted,—with the exception of two days' hoeing by this man,—the boys did all the work in raising the vegetables. As the weather grew warm I limited them to one hour in the early morning, and on the warmest days I kept them entirely out of it. Never was there a common country-garden more free from weeds, and never were there boys more pleased or interested. To give my older son's own impressions, I copy from a letter he wrote to his sister in August, while she was away on a trip to Niagara and elsewhere:

DEAR SISTER,—You ought to see our little chickens, ten of them little beauties. We had twelve, but two died. We are getting seven vegetables out of the garden,—cynplings, corn, cabbage, tomatoes, onions, string beans and beets, and we have one egg-plant the size of two eggs. Is not that a nice lot? All the birds are molting, and so none of them sing. Nell has lost all her tail-feathers, but they are growing out again. You don't know how much I want to see you. You have been away so long. We are going to have thirty-three ears of corn for dinner; is not that a lot? The mocking-bird has to stay on the porch all the time, for he sings all night.

Little Robby can walk from one end of the porch to the other. When he is out in his carriage we have to keep billy-goat tied for fear he might butt him over. I write so little now that my hand fairly aches.

YOUR AFFECTIONATE BROTHER.

Attached to this letter was one from myself, from which I shall copy portions to show how we lived:

"Your aunt Mary and baby are up for a visit of two weeks. We have delightful meals. I have lately bought six dozen chickens, and we have all the most delicious vegetables, and cream from two cows. We skim two crocks of milk for dinner, one for supper and one for breakfast. Then we have the richest cottage cheese made yellow with cream, and plenty of cooked apples and stewed pears. Every meal is abundant, and the children eat with natural, healthy appetites. This country air is toning them all up. The ice is out, but we have had the dairy cleaned and use that. You know how icy cold the water is; it keeps everything cold and sweet. In spite of the steep hill, I delight in going down to skim the cream and help Chloe up with the butter and milk. Each of the children tries to carry something, and then I tell them we could hardly get along but for their help. Kitty never murmurs at pulling fat Alexander up with one hand, though in the other she has a bucket of water. John is here grubbing up the old currant-bushes, and getting one end of the garden cleared for strawberries, which the boys will plant in September. We want to put in a quantity of blackberry and raspberry vines this fall. * * * Your aunt Mary thinks her little girls very much improved. I am so glad to have a chance to help them grow up to be healthy girls. They have been here over two months now, and I shall try to keep them till September, or perhaps till I go down. * * * You ought to see the new dormitory. It is the long garret with two new windows cut in one end. It is airy and comfortable. Every night I go up to see the five boys in bed, and every time I am glad they are in such good healthy quarters. * * *

"The boys collect all the vegetables and take great pride in them after their months of labor. The pigeons are so tame now that they come when the boys call them, and eat around their feet and under their chairs."

I have found that with all children it is necessary to throw yourself into their pursuits, and when their interest flags, take the lead yourself. Nothing helped our boys in the garden like going out myself with a hoe. Soon all would follow, and then when once they were started and interested I could leave. It was far better than finding fault with them. But the trouble was I would become so interested myself that I could not stop. The exercise certainly was good, and the boys loved to have my interest in the growth of every vegetable. They measured a water-melon so often to see its daily growth, that they broke its stem by constant lifting. I had to look every day at the marks on the poles, which showed the growth of the beans, a general interest being felt to see which would reach the top first.

About once in two weeks we had a party and called it a "*fête champêtre*." Though the Snowden children came two and three times a week, and often stopped to supper,—for I found the larger the family, the more convenient it was to have them stay,—still the high-sounding name, and the formal invitation to them and to two other little children, made the greatest difference to them all. The only addition to the supper was cake, the making of which was watched by all the children. The girls were in their best percales, with sashes, which were held in reserve for these great occasions. On the Fourth

of July we had a display of flags in the day and of fire-works at night.

This second summer was as successful as the first. Our last week, when the family was small, was memorable by my boys making nine pounds of delicious butter in four churnings. They made the churn out of a stone jar, and by placing it in a crock of cold water, which water they constantly changed, the butter came yellow and firm. Their pleasure at the result was delightful to see.

We left September 2d, very unwillingly, but the children had to come home for school and for their visit to the Centennial. We were all in good health, and we had lived innocent lives.

For weeks there were fifteen in the family, and for a short time nineteen. As before, I had economized in nothing, and we lived in abundance. The entire cost for the fourteen weeks was \$542.32.

Now in these warm days we are again with long-eyes looking to our country home. The boys are collecting eggs preparatory to setting their hens. They hope to go up in May with about fifty little chickens. Last spring I paid for one black rooster and six black hens, \$5.25. From the 18th of April till the 18th of June the hens laid 190 eggs, and they have been at it ever since, only stopping for a few weeks about Christmas. The boys are now buying more pigeons to add to their country stock, and I am glad to see them interested in anything that will take them out of their workshop into the fresh air. They expect to raise ducks and geese from eggs they will put under their hens. A farmer has an order to save some partridge eggs, should he find a nest. They hope to hatch them and have some tiny birds.

I have taken the place again at the same price, \$120 the year until next October, with the privilege of three more years, if I continue satisfied. Going as early as May the children will come into the city every day for school. The railroad fare will be \$5 a month for each child.

I only dread the trouble with the water, and long to have an arrangement by which it can be drawn up in a bucket suspended from a wire. This plan is in successful operation in many places, but I cannot find out who puts them up, or where the castings can be had.

I have now told my story, hoping that when parents see how simple a thing it really can be made,—this having a country home of one's own,—and what great advantages it possesses, many will for the sake of their children take it into serious consideration.

HANNAH SNOWDEN.

Transplanting.

THE art of transplanting trees, shrubs, and vines is only learned by experience, close observation, and a strict adherence to the laws that govern vegetable growth. Any unskilled laborer can dig up and reset a tree or a vine; but this does not insure life, health and vigor. There is a well-adjusted balance between the roots and branches of every tree or vine. Trained practical gardeners recognize this

fact, and the importance in transplanting of removing carefully all the roots possible, and especially the fine, fibrous ones, such as take up and furnish the nourishment. To save enough of these roots in transplanting large-sized trees, it is necessary to know the habits of growth of trees and vines. For instance, the Scotch or white pines with their long, fleshy roots, and comparatively few fibrous ones near the body of the trees, need more care in removing than the Norway spruce with its mass of fibrous roots clustered around and near the body. The best way in all cases is to dig a narrow trench around the body, some distance from the tree, deep enough to get below the lower tier of roots. In making this circle, the flat of the spade should not be faced toward the body of the tree. The top soil on the "ball," near the body, should be removed by a digging-fork or other implement that will not cut or injure the small roots. In case the trees or shrubs are to be moved only a short distance from where they are growing, as much soil as will adhere to the roots may be left on with advantage.

The second important point to be observed in transplanting is not to leave the roots exposed for a moment to the rays of the sun, or to a blowing dry air, which is quite as injurious to tender rootlets. If not set out at once, the roots ought to be kept damp and covered over with a cloth, or "heeled in." Trees coming from a distance, when the roots show signs of being left exposed, and the fibers are dry and somewhat shriveled, will be much improved by plunging them into a stream or pool of water, and then heeling them in, covering the roots carefully with moist soil, and so leaving them until ready to plant out.

As to the time, nothing is gained by transplanting trees or vines before the ground is dry, warm, and mellow. If done while the soil is cold and soggy, the work will result badly, especially on clay ground. All through the Northern and Western states, the planting season extends from the middle of April until the latter part of May, and when trees have been heeled in, they may be set out with safety as late as the first week in June.

In transplanting trees, shrubs, brambles or vines, they ought not to be set any deeper in the ground than they stood in the nursery row. Before putting them in place, all the broken or bruised roots should be cut off with a sharp-edged knife, making the cut from the under, and not from the upper, side. The hole for the tree should be made wide and deep so that each root can be stretched to its full length in its natural direction. When these minor but important matters are attended to, then sift in mellow surface-soil among the roots until they are covered up and the hole filled, mounding the soil five or six inches above the level of the adjoining surface. While this is going on, each root should be drawn out separately and in its natural position, and the tree or shrub gently shaken two or three times, so that the soil will settle in between the roots, filling in compactly every inch of space. To finish the job in a workmanlike manner, the mounded soil should be firmly pressed with the feet around the body and

roots. This will prevent the swaying backward and forward of trees having tall, slender tops, like the apple, the cherry, and all of the shade-trees.

In lifting trees of this class from the nursery row, not more than half the feeding-roots can be saved. To balance this loss and save the trees, skilled gardeners usually cut off a corresponding portion of the tops at the time of transplanting. In case dry

weather should set in early in the summer, it is a good plan to mulch the ground as far as the roots extend with salt hay, straw or other litter. This will keep the soil moist and of an even temperature, both of which conditions are congenial to the rapid growth of the roots. The plan is simple and inexpensive, and is a great safeguard against injury from the effect of a protracted drought.

P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Charles Kingsley.*

In this volume—a handsome octavo of five hundred pages—an excellent service has been rendered to the American reader by cutting away about one-half of the very full "Life of Kingsley" in its English form. Every page of this abbreviation is readable. Largely made up of Kingsley's letters, it has much of the characteristic quality of his own personality; and whatever faults may have been charged upon his books or himself, dullness was never one of them. This biography is a vivid presentation of a strong, racy, many-sided, and lovable character. It is full, too, of side-lights on the religious questionings, the social movements, and the scientific progress that have crowded the life of England for the last forty years.

Mr. Whittier, after warmly praising Kingsley's writings, says: "Since I have seen *him*, the man seems greater than the author." We think this will be the verdict of the readers of this Life. Indeed, some of the qualities that contributed to the worth and charm of the man were probably injurious to the literary perfection of his work. His sympathies were very wide and very warm. The practical impulse in him seems to have altogether dominated the contemplative and the æsthetic. He was a thinker and a poet, but, above all, he was a worker. These qualities go far to constitute a manhood which is more valuable than any literary success; but they are not altogether favorable to pure literary work, unless they are matched with an intellectual self-control and a capacity of spiritual tranquillity which were not among Kingsley's gifts. His novels especially are full of feverish hurry; there is scarcely a moment's rest or calm. He has so many things to say that they jostle each other, and the stream runs gurgling like water from an over-full bottle. He is so sincerely and constantly anxious to meet the reader's supposed doubts and difficulties, that at every point he hastens to apply the moral, and rarely lets the story speak for itself. Doubtless his most perfect and lasting work, from a literary standpoint, is in his short lyrics. He says in one of his letters that poetry is his proper element, and compares himself working in poetry or in prose to a seal moving in the water or on the land. But his

poetry was a mere incident in a life mainly bent on other ends. The origin of "The Three Fishers" is told by Mr. John Martineau in the course of a most satisfactory description of Kingsley's character and life—a description which impresses one like a fine miniature,—sympathetic and just, and full of life-like touches. Often, says Mr. Martineau, trouble or sadness would result in the birth of a poem or song on some subject wholly unconnected with the disturbing circumstance, and with its production there seemed to come relief. Thus, in June, 1851, he preached a powerful sermon to working-men in a London church, and he had no sooner finished than the incumbent, who had asked him to preach, rose in the reading-desk and denounced the sermon. What hurt Kingsley most was the scandal and discredit to the Church, and the probability of increased estrangement between its clergy and the working-men. He went home the next day wearied and worn out, took an afternoon walk, and in the evening, as the outcome of it all, brought in "The Three Fishers"—after which the sky seemed to clear.

It would be useless to attempt in a paragraph even the briefest enumeration of the salient points in a mind and character so many-sided as Kingsley's. It was not only many-sided, but full of contradictions. His profound sympathy with the common people made him in some ways and at some times extremely democratic, yet he was full of aristocratic tastes and instincts. At one moment he felt that every human being was, as a child of God, of supreme dignity and worth; and almost the next moment he held an Englishman—and, above all, an English gentleman—as alone the noblest work of God, while a savage or a Spaniard was the devil's masterpiece. He was a sincere champion of liberty, but he had an innate sympathy with masterly strength that made him at times the eulogist of tyrants. His heart and his head impelled him to daring questioning of orthodox dogmas, yet he was wedded to the formularies of the English Church, and served on a committee to defend the Athanasian creed. But these contradictions, and many others, which in the bare statement sound inexplicable, find their ready explanation as we become acquainted with the man himself through the self-revelations of his letters and the testimony of his friends. One who has known him only through his published

* Charles Kingsley: His Letters, and Memories of His Life. Edited by his Wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

writings and public acts ought, almost as an act of justice, to read this biography. His rollicking humor, his intense love of nature in all its aspects, his fullness of courage and manly virtue, his generous ardor for all the interests of humanity, his quick and warm response to every personal need that made its appeal to him, and a rare truth and tenderness in all domestic relations,—these, added to a true and varied endowment of genius, constituted Charles Kingsley a rare man. Perhaps if he had been more perfect he would have been less lovable. His excessive impetuosity, his eagerness to grasp at once all sides of truth, and his strong prejudices, contributed to a somewhat incongruous whole, but heightened that flavor of individuality which is the salt of life. To some of the great questions that pressed upon him his life gave a profounder answer than his books. His essays to explain the great problems of human existence are sometimes more courageous than satisfactory in their results. But to the great problem of all,—how a man shall meet life and death,—he gave in his own manly and Christian life and death a true and fruitful answer.

Hutton's "Essays in Criticism."²

We do not know how far Mr. Hutton's grouping together of essays on authors whom he considers to be naturally connected is an explanation after the fact. The arrangement certainly gives homogeneity to his volume; but it might be not unfairly accused, on the other hand, of a slight monotony. The subjects of these essays are "Goethe and his Influence," "Nathaniel Hawthorne," "Arthur Hugh Clough," "Wordsworth and his Genius," "George Eliot," and "Matthew Arnold." The common element and general bond between them, suggested by Mr. Hutton, is that of a certain doubt found in all of these writers, though not to the same extent nor with the same accentuation in each. What is interesting is that Mr. Hutton seems to handle this doubt in a sort of "vortical" way (if we may say so), turning the interior of it to the light, and always leading us to see something positive rather than negative in it. It may appear surprising that Wordsworth should be brought into this association; but he is included because the doubt which characterizes Mr. Hutton's subjects proceeds from self-consciousness of one sort or another. It does not seem to us that the author is so successful in explaining Hawthorne's self-consciousness as in dealing with the much plainer case of Goethe's. But in all these chapters there are to be found excellent passages of criticism, and a clear, good, unassuming style. Mr. Hutton's criticism is of the same school with Mr. Leslie Stephen's, and both show the influence of Matthew Arnold. Macaulay and Carlyle, antipodal as they are in some things, belong to a class of critics with whom individuality was a much stronger element than it is likely to be with future English critical writers; and though the newer, more simple manner, has many merits belonging to neither Carlyle nor Macaulay, it may

also—as we are sometimes led to think, in perusing Mr. Hutton's volume—open the door to cultivated, careful and thoughtful commonplace.

Mrs. Piatt's Poems.*

THE quality of artlessness, which was once so characteristic of the poetry of woman, has given place of late years to an obtrusive sense of art. It went out of fashion with Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon and Mrs. Norton, in England, and with Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Osgood and others in this country. A change came over English poetry when their influence was declining, and the tuneful sisterhood who followed adapted themselves to it readily. The period of simple feeling was succeeded by a period of complex unrest.

Mrs. Piatt's poems are womanly, but after the fashion of the day. They are earnest and thoughtful, but they lack simplicity and tenderness. Sexless *noms de plume* puzzled the world in the Brontë sisters, and may do so again. Had Mrs. Piatt adopted one she would probably have perplexed her critics; if anything had resolved their doubts, and determined her sex, it would have been her poems about children, which are the best things that she writes. They interpret the child-nature, and minister to its fantastic demands. If Mrs. Piatt would but devote herself to this charming species of composition, and let her thoughts flow

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"

she might easily make herself the laureate of childhood. As it is, she frequently disappoints us with her artificiality. She is studied, and hard, and more dramatic in intention than her subject warrants. She is not enough a child with children, though she understands them, and is fond of them. Of the eight poems here entitled "With Children," the best are "The little boy I dreamed about," "If I had made the world," "More about fairies," and "The sad story of a little girl." The last, however, is so subtle that only an imaginative child would be likely to comprehend it. The distinguishing features of Mrs. Piatt's poetry are earnestness of thought and sincerity of feeling, and a laudable desire to attain perfection of form. Her struggle is to free herself from commonplace, both in conception and execution, and it is occasionally successful. "We Two" is as perfect as anything she has written. It suggests, perhaps, the poetic method of Mrs. Browning, though it is in no sense a reproduction thereof. Her mind, like the mind of most women, is subjective; but she is not satisfied with it, so she tries to make it objective. She does not wait for thought to come to her, but sallies out in search of thought. She endeavors to realize situations in which she has never been placed, and to gain wisdom from imaginary experiences; in other words, she strives to be superior to her own personality. She is not successful, of course, though she has occasionally achieved a *succès d'estime*, as in "The Gift of Empty Hands,"

* Essays in Criticism. By Richard Holt Hutton. Philadelphia: Joe. H. Coates & Co.

* That New World and other Poems. By Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

"A Queen at Home," "The King's Memento Mori," and "Tradition of Conquest." The last-named piece, a touching little story of the great Duke of Marlborough, is worthy of any living poet. Would that Mrs. Piatt would write more such!

Two Novels of French Life.*

To read a novel of Octave Feuillet's has the effect upon one of a pretty dinner party. The senses are conscious of the presence of flowers; the men are so unexceptionable as to be nearly invisible; but we know that on each side of us there are women of the best breeding and manners in the prettiest dresses. There is, we think, no living novelist who writes of fine society so well as Feuillet. The silliness of most of our own writers upon the subject appears to be inevitable; even in England the describers of aristocratic life are apt to be dull or vulgar, and are very often both. The French have always been the example and the teachers of social grace to the world; and their writers are the best portrayals of polite society. But of them all, Feuillet appears to us to be the best. There is always in his stories a peculiar naturalness, simplicity and good breeding, and a certain gentle tone of refined good sense.

We have seen only the translation of "A Marriage in High Life," but it is evident that the translation is a good one. Occasionally there is a coarse stroke, but generally the author's thoughts are not expressed in phrases a mile too big for them. The story is a very interesting exhibition of the history of a French marriage. The lovers are married early in the book, and the novel is taken up with their subsequent troubles and miseries. The young couple appear to have had but a single morning together before their marriage, and then only to have escaped for a walk in the park against the express orders of Mamma. The incident suggests a state of manners so utterly unlike our own that it is worth repeating. The day before the marriage, Mamma, having many preparations to make, gave over to a certain aged female relative, who was deaf and an ogress, the duty of watching the young couple, with the most positive injunctions that they were not to be left by themselves. Mamma's back was no sooner turned than the ogress rose, and giving the young people the key to the garden and an adjoining wood, told them that there was no time in the whole history of love and marriage so happy as the day before the wedding. She accordingly bade them take themselves off. Astonished with the audacity of the proposal, the young people ran away delighted. An uncle, an old and short-winded general of infantry, is sent by Mamma in pursuit, but the lovers hide gleefully at his approach, and do not come back until they have had a long ramble, and exchanged many confidences.

The wedding duly takes place on the following day, and then begins the story, which is very entertaining and instructive. The danger to the hap-

piness of wedded life among the upper class in France appears, from what M. Feuillet says, to be that the young wife throws herself with zest and enjoyment into the one life possible for her, that of society, while her husband, long grown tired of such amusements, prefers that she shall be "domestic." It is also shown that the ignorance of French women is a bar to real companionship with their husbands. For instance, M. de Rias, the husband in this novel, is writing a "History of French Diplomacy in the Eighteenth Century;" his poor little wife goes about telling everybody that it is the eighth century he is writing about, putting the date back before Charlemagne, when of course there was no such thing as French diplomacy. Feuillet is evidently of the opinion that in most unhappy French marriages, the fault is mainly on the part of the husband. The author, however, treats the husband in the present story with a respect which we do not think he is entitled to; he seems to us to be a selfish and brutal fellow.

"Sidonie" ("Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné"), by Alphonse Daudet, describes the life of a very different class. When we read novels like those of Feuillet, in which all the people are rich and idle, we begin to think that everybody has a right to be rich,—that everybody, indeed, is rich. Daudet, however, writes of young girls who work all day in factories; when their noon half-hour of rest comes they run to the church near at hand to look at a wedding, and hurry back to talk of the bride's heavy white silk, of her veil of real point, and to dream of a rich marriage. Sidonie herself is an apprentice in a factory. The story exhibits an interesting and somewhat surprising phase of French life; the line dividing the rich manufacturer and the poor operative is slighter than one would expect. The scene of "Sidonie" is laid mainly in and about a manufactory in Paris. The manufacturers live in a house adjoining their shop; and Sidonie, from the window of her tenement near at hand, looks into the garden of her richer neighbor. Though Sidonie is an operative she is yet the friend of the rich neighbor's little daughter, and their parents seem to be acquaintances. The author has a sincere sense of pity for the poor, and an unusual power of describing them; he has at the same time much pungent and amusing sarcasm and clear-seeing contempt for the sloth and folly which are often the cause of poverty. There are two worthless men in the book, drawn with uncommon satirical ability. These are Chêbe, the father of Sidonie, and an actor, Dolobelle, each of whom is supported by his wife. The character of Dolobelle is a very clever description of a solemn good-for-nothing. This man had been at one time a third-rate actor in a provincial theater; but in an evil hour had come to Paris, where for years he has been seeking an engagement. Dressed in very fine clothes, he spends his days upon the boulevards. The dress and the idleness are, of course, paid for by the labors of his wife and daughter, whose cunningly made beetles and humming-birds the great Dolobelle is not ashamed once a week to carry to the factory. The women fervently

* *A Marriage in High Life.* By Octave Feuillet. Translated by Celia Logan. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.
Sidonie. By Alphonse Daudet. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

believed in him, and applauded him when he said, as he often did,—“I have no right to bid farewell to the theater.” His fine clothes were worn for the effect on the coming manager. What manager, he asked, would engage him were he shabbily dressed and unshaven? These pictures of virtuous or contemptible poverty seem to us to be perhaps the best parts of the book, though the representation of Sidonie, a wicked and mischievous woman, is interesting and not without power.

The Shadow of the Sword.*

MR. BUCHANAN has been accused of writing prosy verse, and the present novel cannot quite escape the charge of having a good deal of poetical prose. But in comparison with its fine points this will prove a very slight blemish. There are undeniable influences at work on the style, and even occasionally, the contents. We imagine that a fastidious and carping critic, with a nose like the animals that hunt truffles, could pick out certain pages and say: Here we have the influence of Victor Hugo, and here of Carlyle, and here of this, and here of that. But to a novel-reader what does that matter? Suppose it true: the question is not originality, but amusement—the faculty of moving one. And how can that be denied “The Shadow of the Sword?” The central idea is a fine one, a magnificent cloudy image that is always hovering somewhere, no matter how beautiful the scene. As for his descriptions of the Brittany coast and the Brittany people, they are wonderfully clear and beautiful. You often feel that the author is not great; there is a certain tinge of effeminacy about his work every now and then, but he is always an artist, instinctively rejecting the ignoble and giving you the fine. Napoleon the First represents the sword and Rohan Gwennfern—though his doings hardly equal in importance the action demanded by so heroic a setting—is an ideal figure representing the limit which the insignificant can set to the power of the greatest. Were there less of it,—had Mr. Buchanan possessed the nerve to cut down his pages without remorse,—we fancy that “The Shadow of the Sword” would make far more of a stir than it does.

“The Childhood of the English Nation.”†

OWING to the costliness of histories by authorities such as Palgrave, Freeman and others, the present short history of the early days of the English nation has been prepared. The chief deviation from other books of the kind consists in a greater minuteness in treating of the manners and habits of the inhabitants of England, more especially of London, between the eighth and twelfth centuries. The style is pleasant and stirring without departing from the gravity of one who deals with history. Naturally enough, the authorities of her own nation and language stand first in the estimation of this author;

and while the work is good enough for the young, it can hardly be accepted by those who want to make a special study of England. For that purpose it would be necessary to read the authorities she acknowledges, and then correct their errors or prejudices by writers from a different stand-point. Freeman especially is a dangerous leader to follow blindly. However, a great deal of curious information is brought into a small compass, so that the value of the book does not necessarily lie in the tendencies, political and national, which prevail in it, so much as in the presenting of a great many facts about the old English which will help to bring their daily life before our eyes.

“Boys of Other Countries.”**

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR has done a good thing in writing and collecting a series of stories about boys of other countries than our own. It seems to be admitted that writing successful books for young people is a severe test of literary ability. Not all the great and learned may be able to interest these sharp and relentless critics. Many an author has suffered an ignominious failure when he has sought to “come down” to the level of juvenile readers. It is this very coming down which has proved at the beginning the incompetency of the writer in the field of juvenile literature. Mr. Taylor’s style is clear and simple, without being puerile. He understands the boy-nature well enough to know that he will be voted a bore if he laboriously stoops to the comprehension of his youthful audience. Accordingly his characters are invested with all the freshness and freedom of boy-life, and they behave precisely as boys might be expected to conduct themselves under similar circumstances anywhere.

The stories are five in number, and all but one relate to life and manners in the northern countries of Europe. One of the best, if not the best, is “Jon, of Iceland,” a breezy sketch which was originally published in *ST. NICHOLAS*. This, like the others, is a story of out-of-doors. “The Young Serf” is a capital sketch of Russian life and character, and “The Little Post-Boy” is such a realistic bit of story-telling that one can almost see the young sledge-driver and feel the chill blasts which the traveler encountered on his far northern journey. Incidentally the book gives us some interesting views of foreign social domestic life and manners.

“The Religion of Evolution.”†

THE great intellectual advance of our time being in the direction of physical science, it is remarkable that the prevalent attitude of religious teachers toward this department of thought is a purely defensive one. Most of them direct their efforts solely to showing that science has not disproved religion,

* *The Shadow of the Sword*. By Robert Buchanan. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

† *The Childhood of the English Nation*. By Ellen S. Armistage. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons.

** *Boys of Other Countries; Stories for American Boys*. By Bayard Taylor. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam’s Sons, New York.

† *The Religion of Evolution*. By M. J. Savage, author of “Christianity, the Science of Manhood.” Boston: Lockwood, Brooks & Co.

and to saving as much territory as possible from its encroachments. It seems to us that a more sympathetic and receptive disposition would probably discover, in the solid and well-assured results of scientific research, new material for the religious sentiment, and new sanctions to the great principles of morality. We look, therefore, with interest to the work of a clergyman who, like Mr. Savage, is in ardent sympathy with the tendencies of the philosophy of science, as well as an enthusiastic preacher of practical righteousness. His book is, in style, direct and fluent, animated throughout by warm feeling; and, while it often attacks other forms of belief with what we think unnecessary and unjustifiable severity, it is well adapted to impress and invigorate those who are in general sympathy with the writer. His tone of ardor and hopefulness is in itself a source of power; and he is at times very effective in showing the truly religious aspect of phases of opinion generally looked on by churchmen with suspicion or aversion. But in his hospitality toward new ideas, Mr. Savage reminds us of the historic tree, "so straight, it bent over backward." His easy dismissal of faiths that have nourished the world for thousands of years is matched by his unlimited confidence in to-day's latest bulletin of scientific hypothesis, as all-true and all-sufficient. Believing, as he tells us, in a God who "has inspired and led in all the past," as well as a God of the present and the future, he yet seems practically to relegate all beliefs older than the last decade to the limbo of vanity, and to find in this generation alone the children of light. From his contempt for the religion of ancient Israel, we fear he has not read Mr. Matthew Arnold's works so attentively as it becomes the votaries of science wedded to religion to do. His faith in "science" is boundless; but we do not find the ardor of faith matched by thoroughness of knowledge. He accepts the Evolution theory in its most sweeping form, though without ever telling us precisely what he understands by it, what common principles underlie the development of the solar system from the fire-mist, and the growth of man from the animal, or on what grounds he assumes that Evolution tends always in the direction of happiness and virtue. He finds in Evolution a key to solve all problems; yet, after his rapid demonstrations, we somehow find ourselves face to face with most of the old questions, not much helped by being told that "moral evil is only moral maladjustment." Mr. Savage's book suggests a wish we have felt before: that instead of being so much absorbed with the conclusions of science, and even its unproved hypotheses, theologians would indoctrinate themselves more in its *methods*,—would cultivate that close and impartial observation of facts, carefully guarded inference, and exact statement, which are the foundations of all real scientific work. The book before us is bright and readable, and has incidentally some very good sayings; for instance, "Even trivial gossip is only interest in our fellow-creatures that has turned a little sour;" or this, "In the classic religions of Greece and Rome, there was no devil;

for the gods were bad enough to get along without one."

New English Books.

LONDON, March 3, 1877.

THOUGH the war cloud is lifted from the eastern horizon the complaints of dullness in all the professions connected with literature and art are as prevalent as ever, and there seems now little hope or expectation that the approaching London "season" will do much to mitigate the state of things now so long complained of. The sensation of the moment is unquestionably that caused by the appearance of Miss Martineau's "Autobiography." It was issued to the public two days ago, when the edition of two thousand copies was at once exhausted, and it is now reprinting. This first edition may in time become a bibliographical curiosity, as it is rarely that a book remains twenty years in the printer's warehouse after its completion. Such is the case with Volumes I. and II. of the "Autobiography." They bear the name of the local printer at Windermere, by whom they were executed for the writer, while the third volume is still almost "wet from the press" of Messrs. Clewes. It is needless to say anything about a book sure to attract sufficient animadversion, both in England and America, except that it is to be regretted that the same kindly construction claimed with so much frank simplicity by the authoress, for her own motives and action, was not extended to those of her acquaintance while she was etching her series of contemporary portraits with such a superabundance of *aqua fortis*. The details given respecting the construction of her works show their importance in the eyes of their writer. It is rather a satire on literary reputation that only two or three of Miss Martineau's slighter works are now "in print." The "Illustrations of Political Economy," the corner-stone of her fame, must now be searched for diligently before they can be found, and probably few readers under thirty-five years old have ever met with them. Her "History of the Peace," is alike difficult of acquisition in England. There is little doubt that these books have been unduly suffered to drop out of the world's notice, and the "Autobiography" will probably have the effect of resuscitating them.

Much of the apparent apathy of English publishers is owing to the diversion of their enterprise in a new direction, where its effects are less visible to general readers. This is toward educational literature in its widest sense. It is impossible to note the new school-houses rising in every part of the metropolis and over the kingdom, and to watch, however slightly, the working of the Compulsory Education Act, without feeling that a new day must soon be dawning on the providers of books when ten readers will be found in place of every one at present, with new wants and requirements likely to extend immeasurably the demand now existing for literary food. Just now the working of these causes is seen in the overflow of excellent text-books preparing at the call of almost every publisher by the leading

men in every department of literature and science. A few years back, it must be remembered, the only upward step from the ordinary elementary instruction was into the dead languages, where the learner generally remained floundering to the end of his pupilage. Now among the entirely new studies in every school of any pretensions, the most admirable helps are English philology and early literature, history—conceived as a whole, and not in detached sections—and natural and physical science. Judging from the books published, less attention seems devoted to mathematics, and to modern foreign languages, than their importance deserves.

The churlish maxim that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is now practically superseded by that announced seven hundred years ago by Robert of Gloucester: "For the more a man knoweth the more worth is he"—and it is probably to a compliance with the latter sentiment that we owe the number of "condensations," "abridgments," etc., now daily brought out. One of the most successful undertakings of this class has been Messrs. Blackwood's "Ancient Classics for English Readers,"—so much so, indeed, that they are now about to extend this idea in a new series, "Foreign Classics for English Readers," for the purpose of introducing to a wider class the knowledge of the great writers of Italy, France, Germany and Spain, and to render their leading works something more than mere names learned by rote, without any real familiarity with their contents. The series will be under the general editorial charge of Mrs. Oliphant, and the first volume (now shortly to be expected) will be entitled "Dante, an Account of his Life and Works," and is by the editor. Miss Martineau's "Autobiography" carries the reader at once back to the palmy days of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" forty years ago, when the first real impulse to the extending of the popular culture was undoubtedly given by that and similar enterprises. It is remarkable that, however the fruits of the movement may endure, scarcely anything is left of its machinery—the crowd of "Libraries," "Penny Magazines," etc., that then took such efficient hold of the public and did good service in their time. They have been succeeded by fresher modes and forms of instruction, until the only surviving undertaking of the kind, of that date, is the one still flourishing in perennial youth as "Bohn's Libraries." This success is probably due to its being based upon sound trade knowledge and experience, as well as upon good literary taste, and in the same spirit it is still conducted. Among its latest issues are a complete edition of the Discourses Encheiridion and Fragments of Epictetus, the celebrated Stoic philosopher, edited by Professor George Long. Probably very few of the scholars of this literary veteran, who received instruction from him at the University of Virginia in 1824, while he was Professor of Ancient Languages there, are now capable of as much intellectual activity. His Epictetus was intended at first to be merely a revision of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter's translation; but on proceeding he

found reason to discard it, and make an entirely new version. It is accompanied by notes, etc., that furnish every help requisite for the complete understanding of the author. Other new volumes are "Gesta Romanorum" (a famous collection of stories of monastic origin in the middle ages, constantly referred to by the old English poets, etc., as the readers of Warton's "History of English Poetry" may remember), edited by W. Hooper, and a new edition of Sir Charles Bell's "Anatomy and Philosophy of Expression as connected with the Fine Arts," with the original illustrations by the author. This forms the first volume of a new series, called "The Artists' Library," and will be followed by Leonardo da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting."

The "Biography of Macaulay," by his nephew, has just reached a second edition, in the same shape as the previous one. Its claim to attention raises the question of how far it is proper, or expedient, or indeed just to its purchasers, to change the matter of a book once given to the world. We are told in the preface that though the first edition was intended to be as complete as possible—new lights have broken in on the author in the last nine months,—such as have been supplied by the "hunting up of stray letters;" "the recalling of half forgotten anecdotes;" "the reduction to shape of floating reminiscences," etc., etc., and that these have been woven into the substance of the book to its manifest improvement. As it is not the custom in England to stereotype books of this class, changes are readily made in a new edition; but as the contrary practice prevails in America, it is difficult to see how readers can be put in possession of all these minutes, occurring, it is said, on almost every page of the new edition, without the sacrifice (greater, we doubt, than the publishers would willingly incur) of the first set of stereotype plates.

The great number of small religious and devotional books, rarely rising beyond a local celebrity, and forming the chief stocks of the smaller retail book-sellers, both in town and country, still continue to be produced in as great quantity as ever. But when we find the oldest and most conservative house in the trade issuing books like Professor Kuenen's (of Leyden) "Prophecy and Prophecy in Israel," and Dr. Goldziher's "Mythology among the Hebrews and its Historical Development," we may feel assured that the widest range of divergence from the popular standard of orthodoxy is no longer attended with the obloquy that formerly drew down on those who exercised it a social ostracism of the severest kind. Professor Kuenen's book, a massive volume of 650 pages, is devoted to the purpose of proving that the phenomena of prophecy, usually accepted as of supernatural origin, may all be accounted for on natural grounds, and are explicable, organically, by reference to the peculiar religious character of the people, whose creation it was, and by their history. Dr. Goldziher's "Hebrew Mythology" enjoys the advantage of being translated by Mr. Russell Martineau, the author of the English version of Ewald's "History of Israel," and contains additions by Professor Steinthal, of Berlin, the first scholar

who undertook the subject. The book forms indeed the companion and complement to one that has met with much currency in the United States, the Rev. Wm. Coxe's "Mythology of the Aryan Nations," but it is a work of far greater learning and originality. It aims to deduce from the traditions of the Semitic nations the same general results that follow from an analysis of those of the Aryans. The author shows that—as long as the psychological unity of mankind is admitted, each race and nation must pass through the same succession of mythological ideas and expressions. The period of historic truth, with the Israelites, he dates from the settlement of the nation as an agricultural community in Palestine, when their nomadic tendencies (so long dominant, and the time when their myth-creating faculty was in full activity) were finally discarded.

The prospect for the future is not totally barren, and many books of interest may be looked forward to. Lawyers make capital subjects for biography, so that the "Autobiography and Correspondence of the famous Advocate, Sir James Scarlett, Lord Abinger," should have more than mere professional attraction. "The Cradle of the Blue Nile; a Visit to the Court of King John of Ethiopia," by E. A. de Cosson, two volumes, relates to a portion of Africa unduly neglected since the days of Bruce, whose great discovery (as he supposed it) was on that branch of the river. The new portion of Mr. Symonds's great work on the "History of the Renaissance in Italy," is occupied with the revival of learning, and the fine arts, and will form two volumes octavo. Matthew Arnold's "Last Essays on Church and Religion" (how truly so named the future will show) may be expected next month,—as well as the "Lectures on Poetry delivered at Oxford," by Sir Francis Doyle,

Professor of Poetry in the University. When the "History of Ancient Egypt," by Professor George Rawlinson, appears it will form, in connection with his "Great Oriental Monarchies" and his annotated edition of "Herodotus," a library of ancient history that does credit to English scholarship and the London press. "The Life and Times of Simon de Montfort," with special reference to the growth of the English Constitution, by G. N. Prothero, of Cambridge, is another tribute (like his "Life" just published by Professor Pauli) to the unquestioned founder of representative government in Europe, and as such should attract attention in the country where its institutions have taken wider root. A new series of "Short Studies on Great Subjects," by Mr. J. A. Froude (the historian), is the third volume of similar scope and object. "Sketches of Ottoman History," by the Rev. R. W. Church, Dean of St. Paul's, is by the successor in the seat of Dean Milman, who is said to bid fair to rank as high in literature as his predecessor. "The Schools of Charles the Great and the Restoration of Education in the Ninth Century," by J. B. Mullinger, will bring great reading and erudition to bear on an important topic.—A book-seller at Bristol lately came into possession of a queer-looking volume bound in goat-skin, and fastened with two brass clasps of homely workmanship; on examination, the name of "Samuel Mather, his book, 1680," was visible, and it proved to contain fourteen quarto tracts by Increase Mather and other of his family, mostly presentation copies to his son Samuel, many with his MS. corrections and additions. The price asked for the volume is three hundred and fifty pounds. If not already on its way to the United States it is sure to go there, sooner or later. * * *

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Steam Plowing and Traction Engines.

THIS class of motors exhibits two novel features that will tend to make them more firm and stable upon the ground, save them from the excessive strains to which they are now liable, and will materially reduce their cost. The most simple device is the introduction of a frame, resembling a locomotive frame, and the removal of the cylinder from the top of the boiler to the frame and under the boiler over the forward truck. This lowers the center of gravity and releases the boiler from the strains caused by the motion of the engine. Only one cylinder is used, and the place of the second cylinder is taken by a heater for the feed water. The second improvement is quite as radical, and consists of the entire removal of the heavy and complicated winding drum and gearing used in ordinary plowing engines, and the employment of the driving wheels as drums on which to wind the ropes that pull the plows. To do this, the driving

wheels are made with double tires, and between them is placed a drum, of somewhat smaller diameter, and securely fixed to the wheels. Extra tire plates are put on when the engine is used as a traction engine on the road. When used for plowing these tire plates are removed, and the rear of the engine is lifted from the ground and supported on blocks. This leaves the driving wheels free to revolve, and they may then be used as winding drums in plowing. The engine is furnished with appliances for raising the fire-box end from the ground, when it is to be blocked up and has suitable frames or supports for holding it on the blocks. This arrangement gives the engine two winding drums, and without extra gearing, and takes all the strains caused by the winding machinery from the boiler. These two novel features, the removal of the cylinder to a separate frame and the use of the wheels as winding drums, have not yet been combined in one engine, but they show the advances that have recently been made in this valuable class of engines.

Oil as a Steam Fuel.

THE use of oil in generating steam, both in marine, stationary and locomotive boilers, has already made some progress, and by means of various forms of furnaces, the difficulties attending its use have been overcome with more or less success. In steamships quite a number of oil-burning furnaces are now in use and good results are reported of them. Among the more recent appliances for burning oils in steam-boilers is a shallow pan of fire-clay or iron, designed to be placed on the fire-bars of an ordinary steam-furnace. In this pan are a great number of conical projections rising slightly above the bottom, and each pierced with a small hole at the top. Steam pipes, 13 millimeters ($\frac{1}{2}$ in.) in diameter are taken around and across this pan, about 11 millimeters ($\frac{3}{4}$ in.) from the bottom so that fine jets of steam may be distributed through small holes (2 millimeters in diameter) to all parts of the pan. Other pipes are added for supplying water and oil. On starting the apparatus a heavy hydro-carbon is run into the pan till the bottom is covered, and then a film of water is flowed over the heavy oil, the two liquids rising to the level of the steam pipes. The oil used is heavy enough to float the water, and with lighter oils the water is not used. On applying fire the oil rises through the water in bubbles, and burns freely above it all over the pan. Steam (probably superheated) is turned on and a vigorous and smokeless combustion begins and is steadily maintained so long as the supply of oil and steam is kept up. The use of the film of water is claimed to be an advantage in retarding the combustion of the oil, and in raising it to a lighter or gaseous form. The steam jets are designed to assist in creating a powerful draught through the numerous holes in the pan, and thus supply the fire with an abundance of air. This device appears to be chiefly valuable for its ingenious introduction of fresh air to all parts of the flame. Otherwise, it may have no special advantage over the usual forms of hydro-carbon furnaces.

Improved Process in the Manufacture of Rubber Goods.

BY the use of a new material for the molds used in making shoes and other goods of rubber, or other substances that may be vulcanized, one of the two molds hitherto used in such work is dispensed with, and seamless shoes, having a superior finish both outside and in, have been made, at a material gain in time and labor. The rubber is dissolved in naphtha, or other solvent, and glass molds, or cores, of the desired goods are dipped in the liquid rubber and then lifted out and allowed to stand in the air till the naphtha evaporates. This leaves a seamless film of rubber on the molds, and, when it is dry, the dipping is repeated till a sufficient thickness of rubber is obtained. The molds with the rubber adhering to them are then put into the vulcanizing apparatus, and the process of manufacture is continued in the usual manner. After the goods are vulcanized they may be readily slipped off the molds and they then show a good finish on both sides.

Solid Wood Floors.

THESE floors have been recommended for their great strength and their fire-resisting qualities. The walls of the building are put up in the usual manner, except that a ledge or shelf for supporting the floor is formed on every side. Planks or boards of uniform width, generally from 23 to 28 centimeters (9 to 11 in.) for spans of 7.62 meters (25 ft.) are selected, and the first board is placed on edge along the ledge on the outside (street) wall. Another board is laid beside this and the two are spiked or screwed together. Another board is laid next and fastened to the last, and in this manner the floor is built from wall to wall, making a solid wooden slab, or sheet, without openings, and as thick as the boards are wide. At the front and back of the building the floor rests along its whole length on the walls and at the sides it is supported at the ends of each board. To give greater solidity, sections, or the whole mass, of the floor may be tied together with iron rods fastened with bolts and nuts at each end. Such a floor may be simply planed off on top, or may be covered with cement, or with marble or tiles bedded in plaster-of-Paris. Below it may be left rough or painted, or it may be covered with wire netting, and plastered and treated as an ordinary ceiling. Roofs and floors constructed in this manner would survive a fire above or below for some time even if entirely exposed; and protected with plaster-of-Paris on both sides, would resist great heat for an indefinite time. Walls of plank and boards laid one over the other are common in grain elevators and this style of solid plank floor would be neither difficult to make, nor would it be much more expensive than the usual fire-proof floors of brick and iron.

New Apparatus for Raising Water.

A NEW water-raising device, employing ammoniacal gas, somewhat on the principle of the pulsometer, has been introduced. It consists of a heater for holding the gas in water, and a tank for the water to be lifted, the two being placed side by side and joined together by a pipe at the top. The heater is partly filled with a strong aqueous solution of ammoniacal gas, and the tank is filled nearly full of water. A little oil is then poured into the tank at the top, and this floats on the water, forming a thin film on its surface. Inlet and outlet pipes are provided for the tank, the inlet furnishing a fresh supply from a well, or other source, and the outlet leading to the reservoir, each pipe being provided with the proper valves. Otherwise, the tank and heater are air-tight. On starting a fire under the heater, the water in it, that at 75° Fahr. will hold 743 times its volume of ammoniacal gas, parts with it at 142° Fahr., and the gas rises in the heater and begins to expand. At 212° Fahr. it has a tension of $7\frac{1}{2}$ atmospheres, and this pressure is communicated to the water in the tank, and drives it out through the outlet pipe. The film of oil here acts as a piston to prevent the gas from being absorbed by the water, and as soon as the water has been nearly all

driven out of the tank, the fire is withdrawn, and a jet of cold water is turned upon the heater. The water is at once cooled, and it re-absorbs the gas. This forms a vacuum in the water-tank, and fresh water enters, lifting the film of oil, and restoring the apparatus to its original condition. The operation may then be repeated indefinitely, subject only to the leakage and waste of the gas. This apparatus is reported to lift water at only a fraction of the cost of steam-pumping.

Safety Train Lights.

A FLASHING light that indicates the speed and distance of a train, and shows whether it is at rest or in motion, has been introduced as a rear light on freight trains. It is formed of two lights,—one red and one white,—and designed to be placed one on each side of the rear (caboose) car, so that they may be seen in both directions on the line. A simple device for hiding the lights at intervals is affixed to each lamp so that it may be made to "flash" or alternately appear and disappear, and by suitable gearing this is connected with one of the axles of the car. While the car is at rest the lights are steadily visible, when the train moves the lights flash once for each revolution of the wheels, and thus its movement and actual speed can be easily estimated as far as the lights can be seen. Another advantage results from the fact that the white light is visible at a greater distance than the red. The engineer of a following train may from this keep within the limit of a safe distance by keeping the flashing white light fully visible and the flashing red light dim or quite obscure, and by coming to a stop the moment the flashing runs slow or stops, and the lights become fixed and steadily visible.

Memoranda.

RECENT experiments in electro-plating with aluminum, cadmium, bismuth, antimony, and palladium are reported by Mr. A. Bertrand. He obtained deposits of aluminum by decomposing the double chloride of aluminum and ammonium, a sheet of copper, forming the negative pole of a powerful battery, soon took a good white film that submitted admirably to the burnisher. The double chloride of magnesium and ammonium in an aqueous solution was readily decomposed and gave good deposits of magnesium on copper. Cadmium was deposited from the bromide, to which a little sulphuric acid had been added. The sulphate is also reported as giving strongly adhesive deposits if acidulated. Bismuth was deposited from a double chloride of bismuth and ammonium, and gave a film that might be useful in art-work. Antimony is reported as deposited from a solution of the double chloride of antimony and ammonium at normal temperatures, and deposits of palladium from the double chloride of palladium and ammonium. Hess

recommends the coating of common iron hardware articles with brass by first cleaning them with acid, giving a coat of copper, and then immersing in a bath consisting of $2\frac{1}{2}$ parts of sulphate of copper, 20 parts of sulphate of zinc, and 45 parts of cyanide of potassium in 300 parts of water. The anode employed should be two plates of zinc and copper of equal size, and to modify the color of the brass plating, one or the other of these may be sunk deeper in the water.

A pocket photometer, useful in estimating the candle power or photometric value of gas or other lamps, and in determining the time of exposure in photographic work, has been recently brought out. It consists of a small tube, resembling a telescope, fitted with a number of movable leaves of waxed paper. Looking through it at any source of light shows a small luminous circle on which is painted a figure expressing the candle power of the light. Within the tube is a number of sheets of waxed paper, one or more of which may be used at once in looking at any light. With one sheet, a certain quantity of light is admitted; with two, a certain quantity of the light, expressed by the figure on the sheet, is cut off, and in this manner, more and more leaves may be added till the light is obscured. The last leaf that is thus added before the light disappears expresses the photometric value of the light.

The wire-rope system of transport has attracted increased attention of late and exhibited new improvements and applications. The most important improvement is a new form of clutch for holding the suspended loads on the rope, and thus permitting of inclines, as steep as one in three, on the line without danger of slipping. The system has found a new field of usefulness in moving coal and goods to vessels anchored off shore in shallow waters. The rope is supported on piles set up in the water, and reaches from the shore to a barge or other landing in deep water, or it goes direct to the ship, the last post being alongside the vessel.

The use of lantern projections as a basis or sketch in painting drop scenes, theatrical scenery, and large pictures, is attracting the attention of scenic artists. The plan is to project photographs or other pictures upon the scenery as upon a screen, and to trace or paint the chief features of the landscape or interior upon the canvas from the projection. This saves all trouble in drawing the perspective, or in enlarging the picture to the required size, as the lantern can be adjusted to any projection from one to fifteen meters (from $39\frac{1}{2}$ inches to 50 feet, 10 inches), with all parts of the picture in their natural proportions.

Wire ropes for mines, elevators, and the transmission of power are now being made of the comparatively new alloy, phosphor bronze. These ropes are said to retain their pliability after long use and to resist the action of the corrosive waters found in mines.

BRIC-A-BRAC.



THE LIONS AT THE PARK.

The Poet in a Grocery.

DIM world of box and shelf, and fragrance brought
From lands remote! the while I linger here,
A princely pageant wanders through my thought,
And fills my soul with cheer.

It brings to me the fullness of a feast,
Like the great Romans knew in olden days,
Rich with the dainty perfume of the East,
That Horace used to praise.

This faint, soft odor tells of Java's isle,
Girt with its radiant belt of shining sea,
And calls up dreams of other days, where smile
The faces dear to me.

Here, too, I greet the essence of the cane,
That waves its feathery leaves on Cuba's shore,
And sends its sweets across the wind-swept main,
To add to comfort's store.

In those square boxes, rich with figures quaint,
Lie crisp, green leaves from populous Cathay,
That make a beverage would tempt a saint
Back to his home of clay.

No doubt these dates from distant Joppa came,
And grew where glows the sands of Araby;
They hold enshrined the hot sun's burning flame,
Sent from a cloudless sky.

These raisins came from Malaga I know;
They have the purple light of sunny Spain,
Caught when the morning first began to show
Along Granada's plain.

And yonder figs from Smyrna, grew where rise
The slender minarets Damascus holds;
Ah, what a dainty sweetness shrouded lies
Within their creamy folds!

That flaky cheese, with such a tickling twang,
Which gives the palate zest to take some more,
Was, made where maidens bright in gladness sang,
On the Miami's shore.

The wheat whence came these crackers crisp and white,
Grew on the western prairie's level sweep,
Where Mississippi rolls in silent might
On to the boundless deep.

This golden butter, fit for kings to eat,
Vermont has yielded from its meadows green;
You know it by its perfume, faint and sweet,
And its rich, yellow sheen.

These pickles are from England, sharp and tart,
They give the appetite a sudden glow;
And this sweet ginger warms the coldest heart
Our northern clime can show.

In that long box lie fish that have been caught
Upon the banks along Newfoundland's shore;
And yonder salmon has been lately brought
From stormy Labrador.

This crimson jelly guava is, I know,
Its delicate aroma tells its name;
That macaroni, white as drifted snow,
From far-famed Naples came.

Ah, what a dainty feast in these doth lie!
How can one choose, when toward all he leans?
What is it that I wish? Oh, yes, well I—
I'll take a pint of beans.

THOMAS S. COLLIER.

Cousin Will.

I STROLLED last night in musing mood,
Reflecting on my lonely state;
Till, wearied out at last, I paused
And leaned upon a garden gate.
The old moon's mellow radiance hung
In golden mists among the trees,
Faint odors, borne from distant flowers,
Ebbd idly on the evening breeze.

As thus I stood, absorbed in thought,
I pressed against the gate too hard,
It opened with a sudden jerk,—
I found myself within the yard.
A form came gliding down the walk;—
Soft arms embraced me, as, perplexed,
I stood one blissful moment, while
A sweet voice soothed my ear; the next
It rose into a shriek, then sobbed:
"O sir, how could you keep so still!
When all the time I *knew* you knew
I thought you were my cousin Will."

* * * * *

These stars are moons, or rather months;
Just five have flitted since that night,
And two of these have calmly shone
Upon our wedded life. It quite
Surprises me to think of it.
And she is queenly, tall and fair,
With lustrous eyes, and such a wealth
Of—well we call it auburn hair.

* * * * *

"So late?" I've just come from the club;
My wife sits silent, but a light,
Unseen before, lurks in her eye.
Once more I muse on that calm night
When first she met me at the gate,
And wonder, while her eyes flame still,
If ever I, in days to come,
Shall wish it *had* been cousin Will.

PHILIP MORSE.

Mahsr John.

I HEAHS a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech genuses
as dose:

I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's
bettin' on:

Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr
John.

He shorely wuz de greates' man de country ebber
growed—

You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long
de road!

He hel' his head up dis way, like he 'spised to
see de groun';

An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr
John was 'roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use
to be,

A-settin' on de gal'ry, lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de
flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen
suits,

An' kep' a nigger busy jes a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
An' diamon's!—dey wuz in his shu't as thick as
it would hol'.

You heered me! 'twas a caution, when he went
to take a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his
side—

Mulatter Bill a-dribin, an' a nigger on behin':
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar
dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a
heap o' lan':

Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' niggers—an' he worked 'em,
shore's you born!

De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin' ob de
morn.

I reckon dere wuz forty ob de niggers, young
an' ol',

Dat stayed about de big house, jes' to do what
dey wuz tol';

Dey had a easy time, wid skacely any work at all—
But dey had to come a-runnin' when ol' Mahsr
John ud call!

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you
seed de fun:

De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey ud be dar, ebry one;
Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for
'em to dance,

An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a 'tictler sar-
cumstance.

Well, times is changed. De war it come an' sot
de niggers free,

An' now ol' Mahsr John aint hardly wuf as much
as me;

He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly
gone—

An' I declar' I's sorry for my pore ol' Mahsr
John.

But when I heahs 'em talkin' 'bout some sully-
brated man,

I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,
An' den I 'lows dot in dem days 'at I remem-
bers on,

Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr
John!

IRWIN RUSSELL.

What is Love?

BY AN INFATUATED SCIENTIST.

"But the speculative faculty, of which imagination forms so
large a part, will nevertheless wander into regions where the
hope of certainty would seem to be entirely shut out."—

TYNDALL ON THE SCIENTIFIC USE OF THE IMAGINATION.

AH Love! is love effect caloric
In molecules, due to contraction?
Give but an answer categoric,
Not terms of *y*, a mere abstraction.

O Love! is love but an affection
Of the cerebral convulsion?
Or but a sequence of selection
Depending upon evolution?

Say, Love! is love but kinematic
Vis viva found by calculation?
Or ecstasy a state *x* static?
Or "plus" a term for ad(d) oration?

Or, Love! is love a thing magnetic?
Are hearts responsive to the action
Of other hearts drawn sympathetic
Within the sphere of your attraction?

Tell, Love! is love some rare elixir
Caught from scarce herbs, distilled in fractions,
And formulated by the mixer
In "Philosophical Transactions?"

Speak, Love! is love atomic power,
By chemic art brought from infinity?
Do hearts like alkali and sour,
Loving, form one through pure affinity?

Then what is love? Ah, theme prolific,
Not like Tyndallian undulation;
'Tis known but by *mn*—"scientific
Uses of the imagination."

PARK BENJAMIN, JR.



BLISS.



This is not a museum, nor a crockery store, but simply Arabella's reception-room. She is slightly touched with the fashion for old china, Majolica, Fayence, etc., etc., etc., etc.

Song.

HEIGH-HO! Heigh-ho! Summer has come with
its roses fair;
And blue-eyed Nora with golden hair,
Goes dancing and singing the whole day through;—
Dancing and singing with wild, glad joy,
For she has found her lover true.

Alack! Alack! Summer has gone and the roses
are dead;
And blue-eyed Nora with drooping head,
Goes sighing and sobbing the whole day through;—
Sighing and sobbing with broken heart,
For she has found her lover untrue.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! Summer once more and
roses fair;
And blue-eyed Nora without a care,
Goes dancing and singing the whole day through;—
Dancing and singing without a grief,
For another lover has come so true.

JENNIE E. T. DOWE.

"Auld Lang Syne."

WHEN my work is finished for the day,
Or rather for the day and night,
And in my room the moonbeams stray
(I love to muse in Luna's light),
I fling my feet upon a chair,
And there, for contemplation ripe,
I turn my back on toil and care,
And light my pipe.

Then, as with drowsy, half-closed eye,
I puff the brown narcotic weed
Back to the past I swiftly fly
On memory's velocipede.

My native village comes in view—
'Tis now a city famed for trade;
Alas, to think it thrived and grew
Without my aid!

I tread the well-remembered grove
Where I have sat for hours and hours,
And talked with Nell, my youthful love,
And wreathed her brow with wildwood flowers.
I wished no greater bliss than that—
To have her near was joy enough.
Ho-hum—poor Nell! she grew quite fat,
And took to snuff.

Again upon the river's brink,
A freckled urchin, spare but spry,
With rod and line, I sit and think
I'll get a nibble by and by.
The sun goes down—the court-house dome
Grows dimmer in the fading light,
And I at last am driven home
To get a bite.

I stand beside my grandma's knee,
While she about her girlhood tells;—
Her accents falter, and I see
Big tears behind her spectacles.
She comes in visions when I sleep,
The same kind soul so spry and chipper—
I hear her laugh—I see her weep—
I feel her whisper.

A saucy lad, I tread again,
With shout and gibe, the village pave;
Grim deacons and lean aldermen
Look on with countenances grave.
My capers strike these worthies dumb—
They look upon me as a fiend;
They wag their heads, and sigh "He'll come
To some bad end."

And they were right. Could they but rise
And view me at my work to-day,
They'd rub their dim, old foggy eyes,
And to each other grimly say:
"He's writing for the press, ye see!"
And as they sadly turned to go,
Methinks they'd sigh, remorsefully,
"I told ye so!"

PARMENAS MIX.

Lines to a Young Lady.

FAIR Flora, when the sunbeams lave
The valley green, and gild the wave
Until it looks like wine;
And you arise from sweet repose,
And go to pluck the dewy rose
Within your hair to twine;—

Whene'er you watch the ocean swells,
While gath'ring pearly, pink-lined shells
The shining beach upon,
And see the porpoise frisk and play,
Sweet mistress of my soul, I pray
Your overshoes you'll don.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.